

1917



Loyola College Review



1917

MONTREAL, CANADA

No. 3

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EDITORIAL

What, it may be asked, is the practical utility of such a Review as this? What important purpose does it serve? In these progressive times of ours, when the cry of efficiency resounds on every side, it is but natural that some echoes of that cry should be wafted to our editorial sanctum, suggesting the queries that have just been proposed. The desire to give satisfaction to our inquisitive friends is our excuse for imitating the great Roman orator and figuring for the moment in the rôle of "Cicero pro domo sua."

That Loyola is no mere private educational concern, but a great public institution, pursuing its course on broad principles under the public eye, intimately associated in many ways with public interest and endeavor, and aiming in all things at the common weal, is what no one familiar with its true character will think of contesting. It strives—and not without a fair measure of success—to make its influence felt for good in every sphere of human activity—at the bar, on the platform, in the sanctuary, in our national assemblies, in the centres of commercial enterprise, and, as the pages of our current numbers can well testify, on the battle-field itself. Such a link calls for recognition; some suitable means of communication should unite the College with its hosts of friends and patrons, and most especially, be it said, with those who have spent some years within its walls and still hail it as their Alma Mater. For them, as loyal and devoted sons, a faithful record of its fates and fortunes must ever appeal to their deepest sympathies.

That such a Review is also a powerful stimulus to mental activity on the part of our youthful scribes is beyond all doubt and cavil. They are taught to note with keen eye the various events of interest that take place within the College bounds, and exercise their wit and wisdom in making suitable comments upon them, training themselves thereby for similar manoeuvres on a vaster field later on. For an institution such as Loyola may well be considered as a little world in itself, where the friction of minds, the clash of interests, the striving of ambition, the strenuous life begotten of emulation and rivalry are no less noticeable and no less acute than in the broad world rolling outside. It would indeed be a great fallacy to suppose that all the educational work of the

College is done in the class-room, for the theoretical knowledge there imparted must be supplemented by the practical training given in all other departments and notably on the play-ground, if the student is to qualify for the great battle of life that awaits him. In all this, a faithful record, open to the eyes of the public, of current College events from class examinations and wit contests in debate down to athletic contests on our spacious campus cannot but be a decided advantage.

Nor let it be supposed that the range of subjects is limited simply to what might be styled contemporaneous history within College walls, for a casual inspection will show quite the reverse. History, poetry, philosophy, natural science, social problems and other similar topics help to make up quite an extensive menu in this intellectual treat we offer to our kind and sympathetic readers. Nor can it be doubted that in the process Shakespeare's dictum is fully verified, "It blesses him that gives and him that takes." While the reader is blessed by enjoying the fresh and original conceptions of the youthful brain, the author himself is doubly blessed by developing through wholesome exercise whatever natural gifts he may possess. The proud consciousness that the wheels of the printing-press are eager to start and consign to the glowing page in choicest type the treasured products of his fertile brain, "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn," cannot but warm his fancy and give speed to his pen. Perchance, as has often happened, while calling forth for a supreme effort his best native resources, he may discover some latent talent of which he had no suspicion and a budding genius makes his appearance in the world of letters. As a great English poet wrote of himself,

"While yet a child and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

For in full justice to youthful effort it must not be supposed that the Muses are exclusive in their deeds of benevolence and reserve all their inspirations to bearded chins and hoary locks, passing by with disdain the youthful knights of the ball and the bat, or even the still more diminutive tribe with the unmentionable garment cut short at the knee. And thus it may come to pass as some enthusiastic patron of youth, or, better still, some affectionate mother scans the glowing lines, it may be given to her enraptured vision to behold another Daniel Webster or another Longfellow or another Washington Irving, or, better still, all three rolled into one, rise upon the horizon.

These are but a few of many reasons, which, be it said with all due modesty, should give to the *Loyola College Review* its *raison d'être* in the eyes of its readers.



Looking back over the scholastic year that is now drawing to a close, we find it has been a memorable one in the history of Loyola, as it marked our entrance into the splendid new College buildings. After the boys left, in June last, for the summer vacation, the days of the old College on Drummond Street were few. Almost immediately, the moving vans put in their appearance, and, in a short while, nothing remained in the old building but the ghosts of the past. It may interest the older generations to learn that 68 Drummond Street is

now occupied by the Military Hospitals Commission as a convalescent home for returned soldiers.

The first Mass was said at the new College, in the Community Chapel, on August 5th, by the late Father Coffee, S.J., and by September 6th, the day of the opening, the new College had assumed a rather comfortable aspect.

In the meantime, several changes had taken place among the Faculty. Mr. T. J. Lally, S.J., had left for St. Boniface College, St. Boniface, Man. Messrs. F. J. Downes, S.J., and R. Durocher, S.J., had gone to the Immaculate Conception College, to resume their studies. Father Brewer, S.J., had been recalled to New Orleans, La., while Mr. L. P. Bradley had retired to the Trappist Monastery at Oka. The new members of the staff were Messrs. D. B. Zema, S.J., A. Courchesne, S.J., F. Breslin, S.J., and R. E. Kennedy, S.J. In September, Mr. W. S. Gaynor, who had been at Loyola for eight years, left for Spain, to study Theology at the English College, Valladolid, and Mr. D. F. McDonald, S.J., went for his Theology to the Immaculate Conception. During the same month, all at Loyola were delighted to see their old friend, Father N. Quirk, S.J., now resident at Guelph, Ont., who paid a few days' visit to the College. In October, Father H. J. Swift, S.J., went to Florida for his health, and is now stationed at St. Ann's Church, West Palm Beach. Mr. W. J. Sullivan, a new teacher for Second Preparatory, came to the College in January. During the course of the winter, we were pleased to have a visit from Father E. T. O'Gara, S.J., pastor of St. Ignatius Church, Winnipeg, and formerly of Loyola.

It was to the great regret of all that Father M. C. Malone, S.J., Prefect of Studies and Discipline, was obliged to leave the College, owing to his poor health. After a stay of about three months at the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital, he is back once more at Loyola, and, although not allowed to do any work, is a welcome presence in our midst.

Father Malone was replaced, as Prefect, by Father J. F. Cox, S.J., who, for some time past, had been engaged in successful missionary work in different parts of Canada and the United States. He has devoted himself whole-heartedly to the organisation and development of many College activities, which circumstances in the new College now make possible.



The REVIEW gratefully acknowledges the generous kindness of Mr. F. J. Downes, S.J.; A. W. Anglin, Esq., K.C., Toronto; R. E. Elliott, Esq., and Messrs. Rolland Frères, Montreal.



Our readers will note that a large portion of this number of the REVIEW is fittingly devoted to our boys at the front, particularly to those who have given their lives in the Empire's cause. To their families and friends, who have sent us photographs and letters, we offer our sincere thanks.



The unfailing courtesy and efficient service of the Canadian Pacific Railway officials, shown to us, both at our own station and on various trips made by the College teams, etc., is greatly appreciated.



A. M. D. G.

Solemn Requiem Mass
for
Deceased Members of the Staff and
Students of Loyola College
in the
College Chapel
Friday, November 28, 1916, at 8.30 o'clock

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Loyola College Dead

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan. 19, '02	Rev. Benj. Hazelton, S.J.	Sept. 1, '08
Rev. John Coffee, S.J.	Sept. 26, '16	Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct. 4, '13
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov. 16, '11	Rev. George Kenny, S.J.	Sept. 26, '12
Rev. Bernard Devlin, S.J.	June 4, '15	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J.	Feb. 19, '01
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.	Mar. 3, '07	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J.	June 6, '07
Rev. John Forhan, S.J.	Aug. 11, '16	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J.	May 21, '04
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July 27, '15	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J.	Mar. 29, '98
Rev. Augustus Girard, S.J.	Jan. 20, '16	Rev. Adrian Turgeon, S.J.	Sept. 8, '12
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May 4, '13	Mr. Francis Coll, S.J.	Jan. 12, '00
Rev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June 6, '05	Bro. George Brown, S.J.	Dec. 7, '01
Mr. Cuthbert Udall, July 5, '11			

Acton, William
Armstrong, Lawrence
Baxter, Quigg
Blanchard, George
Butler, Herbert
Brady, Terence
Brown, Henry
Burke, John
Cagney, Clarence
Carrière, Charles
Caveny, Martin
Chevalier, Jacques
Cloran, Edward
Condon, Leo
Daly, George
Doran, Francis

Farrell, Edward
Hooper, James
Howe, John
Kavanagh, Joseph
Keyes, Michael
Lafontaine, C. Paul
Maguire, Francis
Macdonald, Fraser
Marson, Robert
Marson, Walter
Morgan, Henry
McGee, Francis
McGee, James
McKenna, Adrian
McGoldrick, John

McGovern, Arthur
Monk, Henry
Nagle, Gregory
O'Brien, Richard
Pagé, Severin
Pérodeau, Charles
Poupore, Leo
Rolland, Wilfrid
Rousseau, Henry
Ryan, Francis
Shallow, Arthur
Smith, Arthur
Smith, Charles
Tate, Louis
Walsh, John

Requiescant in Pace



THE REVEREND JOHN C. COFFEE, S.J.
Died at Montreal, September 26th, 1916.

THE REVEREND JOHN C. COFFEE, S.J.

The subject of this brief sketch was born in Guelph, Ontario, October 1st, 1857. Nothing distinctive or very characteristic appears among his boyish traits. He was in most ways a boy like other boys, full of life and vigour, much given to the pranks and games of his fellows, and not in any striking manner pious or studious.

Some few traits of his earlier years, which, as his life wore on, became more accentuated, are worthy of notice here.

He had always what we familiarly call a heart of gold, and his sympathetic nature showed itself where it should always be felt most, in his own home.

The third eldest of eight children, three boys and five girls, he not only showed his strong love for his parents, especially his mother, but insisted that the other children should do likewise.

Another trait of his young days, which grew with him and remained strong to the end, was his love of truth and manliness. This he showed in his blunt, fearless fashion, often at the cost of a shiver to his friends; but they soon learned to see the royal heart hidden under the rough cover, and only valued him the more when they came to know him.

Even as a boy, Father Coffee was very fond of travel and adventure. Many amusing stories are told of his childish wanderings, of the unconscious anxiety he caused his parents when he did not return from school or play. This trait, too, like others mentioned, remained strong with him to the very last; and, no doubt in return for his many splendid qualities and his great generosity in God's service, Providence furnished him with the means of satisfying this longing to the fullest extent. His travels, however, were always in view of some good subject. There were no mere "rolling-stone" journeyings, and wherever he went he made good use of all his faculties to gather that spiritual "moss," which was to aid his fellowmen and give glory to God.

Father Coffee's primary and high school education was gone through in Guelph. Later on we meet him at Fordham College, New York, where he completed his classical studies. He then began the study of Law in Guelph, and was admitted to the Bar in 1881. His sojourn at Fordham seemed to strengthen the longings he had always displayed for the life of a Jesuit Father, and during the five years that he practised Law—and with considerable success—his thoughts turned frequently to that higher life in which he was to do so much in his own quiet way.

At this time we find in the young lawyer a gift which few, if any, would expect to find in such a business-like form and manner as his. For years he had been one of Father Fleck's favourite singers, and the thorough training he received in this branch of culture fitted him to succeed his old Choir Master, when Father Fleck was called back to St. Mary's College, Montreal.

Those who knew Father Coffee in his younger years will recall his broad intimacy with the then classic school of religious music and the special delight with which he trained the Novices at Sault-au-Recollet for feast Benedictions or Holy Week services. He himself had a rich bass voice, and if poor health and weak lungs had not interfered with this natural gift, he might have, in later

years, filled with much success that perennial want of Choir Master in the College where he spent so many years, and whose interest he had so much at heart.

As was said above, Father Coffee travelled a great deal; and we find him first in New Orleans and then in California shortly after his Noviceship. His poor health had necessitated this change, and in compliance with the same desire of his Superiors, he went to make his Third Year in Spain. Possibly one of the places where his sterling worth made the deepest impress was at the "Soo," where, however, he lived but one year, as Curate in the Sacred Heart Parish. It was there that he revealed himself as a preacher of no slight merit, when, at the funeral of a great steel magnate, he held spell-bound for nearly an hour, a congregation more than one half non-Catholic. After this long lapse of years the parishioners of Sault Ste. Marie still recall with love and veneration the sturdy form and generous heart of this Lawyer-Priest.

Loyola College, Montreal, was next to profit by his good business judgment and his experience in all matters financial and administrative. Here he spent three or four years in the office, and acted as adviser to the late regretted Father Gregory O'Bryan, S.J. He was likewise Bursar for a time at St. Boniface College, St. Boniface, Manitoba. Later he was stationed at the Church of Our Lady, in his native city, Guelph. Here, among other good works, he founded the St. John's Club, which, due to his fine spirit of enthusiasm and energy, was, and is still, a flourishing organisation. For several years after leaving Guelph he was Parish Priest of St. Ignatius, Winnipeg, where he laid the foundations of the new Church of St. Ignatius, established an efficient parish school, and soon won for himself the esteem and love both of his parishioners and of all those with whom his work brought him into contact.

When, in 1913, it was decided to build the new Loyola College in Notre Dame de Grâce, Montreal, Father Coffee was asked by the Rector, Rev. Father MacMahon, S.J., to look after the business details connected with the enterprise. This his great financial ability and practical business sense enabled him to do most efficiently, while still occupied with the administration of the Winnipeg parish, until his failing health obliged him to relinquish the latter responsibilities.

In the fall of 1915, Father Coffee's health was such that the doctors ordered him to go to California for the winter. This he did, but the improvement was slight, if any. He returned to Montreal in the spring of 1916, and though his condition was becoming more and more precarious, he still took an active interest in the financial affairs of Loyola College, until he was taken to the Hotel-Dieu hospital on August 18th. Here he underwent an operation which afforded him but little relief. Until his death, on the morning of September 26th, his sufferings were very intense, but these he bore with the greatest patience and resignation, ever cheerful and confident in the goodness of the Master he had served so well.

The next day, Father Coffee's body was brought to Loyola College where it remained till evening, when it was taken to Guelph, accompanied by Rev. Father MacMahon, S.J. The Requiem Mass and funeral service took place there, in the Church of Our Lady, at nine o'clock, on the morning of Friday, September 29th. Many priests from the surrounding parishes were present in

the Sanctuary; the church could not hold the crowds that came to show their love for one who had laboured so kindly among them; while the school children lined both sides of the approach to the church and the bystanders stood with uncovered heads, watching in silence the funeral cortege as it left the church on its way to the new Jesuit cemetery at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, where the interment took place.

Speaking of Father Coffee's death, the Guelph Herald said: "His broad-mindedness and universal charity gave a special charm to his exemplary and priestly life, and his loss will be felt for many a long day by his host of friends, his sorrowing relatives and his brothers in religion." R. I. P.



THE REVEREND JOHN C. COFFEE, S.J.

(In Memoriam)

Father and friend! Two words and all is told
Of how on earth were lived thy useful days.
Now art thou gone! The Angels sing thy praise,
But oh! we sorely miss thy heart of gold!

Beloved by men, but yet a hundredfold
Dearer to God! Thine were the Master's ways,
The weak to strengthen, fallen hopes to raise;
Thy glory—countless aching griefs consol'd.

No loud encomium wouldst thou approve,
In such thy humble soul could ne'er delight;
The high approval of thy Sovereign Lord
Of all thy deeds was made the sole reward.
But in thy goodness thou wilt judge aright
The lowly tribute of a brother's love.

J. I. B., S.J.

ARTHUR SMITH

Arthur Smith began his studies at Loyola, when but a child of ten years. He entered the class of Second Preparatory in 1909, and had completed his High School Course when death called him away. During the many years Arthur spent at Loyola, he endeared himself to all by his fervent piety and his gentlemanly conduct. His deep faith made him realise the advantages—nay, the almost absolute necessity of frequent Communion. Hence it was but seldom that Arthur did not prepare himself for the day's trials by receiving his Lord in the Holy Eucharist. Ever an ardent student, his more than ordinary talent was blessed with marked success, yet he always found time to take part in, and to become proficient in every branch of athletics. Always popular with his fellow-students, he was generally chosen Captain of the various teams.

On the morning of July 27th, 1916, he met with a sad accident which caused his death. He had gone out for a day's fishing on the St. Lawrence, a few miles east of Cornwall, and while his companions were bathing, Arthur went out a short distance in a canoe, to set a minnow-trap.

A lady, from the river-bank, saw him standing in his canoe. She turned away for a moment, and when she looked back, he was not to be seen. The alarm was given, and the boys began to search for him. This was about 11 a.m. Every effort was made to recover the body, but it was not found until nearly 4 p.m. The canoe was not upset, and when Arthur was found, there was no water in his lungs, so it is thought that he was not drowned, but, rather, that he succumbed to an attack of acute indigestion, or something of that nature.

Though the end came suddenly, it could not find him unprepared, for his whole life had been a preparation for the final summons. Arthur never neglected to receive Holy Communion on the First Friday, even during his holidays. He had a tender devotion to Our Blessed Mother, and was faithful in this to the end, for in his pocket was found a rosary, a pledge of his love for her who had watched over him during life.

The greatest sympathy for Arthur's parents, in their sore bereavement, filled the hearts of all at Loyola, masters and boys, who had learned to love and appreciate his manly and noble character.

Reverend Father Rector preached at his funeral in Cornwall, and on September 28th, a Requiem Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.





ARTHUR SMITH,
1909-1916.
Died at Cornwall, July 27th, 1916.

ROLL OF HONOUR

Killed

CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE
CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGOVERN
CAPTAIN WILFRED SULLIVAN
CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH
LIEUTENANT JAMES GRANT
LIEUTENANT JOHN HOWE
LIEUTENANT FRASER MACDONALD
LIEUTENANT FRANCIS McGEE
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. DISSETTE, R.N.A.S.
SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE
CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA
HERBERT BUTLER
MELVIN JOHNSON
LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.

Wounded

MAJOR GEORGE BOYCE
CAPTAIN UBERTO CASGRAIN
CAPTAIN PHILIPPE CHEVALIER
CAPTAIN PIERRE CHEVALIER
CAPTAIN HAROLD HINGSTON
CAPTAIN RENE REDMOND
CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER, M.C.
CAPTAIN CHARLES POWER, M.C.
LIEUTENANT GERALD FINCH
LIEUTENANT AUSTIN LATCHFORD
LIEUTENANT ALAIN MACDONALD
LIEUTENANT EDWARD PLUNKETT
LIEUTENANT VICTOR WALSH
SERGEANT THADDEUS ARMSTRONG
SERGEANT GEOFFREY MERRILL
HAROLD COYLE
HARRY KELLY
ROGER LELIEVRE
WILLIAM MORGAN
ARTHUR SAUVE
LEO SHORTALL
PETER THORNTON
AYMAR TURENNE
FREDERICK DE ZOUCHE

Missing

AUGUSTUS LAW

MILITARY HONOURS

Military Cross

CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER

CAPTAIN CHARLES POWER

LIEUTENANT RODERICK WATT

Distinguished Conduct Medal

LEO LE BOUTILLIER

O. L. ON ACTIVE SERVICE

The following list of former Loyola students now serving with the colours is unavoidably incomplete, and, no doubt, inaccurate in many details. Information concerning any Old Boys in the Army will be gratefully received by the Editors of the Review.

Amos, Edward	1905	Motor Boat Squadron.
Armstrong, Thaddeus	1906	Sgt., 4th Batt. (Wounded).
Audette, de Gaspé	1911	
Babin, Harold	1907	5th Univ. Corps.
Bauset, Jules	1906	16th Squadron, R.F.C. (Att'd).
Bauset, Paul	1910	10th Reserve Batt.
Beck, Austin	1907	
Beck, Cyril	1907	
Béique, Victor	1898	Lieut., 85th.
Belleau, Joseph	1901	Lieut. Interpreter.
Belleau, Paul	1901	
Blanchet, Maurice	1907	Lieut.
Bonnard, Daniel	1901	French Army.
Bordeau, Harold	1905	Mich.-Wisc. Regt., U.S. Army.
Bouthiller, Charles	1906	Capt., 5th Can. Mounted Rifles.
Boyce, George	1900	Major, No. 1 Field Ambul., C.A.M.C. (Wounded).
Boyer, Guy (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Major, 22nd Batt.
Brais, Joseph	1907	C.A.M.C.
Brannen, John (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Capt., 199th, Medical.
Browne, Bashford	1909	R.C.H.A.
Browne, Ethelbert	1905	R.C.H.A.
Burke, M. T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., C.F.A.
Butler, Herbert	1911	2nd Univ. Corps. (Killed in action).
Calder, Robert (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Major.
Carlin, Gordon	1907	68th Siege Battery.
Carpenter, Cecil	1909	15th Battery, C.F.A. (Att'd.)
Casgrain Uberto	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Wounded).
Castle, Raymond	1910	Lieut. 50th Battery, C.F.A.

Chevalier, Armand	1896	Capt., 22nd Batt.	
Chevalier Philippe	1896	Capt., 163rd. (Wounded).	
Chevalier Pierre	1896	Lieut., 22nd. (Wounded).	
Clarke, James	1899	Capt., 13th Field Ambul., C.A.M.C.	
Cogels, Hubert	1913	Belgian Army.	
Cooke, Benedict	1909	66th Battery, C.F.A.	
Cooke, Vincent	1909	C.F.A.	
Coughlin, John M. (B.A. 1916)	1908	79th Battery, C.F.A.	
Coughlin, Robert (B.Sc., 1916)	1908	68th Siege Battery.	
Coyle, Harold	1897		(Wounded).
Davis, Harry	1902	Capt., Amm. Col.	
Davis, William	1902	Lieutenant.	
Desbarats, Edward	1905	Lieut., R.F.C.	
Dissette, Arthur C.	1901	Lieut., R.N.A.S. (Killed).	
Doheney, Clarence	1905	Lieut., Artillery.	
Donnelly, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 148th.	
Donohue, James	1906		
Doody, Edmund.	1910	648th Co., M.T., A.S.C.	
Doran, John	1903	82nd.	
Dwyer, Edward	1898		
Farrell, Robert B.	1898	Lieut., 199th.	
Fawcett, Rev. Charles	1896	Capt., Chaplain.	
Finch, Gerald	1905	Lieut., 13th (Wounded).	
Fletcher, Adrian	1901	Lieut., 207th.	
Furlong, Gerald <small>(Eng. Course, St. Mary's)</small>		Capt., 24th.	
Galligan, John	1906	Capt., C.A.M.C.	
Grant, James	1908	Lieut., 102nd (Killed).	
Griffith, Gerald (B.A. 1910)	1903	Capt., R.A.M.C.	
Grimes, Ernest	1909	2nd Reserve Park, C.A.S.C.	
Hanna, Roy	1910	148th, Medical.	
Hately, Edgar	1904	R.F.C.	
Hennessy, Richard	1904	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.	
Hingston, Harold	1898	Capt., 60th (Wounded).	
Howe John	1900	Lieut., 14th (Killed in action).	
Hudson, Stanton	1907	87th.	
Hughes, Stanley	1909	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.	
Jenkins, John	1904	Capt., 24th.	
Johnson, John	1896		
Johnson, Melvin	1903		(Killed in action).
Kavanagh, Walter	1905	Lieut., 199th.	
Kearney, John D.	1909	Lieut., 79th Battery, C.F.A.	
Kelly, Burrows	1909	Lieut.	
Kelly, Harry	1909	38th (Wounded).	
Lafontaine, Jean	1911	Lieut., 163rd.	
Lahey, Charles	1913	54th Battery, C.F.A.	
Latchford, Austin	1908	Lieut., Artillery (Wounded).	
Latchford, James	1908		
Law, Adrian	1897	Capt., Imperial Army.	

Law, Augustus	1897	C.M.R. (Missing)
Le Boutillier, Leo (D.C.M.)	1907	24th (Killed in action).
Leitch, St. Clair	1909	68th Siege Artillery.
Lelievre, Roger	1907	22nd (Wounded).
Lemieux, Rodolphe	1906	Lieut., 258th
Lessard, A.		1st Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lynch, Leo (B.Sc., 1908)	1901	No. 5 Co., Div. Supply Col., C.A.S.C.
Lynch, Thomas	1902	
Macarow, Philip	1908	Naval Service.
MacArthur, Donald	1913	
MacCasham, John	1908	U. S. Navy.
MacDonald, Alain de L.	1897	Lieut., 163rd (Wounded).
MacDonald, Fraser	1906	Lieut., 77th (Killed in action).
MacDonald, Hubert	1909	77th
Magann, Allan	1905	
Magann, George	1905	Capt., Gen. Staff.
Maguire, Francis (B.A. 1907)	1899	Capt., 2nd Batt. (Killed in action).
Maher, Henry	1912	4th Amm. Col.
Mahon, Arthur J.	1912	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.
Martin, Alfred	1911	79th Battery.
McCallum, Harold	1913	
McCool, Justin	1898	Lt., C.A.S.C.
McCool, Joseph	1898	Lt., 4th Can. Ry. Troops.
McCullough, John	1903	
McDonald, Dawson	1903	Lieut., 199th.
McEachen, Ronald (B.Sc., 1914)	1907	
McGee, Francis <small>(Eng. Course, St. Mary's)</small>		Lt., 21st (Killed in action).
McGovern, Arthur (B.A., 1909)	1903	Capt., 28th (Killed in action).
McGovern, Thomas	1903	Lieut., "C" Batt., R.C.H.A.
McKenna, Adrian	1905	Corporal, 24th (Killed in action).
McKenna, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 60th.
McKenzie, Francis	1906	
McKenzie, Vincent	1906	
McLaughlin, Henry	1908	66th Siege Artillery.
McLaughlin, John	1908	79th Aattery, C.F.A.
Merrill, Geoffrey	1904	Sgt., Artillery (Gassed).
Merrill, Walter	1900	Lieut., R.F.C.
Millard, Ellis	1906	R.C.H.A.
Millard, Francis	1902	Lieut., C.A.M.C.
Monsarrat, Louis	1905	Lieut., R.C.H.A.
Moore, Arthur	1912.	
Moore, Francis	1912	Siege Artillery.
Morgan William	1910	69th. (Wounded).
Murphy, E. Grimes	1910	Lieut., C.F.A.
Murphy, Neil	1904	Lieut., 199th.
Nagle, Gregory	1903	Sgt.-Major, 3rd Batt. (Killed).
O'Boyle, Desmond	1906	
O'Connor, James	1898	Lieut., 14th R.M.R.

O'Gallagher, Dermott	1906	Lieut., 33rd.
Ogier d'Ivry, Gaëtan	1906	2nd Lt., 168th Brig., R.F.A.
O'Gorman, Gerald	1903	Lieut., 199th.
O'Leary, Frederick	1897	Lieut., 53rd.
O'Leary, Henry	1909	Lieut.
Owens, Sargent T. (B.A. 1908)	1896	Lieut., 207th.
Panet, Henri de L.	1905	Lieut., Royal Engineers.
Pérodeau, Horace	1907	Lieut., R.F.C.
Phelan, Arthur	1908	9th Brigade, Amm. Col.
Plunkett, Edward	1910	Lieut., 50th Batt., C.F.A. (Wounded).
Power, Charles G. (B.A., 1907) M.C.	1897	Capt., 3rd Batt. (Wounded).
Power, Joseph	1897	Lieut., 2nd Batt.
Rainboth, Ernest	1906	77th.
Rainville, Gustavus	1903	Lieut., C.A.S.C.
Redmond, René	1898	Capt., 60th (Wounded).
Rogers, James <small>(English Course St. Mary's)</small>		Capt., C.A.M.C.
Roy, Rouer	1910	Royal Naval College.
Ryan, Raymond	1898	Capt.
Ryan, Roderick	1906	
Sauve, Arthur	1910	(Wounded).
Scott, Walter	1908	42nd.
Shortall, Leo	1913	1st Newfoundland (Wounded).
Steben, Murray	1897	5th Pioneers.
Sullivan, Arthur	1896	Capt., 79th.
Sullivan, Wilfred <small>(English Course St. Mary's)</small>		Capt., 43rd (Killed in Action).
Tellier, Antoine	1913	68th Siege Battery.
Terroux, Arthur	1909	Sgt., 68th Siege Battery.
Thompson, Leslie C.	1897	Major, 257th.
Thorton, Peter	1906	(Wounded).
Turenne, Aymar Ozias	1901	C.F.A. (Wounded).
Varennnes (de), Henri	1905	Lieut., 163rd.
Vanier George P. (B.A. 1906), M.C.	1897	Capt., 22nd.
Walsh, Victor	1904	Lieut., 24th (Wounded).
Walsh, John P. (B.A., 1904)	1896	Capt., C.A.M.C. (Killed).
Watt, Roderick (M.C.)	1907	Capt., Div. Amm. Col.
Wickham, John C. (B.A., 1909)	1901	Capt., C.A.M.C.
Wilkins, John	1906	Lieut., 117th.
Wilkins, Lionel	1904	Lieut.
Wilson, Lawrence	1905	105th Brigade, R.F.A.
Wolff, Conrad (B.L., 1911)	1901	Lieut., C.A.M.C.
Zouche de Frederick C.	1907	C.A.S.C. (Wounded).

CAPTAIN ARTHUR LAWRENCE MCGOVERN,

28th Battalion, C.E.F.

Great sorrow and regret were felt by Loyola boys, past and present, when it was learned that Arthur McGovern had fallen at the front. "Terry" was known to all. He came to Loyola the year of our very first graduating class, and graduated himself as a contemporary of the present generation. He was the first of our graduates to make the great sacrifice, and his very promising career was being followed with interest by his College friends.

Arthur was born in Port Arthur, Ont., September 2nd, 1888, the only child of Mrs. and the late Mr. James M. McGovern, for many years Dominion Immigration Inspector at Port Arthur. In 1900, he went to St. Boniface College, Manitoba, whence he came to Loyola in 1903. During the six years that he spent at the College, he was always a leader in his class and a prominent figure in all the school activities. He was President of the Literary and Debating Society, an officer of several other school organisations, and played on the senior hockey, football and baseball teams. His former masters, in their letters to his bereaved mother, have testified to their great esteem and affection for him. Rev. Father Rector, in his address on Graduation Day, last June, paid a stirring tribute to the high character and nobility of this son of Loyola, who in his short career and in his glorious death had been the pride of his College. Father MacMahon also alluded gratefully to a practical, substantial proof which Arthur had left of his filial loyalty and generous remembrance:

Arthur graduated in 1909, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with honours, and entered Osgood Hall, Toronto, whence he was called to the Bar in 1912. While at Toronto, he was a popular and distinguished member of the Argonaut Rowing Club, winning a gold medal in the Junior Fours at St. Catharines, August, 1911.

Returning to Port Arthur, he opened a law office in 1912. Endowed beyond the ordinary with talent and ability, Arthur McGovern had before him a life of great promise and of brilliant achievement. He was a great favourite with his fellow-citizens, an exemplary Catholic, and a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus, of which he was Deputy Grand Knight.

Having become identified with the local Battalion, the 96th, and holding the commission of Lieutenant, he volunteered for active service overseas shortly after the outbreak of war. He joined the 28th Battalion at Winnipeg in the autumn of 1914, and went overseas in May, 1915. In September, he proceeded to the front with his battalion, and spent the intervening months till his death in the trenches. In March, 1916, he was promoted to a Captaincy on the field of honour.

He went safely through the severe fighting in April, 1916, and the battle of St. Eloi, but fell in action during the desperate and glorious struggle at Hooge, on June 6th, 1916. He was buried with full military honours and the solemn rites of Holy Mother Church, Reverend Father de Jaddine officiating, and rests in the Military Cemetery at Renninghelst, Belgium, in the shadow of a beautiful Franciscan church.

"Think of poor McGovern!" writes an officer, "who proved to be one of



CAPTAIN ARTHUR L. McGOVERN,
28th Battalion,
B.A. 1909.

Killed in Action, June 6th, 1916.

the finest officers ever sent out." Another adds: "He was a favourite with every one from the Colonel to the men."

The following extract from a Port Arthur paper is an eloquent testimonial to the high repute in which our graduate was held by his fellow-citizens. His name is fittingly coupled therein with that of his close friend.

"Port Arthur mourns the loss of two gallant sons. Arthur McGovern, a Port Arthur boy by birth, is dead. Clarence Milne, a Port Arthur boy by years of residence, is missing and supposed dead. No two officers among all who have gone from this city were better known than these, and the report of what has happened drives home to this city the fact of the war, more than anything that has happened since the St. Julien, in April, 1915, when the first big casualty list came in with many Port Arthur names on it. Clarence Milne and Arthur McGovern were both of the highest type of citizenship, young, vigorous, capable, and even brilliant in their civil life occupations. They might easily and even reasonably held back at least until the demand for men was greater, but those qualities which made them good citizens in times of peace were just those to hear the call of duty in time of war. . . . No tribute that can be put in mere words on paper is too good to pay to these young men from Port Arthur who will never come back. . . . To sorrowing relatives a whole city extends sincerest sympathy."

Later, in a stirring appeal for recruits, the same paper says: "Voices from over in France are calling you: voices of Clarence Milne and Arthur McGovern, men of honour, men of integrity, of ability, and men with a sense of public duty, who have left as much as or more than is keeping you."

To Arthur's mother—a kind friend of Loyola—we offer our heartfelt condolence in her two-fold bereavement for Mr. McGovern died not long after the death in action of his noble son.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN ARTHUR L. MCGOVERN

Otterpool Camp, Sept. 16th, 1915.

I am leaving here this afternoon, at 5 p.m., on my way to France, and am writing this little note of farewell . . . The King reviewed us on September 2nd, and was very pleased with our appearance and good bearing. Lord Kitchener was also present and complimented us on our men . . . We expect to make a good showing.

Belgium, Oct. 15th, 1915.

. . . I wrote you from the trenches while we were doing our first spell, and in haste sent you a card when leaving to re-enter the trenches, after being out for six days. After the completion of our first spell, when we came out of the trenches for the first time, we marched to a little village about six miles behind the line for a rest.

Alas! for our men, the proposed rest was one in name only, as they were kept continually employed on fatigue work, that is, carrying food to the troops in the trenches, etc.

However, we "rested" for six days and re-entered the trenches on Wednesday, to take our second spell. Sad to say, our second venture was not as fortunate as the first, and we had a great number of casualties. The Germans very unkindly exploded a mine under a portion of our trenches and caused considerable loss of life. We were also shelled very heavily, and in connection with this shelling I had a fortunate escape, the particulars of which were as follows: A large German shell dropped in the trenches occupied by my platoon, and, while doing considerable damage to the trench itself, did not, luckily, cause any casualties. I took an officer of the Engineers down to look at the damage, and, while we were both examining same, the Germans landed another shell about ten yards in front of us, outside the trench. We heard the shell hit the ground and rebound along the ground until it struck the parapet with a shock that caused the whole section of parapet to shake, but luckily the shell did not explode. As we were standing right behind the place where it struck the parapet, we had a close shave, but we both laughed and promptly forgot all about it.

Our casualty list to date consists of 83 killed, wounded and missing, which is pretty heavy, considering that we have only been in the trenches eleven days. However, our men behaved splendidly, and there were some great examples of self-sacrifice and heroism displayed in digging out the men who were buried by the explosion of the mine . . .

We came out of the trenches on Tuesday night and, on Wednesday, Gen. Turner, the man who commands the 2nd Canadian Division, came to see us and paraded us and said: "I have come here to-day to congratulate the 28th Battalion on the steadiness they have displayed in the firing line. Few, if any, troops have had to undergo such severe trials at the very commencement of your trench experience here, and you, both officers and men, have done exceedingly well, and I am proud of you. I have recommended some of your number for special decoration, and I want you to remember that a decoration or honour bestowed on any one of you is an honour and decoration for the whole battalion." You may be sure that we were quite pleased, as such praise is very seldom afforded to new battalions. Hurrah for the 28th!

Unfortunately I lost two of my men, who were on duty as bombers in the section of trench blown up . . . However, our artillery got busy next day on the German trenches, and we had the pleasure of seeing machine guns, Germans and portions of same going merrily skyward as our shells landed with wonderful aim in their trenches.

Nov. 19th, 1915.

Since I wrote you, we have been in and out of the trenches twice and, to tell the truth, these last two periods have been the most trying that we have experienced. Until these above-mentioned tours, the life in the trenches was fairly enjoyable, but lately the rain has fallen incessantly and the trenches have been extremely wet, cold and damp, and the boys have had rather a bad time. The wintry season has set in, and we believe that we may expect to have rainy days until the early part of March, or even a little later.

We were rather unprepared for the heavy rains, and when we entered the trenches we were obliged to do our work in the rain, our dug-outs being very wet, clothes the same, and our whole spare time was devoted to repairing damage caused by the rain.

. . . The shelters or dug-outs are usually quite damp and leak very badly, our clothes are usually encrusted with mud and dirt, the food, while usually good, is often, through unforeseen difficulties, such as transport, etc., rather slim, but the men "keep on smiling," and for my part I am very proud indeed to be associated with such a body of men. Their manners may be uncouth, their speech may be rough and their appearance far from attractive, but their hearts are true, and when the time comes for the big struggle, as it will surely come, our men will always be ready and willing to do their part.

Dec. 6th, 1915.

There has been nothing of any great importance taking place lately, except that we, the officers of "A" Company, have been worked very hard, owing to the shortage of officers in our battalion. At the present time we have only twelve officers left, out of 24 Company Officers, available for duty, although we have our Headquarters Staff still complete. . . This shortage of officers necessitated our boys doing duty with other companies, and for the last three tours in the trenches I have been with "D" Company, and twice with "C" Company. Have at last got back to my own boys and am very glad to be with them again, as I have come to be awfully fond of them, for they are the best in the world.

. . . Yesterday R . . and I went to a city near where we are located, and one of the first men I saw was George Boyce, who used to be at Loyola with me. He is now a Major in the Ambulance Corps, and we had a very pleasant time renewing old topics of school days. Chubby Power, of Quebec, has been wounded and sent to England. His brother, Joe Power, and Frank Maguire, two old school friends of mine, have also been invalided to England. . .

January 10th, 1916.

. . . Awfully sorry that I have been unable to write lately, but just came out of the hospital, and have had no chance to answer your very welcome letters. Entered the Hospital on Christmas Day and did not return to the Battalion until January 3rd. I was quite sick—cold and fever—but am feeling quite fit again. . . Had a very pleasant time, as the Officers' Hospital is situated in an old château, with beautiful surroundings, and everything possible is done for our comfort.

The Germans are growing more active lately, and we had our first experience of a gas attack a short time ago, and while the experience was unpleasant, fortunately no damage was done. The Germans are also making use of a new implement of Satan, namely, the "aerial torpedo." This is a shell with little fins on the sides, and is fired from a point close to the enemy's front line. They sent twelve over on the section of trench that "A" Company was holding, last week, but, by the grace of God, no one was hurt. It was about 4.45 p.m., and it was just beginning to get dark when the first one came over. I was standing, looking over the parapet, with one of the sentries, and we heard the shot, saw the torpedo rise high in the air (it has a tail of flame, that is, burning fuse, which enables you to watch it), turn over, the fuse going out, and dive into our trench. We shouted a well-known warning: "Aerial torpedo, take shelter on the right!" and everybody raced along the trenches, away from our left section. One torpedo lit in our trench, blew a hole about eight feet deep and twenty feet across, besides making a big hole in our parapet. However, it is all in the game, and we are always on the watch for this unpleasant visitor. One of these torpedoes killed seven men and wounded two, not so long ago, so we take no chances.

Am getting on fine with my men, and am very proud of them, as they are excellent in every respect: cheerfully enduring hardship, ever ready to undertake any work, and eagerly awaiting a chance to have a go at the Germans. On my return (from the Hospital) to my own men, I got so enthusiastic a reception that I was indeed greatly touched.

February 12th, 1916.

. . . A few days before we quitted the trenches, a party of our boys and a party of the 29th crawled out to the German barbed wire, which protects their front, cut same and entered the German trenches, taking a number of prisoners, and inflicting great loss on the enemy. Our Battalion has received considerable praise for the work and we are all justly proud of the men, 39 in number, who took part in this attack.

We were rather surprised when we received the order to move back for a period of rest, as we had grown so used to the routine, trenches, billets, that we were unprepared for a change. So we find ourselves now in the same position, relatively speaking, as we were in, nearly five months ago, when we landed in France, and had been transported to within about ten miles of the firing line. Once again we are billeted in an old French farm house, our men occupying the barns and adjoining buildings. The weather has been very cold and wet, and our men have had rather a hard time of it, as the barns are very cold, and the work is rather severe.

Alas! what a change. Of the number of officers who arrived in France with us, twelve are not with us to-day, by reason of wounds, illness, transfer and other causes, and many of our brave lads, who greeted "la belle France" with a smile, have found their last resting place in Belgian soil. After nearly five months, we find ourselves as a battalion far better acquainted with each other than in the olden days at Winnipeg, and in training camp in England. We have gradually weeded out the unfit and the sloper and find ourselves to-day as fine a body of men as wear the King's uniform.

When you have slept, eaten, fought and fasted with men for such a period; when you have seen them with the shells bursting close by, or the sniper's bullet skimming over their heads; when you have seen them cheerfully erecting barbed-wire entanglements in the open, about 125 yards from the Huns; when you have seen all these things, you are proud to belong to such a Battalion, very proud of your men, and your only ambition is that in the time of trial they will have no reason to be ashamed of you . . .

FROM A FORMER MASTER

. . . I cannot convince myself that poor Arthur has been cut down on the threshold of manhood. I had always counted upon him, more perhaps than upon any of my former pupils, to have a brilliant and useful career. But God ordained otherwise. The poor boy had many noble impulses and a high sense of honour. It was for them I loved him so much. He was a good friend. . . .

FROM ANOTHER FORMER TEACHER

I recently received the very sad news about your dear Arthur, and immediately my thoughts were directed to his parents, and chiefly to you. You may rest assured that we share your loss, and that you have our deepest sympathy.

Some consolation may be derived from the fact that your beloved son has done his duty to his country heroically. A halo of glory will shine around his name. Noble motives had a great power over his noble heart, and his patriotic conduct is a credit to his parents and to those who have contributed to the formation of his character.



Mayor's Office,
Port Arthur, Aug. 15th, 1916.

I am instructed by the Council to convey to you the sympathy of this community in the loss of your son.

As an officer, born and bred in Port Arthur, we had followed his career at the front with keen interest. Many of the boys in his Company sent word back in private letters, telling of the grip he had secured on the affections of his men, and of the confidence they had in his ability as a leader.

We feel that, when his youthfulness is taken into consideration, the above testimony to his qualities points out that, had he been spared, he would have gone far, and even had we not known him personally, we should have felt that in losing him the country was probably poorer than it would have been by the loss of a hundred men in the ranks. . .



Argonaut Rowing Club, Toronto,
Aug. 21st, 1916.

I have been directed by the Argonaut Committee to extend to you our deepest sympathy in the loss of your dear, dear son, Arthur. He was one of our best beloved members—gentle, kind and altogether Aristotle's true gentleman.

He heard the call of Country and "greater love no man hath than this," . . . and it is in this heroism, we trust, that you will find your truest comfort . . . Meanwhile, Arthur's noble life will remain a symbol and sign for us of the Argonauts. .

FROM AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT

Somewhere in France,
19th, June 1916.

. . . From information I have since gathered the 28th went into action about the 2nd of June. They lost several men going to the trenches and found things warm when they got there. The Huns blew up a couple of mines on them . . . which wiped out half the battalion. I believe there are only five or six survivors of the Port Arthur and Fort William Company left . . . Poor Art. McGovern was fatally wounded, just previous to the mine explosions, and was alive when carried to the rear. I have been unable to find out for certain, but there is every reason to believe he received the Last Sacraments.

When my own battalion came out three days ago, after a few hours' rest, I started to hunt up poor Art's grave, and at last found it at a place called Reninghelst. Have enclosed a P.C. of the church at Reninghelst. Arthur is not buried in the churchyard, but in a military graveyard not a stone's throw from the church, so I thought it might interest you. Further, he must have often visited the church, for it is at no great distance from his rest camp. As soon as I located the grave, I had a wreath made and placed it on the grave, with a short note stating that it was from Leo Council, Knights of Columbus. . . .

P.S. I hate postscripts, but I feel I have not paid sufficient tribute to the memory of poor Art. He was a great favourite amongst the men and officers of his Battalion—always cheery, and looked upon as a good soldier. In fact, I learn he was to have taken command of a Company, but for his untimely end. However, he died like a soldier and a man, facing the enemy and fighting for the right.

FROM AN ANGLICAN CHAPLAIN

It is with the greatest difficulty that I attempt to express to you my sincere sympathy in your sad loss.

I have very naturally been interested in the 28th Battalion, and have from time to time visited them, when they have been anywhere near me, and on each occasion I have seen Capt. McGovern, together with the other Port Arthur and Fort William boys. Less than two weeks ago, I saw them all, near our Advance Dressing Station, and they were all in their usual good spirits, happy and cheerful under such adverse circumstances. I was very upset to hear that they had suffered so heavily. Visiting the Battalion a few days ago, as far as I could gather, Capt. McGovern suffered no pain at all, and they were able to bring the body out of the trench. I was talking to Father de Jaddine this afternoon, and he it was who buried him in our Military Cemetery in Reninghelst.

A cross will be erected in a few days, bearing the date, name and Battalion, so that everything that could be done was done.

Please accept my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in your sad bereavement.

FROM A PORT ARTHUR BOY

I feel, though, that it is a duty I owe to endeavor to give you some of the details regarding Capt. Terry McGovern, and, if I don't get a chance to write any of the other boys of Leo Council, you can pass it along to them.

To begin with, I can tell you our boys were called on to hold one of the warmest corners on this front. "A" and "B" company were in the front line and "C" and "D" in supports. Terry was in charge of "C," for this trip, and Capt. Milne of "A." It seems to be usual luck of our battalions when anything is doing, to be into it. This particular day, Fritz shelled the supreme dickens out of our trenches. The boys who were in it and fortunate enough to return say the whole place was like a scrap—iron heap. Of all the propositions they have been up against, this certainly was the worst. Then, on top of all this shelling, a mine was blown up on them. Fritz came over and took a few of them prisoners. You will have to learn that from the local papers. Terry being in "C" company, was not blown up in the mine, but the same afternoon was hit with shrapnel, below the heart, and killed instantly. At first he was buried just behind the communication trench, but the same night was taken out and was brought down to the battalion on the transport. At this time we were a couple of miles from the battalion camp. Twenty-four of us were sent up to duty and for a couple of days I was detonating bombs with brigade bombers. I arrived at the camp just as they were taking Terry away to be buried in the cemetery, but too late to have a last look at him, nor was I able to attend the funeral, being for immediate duty. The priest was there, Bill, so he was given a decent burial, and now rests in the military cemetery not far from our present camp. We certainly have lost one of our very best officers in Terry. He sure was the most popular with the boys and right in his glory when catching for the battalion baseball team.



CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH, C. A. M. C.

Captain John P. Walsh was the first of Loyola's pioneers to give his life for the Empire. He came to the College in 1896 and entered the class of Rudiments in the old building on St. Catherine Street. He remained with us until 1904, when he graduated with the degree of B. A. He was a shy, delicate-looking boy, but his gentle manner and apparently frail build veiled a considerable strength of character, a coolness of determination, and a toughness of constitution, which his career both at the College and afterwards, and especially at the front, amply demonstrated.

It was some time before the boys became acquainted with the real Jack Walsh, and still longer before his many qualities were fully appreciated. He was not brilliant, he never thrust himself on the notice of others, and consequently he passed at first for a very ordinary, quiet, pleasant student. As time went on, however, his amiability and really merry disposition made him popular with everyone, and, as he became better known, he won respect and esteem, and began to hold among the boys the position to which his solid traits of character entitled him. He was a conscientious persevering student, a self-sacrificing and enthusiastic, though not demonstrative college man, a good all-round, though, if we except hockey, not a remarkable athlete. As a hockey-player he was certainly above the ordinary: a cool, tricky, hard-working, unselfish forward, with a fast, dangerous shot. At various times he held several positions on the Athletic Committee, and in the different Societies of the College and was towards the end of his course an officer in the Sodality of Our Lady.

On leaving Loyola, Captain Walsh entered Medicine at McGill and graduated in 1908. He practised in Quebec, his native city, and his life as a Doctor seems to have been to a great extent a repetition of his life as a student. The quality of his work was such as gradually to earn for him a large practice. He was always thorough, painstaking, cool and conscientious in the discharge of his professional duties. In the subjoined account from the "Quebec Chronicle" will be found a brief outline of his active life before going to the front.

In February, 1915, he went overseas with No. 2 Canadian General Hospital. After serving for five months at Le Tréport he was, at his own request, transferred to a combatant unit. The letters which follow bear ample testimony to his courage and determination and devotion to duty, both as a soldier and as a Catholic. We shall merely add a few words in connection with the deed which earned such high praise for him in May, 1916. In the Eye-witness' despatches graphically describing the heroism of the Canadian troops in defending a crater on their front against violent German attacks, the name of Captain Walsh was mentioned for valorous conduct. The Canadians were depleted to a mere handful by the intense bombardment of the Germans, and the remnant of the garrison forced to retreat on their battalion. The Canadian Artillery, however, soon drove the enemy out of the crater, and a bombing party from the battalion again occupied the position, rescued the wounded, and restored the entrenchments. Many instances of individual bravery and conspicuous service are given in the despatch, several notable instances of self-sacrifice being mentioned, and among them is the heroic deed of Captain Walsh who fearlessly exposed himself to the

heavy shell fire from the German Artillery, and rescued at his own risk several wounded men.

The many friends whom Captain Walsh made while at Loyola have followed his career with interest and pride. His heroic life and holy death were worthy of a Catholic soldier fighting in a great cause. On behalf of his old College, we offer his relatives our deep sympathy in their grief at his loss.

FROM MGR. BURKE, Head Catholic Canadian Chaplain.

I am sorry to have to inform you that your dear good brother, Capt. J. P. Walsh, is dead. Col. Delaney, who loved him dearly and closed his eyes in death, will give you the particulars. Enough for me to assure you that he died in the full faith of the Catholic Church and with all her blessings. He was quite reconciled and committed his soul to God, and sent a tender message to you and his other sister and friends. He died for his country; he was worthy of his faith; he had every good man's admiration and God's favour. We shall bury him reverently, with all the rites of Holy Mother Church, Monday. I shall pontificate the requiem myself. Col. Delaney and many other friends will be at the service. I pray you then to be reconciled to this act of God's will—the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. With every tender word of sympathy and condolence.

P.S.—Col. Ross, his O.C., spoke to me to-night of your brother's great service and splendid qualities of mind and heart....

FROM FATHER WORKMAN, O.F.M., Senior Chaplain.

Although I have seen so much happen during this dreadful war, the news of his death was a great shock to me. I happened to be up in the trenches when he was hit, and though he suffered very much from the moment he was hit, I never thought the wound would prove fatal. He had every attention, though it was a little too "hot" to bring him out for two hours or so.

I went back two days later to see him at the Casualty Clearing. He was making a brave fight then. But I was very much surprised to see how frail a body he had. I spoke to the nurse, and she told me he ought to have reported sick three months before. He had stuck to his post in the trenches too long, and had been drawing on his wonderful nerve.

We had become close friends ever since he was posted to the 2nd Battalion. He gave the men excellent example by his faithful attendance at Holy Mass and the Sacraments. An officer of that stamp is of wonderful help to the priest. I shall not soon forget all that he was to me and my work, and know now that God is rewarding him for it.

You will have heard from other sources how dear he was to the officers and men of his battalion. I know he was recommended for the Military Cross, and that he richly deserved it over and over again. We were expecting the award, but his sad death came first, and God is now doing the awarding....

FROM LT.-COL. DELANEY.

Prior Park,
Combe Down, Bath,
17th Aug., 1916.

I am sure that you know that it is with a very heavy heart that I am sitting here writing you this evening, and how sorry I am to be the bearer of such bad news. But I feel that it is better for me to write you than a stranger, and I am sure that Johnny would have done as much for me, if I had been in his place.

You know how much I cared for him, and how much care and attention he gave me when I was ill. I have never forgotten, and neither has my family, all his kindness to me and my sister.

To tell the story from the beginning: I got a letter from Percy Wright, saying that Johnny had been hit on Saturday. This was received on the following Thursday. I immediately wrote him, asking to be notified when Johnny left France. I did not get any word till by accident I came on a casualty list, saying that he had been evacuated to England on Saturday. I only saw this on Tuesday evening, and I immediately got up to London that night, getting in at 11.40 p.m.

In the morning I had the office D.M.S. phone, and the report was good, so I went to settle some official work at Canadian Headquarters and finished there at 12.30 noon. I got out to the 2nd London General Hospital, Chelsea, at 1.30 p.m., and, to my great sorrow, I was told that he was operated for a secondary hemorrhage from his wound. It appears that he was wounded in the thigh, a dirty wound, with pieces of clothing in it and a piece of shrapnel in the big blood vessel of the thigh.

In France they operated and removed all metal and dirt from the wound, but when he



CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH,
No. 2 Hospital, C.A.M.C.
B.A. 1904.
Died of Wounds, August 17th, 1916.

reached London, he had a secondary infection of the right knee. This was operated by one of the leading surgeons of London, Col. Mansell Moulin. The knee was opened and drained and there was a secondary hemorrhage from the knee, which made Johnny very weak. This was done on Tuesday and he had a good night, and Wednesday, when I rang up, he was very well. But suddenly a terrible hemorrhage came on from the first wound in the thigh. They then hurried him from the ward to the operating room, and tied up the big blood vessel of the right leg, and I was in the hospital when he came down to the ward.

It was God sent me, as I had a chance to see him before death. My heart was just broken when I saw him and he cried out to me—I can hear him yet—"Oh, Bill! Bill! It is death that has come, and for God's sake do make them give me a little relief! It would be so good to die to get rid of the pain!"

Well, I stayed with him until 4.30 p.m. We gave him three injections to relieve the pain, and after an hour he was very quiet. He told me that he had been prepared for death, and we got a priest to see him. I am enclosing a card with his name, and you may write him for all information. When I was there he prayed with Johnny, and gave him his blessing, and he told me he had given him Communion and the Last Sacrament previous to his first operation in London.

Well, I came back to the hospital at 7.30 p.m. When I had left he was resting, but his pulse was doing fairly well, but when I returned he was slowly sinking.

I stayed with him till near two a.m., and although he was given stimulation he became unconscious. I had to leave, but they told me they would let me know how things had been going with him, every two or three hours. The doctor phoned me once, saying he was fair, and at 7.40 he phoned saying he had passed away. I told the people of the D.M.S. Office, and I went out to see him. This was the hardest of all. I looked over his belongings, and I took his letters, both opened and unopened, and those from his sweetheart I am sending back to her, with a letter telling her the bad news. God help her! but it will be hard for her to bear. I could not bear to open anything of his, except one to get her address, and there was a wire from her anxiously asking for news. It came in the day he died. I don't know how I will be able to write to her, or what to say, as I knew so little of his affairs in France, but someone must do it, and I am sure he would have done the same for me.

I left his scapular medal on him, and am sending you his beads.... The rest of his kit is, I believe, sent to Records, Canadians, who will send it to his next of kin, but I kept his cigarette case, which I am sending you. I cried when I saw it. You will remember I gave it to him that Christmas I was so ill, and he was so good to me. I could not leave it with the rest of his kit. I do not smoke or I would ask you for it. But please keep it yourself, as I would hate anyone else but you to have it.

I arranged with Mgr. Burke to have the funeral at 10 a.m., 21st inst., and I am coming to London for the service. I said good-bye to him in the mortuary chapel, and I kissed his forehead for you and his sweetheart, and the chapter is finished. I could not do any more. I hope I have done all that you wished me to do. I could not think of anything else. As a doctor I made his end peaceful, and as a friend I closed his eyes. I am satisfied that all that was possible was done in his case, and it was God's will, and you will have to bear the loss.

To us all that knew him he is a loss, and most of all to me, outside of his family and sweetheart. My wife and sister feel very badly, as we had hoped to see him soon, and had planned to have him with us, and I had arranged that when he was fit to travel he should be sent back home on transport duty.

This long letter is now finished. Some day, if God spares us, we will meet in happier times, and I'll be able to tell you what I have written. There is not much more to tell you. From 1.30 till 4.30 p.m., while he was conscious, I did very little but whisper to him that all was well, and to try and sleep. He said very little except that he was glad to see me. The cruel part of this cruel affair was that when asked at the hospital if he had any friends in England, he was so poisoned and septic that he had forgotten, and never mentioned my name. I cannot understand it, but it is a fact. The only one who saw him was an agent of Wm. Power, M.P., Quebec, who called the day before I did.

He asked me not to send you word that he was bad, as he did not wish to worry you, and on several occasions he said: "I don't know what my poor little girl will do.".....

FROM COLONEL ROSS.

I regret that Col. Delaney has just given me the sad news of your brother's death. He was in my division as medical officer of the 2nd Battalion, at the wish of Lt.-Col. Swift, and we had all learned to esteem him as a courageous officer. He could easily have returned some time ago to a hospital, but preferred to remain with us at the front.

I visited him the morning after he was wounded, and found everything being done for him that was possible, but on the third day septic troubles were found and things became more serious; but next day an improvement occurred, and we were all cheered till he was sent down to the base from the casualty clearing station.

The knowledge that he was esteemed by all officers, that he was most courageous on all occasions, most modest and retiring, after many exhibitions of bravery, and that above all he

lived a most exemplary Christian life, may be knowledge to you that will lessen the sorrow and grief caused by his death.

I considered him one of my most efficient officers in the 1st Division, and repeatedly I have heard his Brigadier-General, Garnet Hughes, say Captain Walsh was the best medical officer in his brigade. We regret his loss, but his example still lives with us. . . .

FROM THE TABLET, LONDON.

Captain John Parnell Walsh, of the Canadian Medical Service, serving at the front with the 2nd Battalion, was seriously wounded by shrapnel shot, and after having the bullets extracted, was brought to England, where he died on the 17th inst., fortified by the rites of the Church. Col. Delaney, a close friend, was at his death-bed, and became the medium of a loving message to his people. A military funeral took place at St. Mary's Mortuary Chapel, Kensal Green, on Monday last, where in the presence of General Jones, D.M.S. of Canada, and many other overseas friends, the Right Rev. Mgr. Burke, Head Catholic Canadian Chaplain, pontificated the Requiem and, before the Libera, spoke of the sacrifice Dr. Walsh had made, and the great merit of the services he had rendered to his country. Capt. Walsh's generous action was but typical of Irish Catholics throughout Canada, Mgr. Burke averred. Indeed, it was true of every Canadian, no matter what his nationality or religious affiliation. He was sure that the Lord of Battles would not long withhold the crown of glory from him. Such examples, more truly than anything else, robbed death of its sting and grave of its victory.

A military salute was fired at the graveside, and the Last Post plaintively sounded.

Dr. Walsh was a prominent citizen of Quebec, and he will be sincerely mourned there.

FROM THE QUEBEC CHRONICLE (Aug. 18th, 1916).

It was with feelings of genuine and deep regret that the news was received yesterday in the city of the death from wounds received at the front of one of Quebec's most popular citizens, Capt. John Parnell Walsh, C.A.M.C.

The late Captain Walsh was severely wounded in the thigh early in the present month. . . . as soon as possible he was removed to England and was admitted to Chelsea Hospital on the 13th inst. (Aug.). On Wednesday, 16th inst., a despatch was received stating that he was progressing well but condition bad, and further particulars would be cabled. A relapse, caused by a secondary hemorrhage, however, set in, and, as stated, the late Captain Walsh passed away yesterday.

The deceased officer was a graduate of McGill University. Immediately afterwards, he was appointed anæsthetist to the Jeffery Hale Hospital of this City, and subsequently opened practice. The quality of his work was such as to quickly earn for him a large practice, and his patients found him thorough, painstaking and conscientious in the discharge of his professional duties.

At the outbreak of the war, the late Dr. Walsh was attached to the local Military Hospital, and in February, 1915, he left for the front.

In May last the deceased was mentioned in despatches as having gallantly rescued several, wounded soldiers, under heavy fire, and it was reported that he had been awarded the Military Cross. General Currie congratulated him personally for the splendid work he had accomplished under very difficult circumstances.

The late officer was a member of the Curling, Tennis and Garrison Clubs. Flags were flown at half-mast yesterday at the Garrison Club and the Jeffery Hale Hospital in memory of the deceased.

The late Captain Walsh was to have been married at the end of this month to Miss Jeanne Bruyère, of Paris, France.

War Office, Whitehall, S.W.,
26th January, 1917.

Madam,

I have it in command from His Majesty the King to inform you, as next of kin of the late CAPTAIN JOHN P. WALSH, of the Canadian Army Medical Corps, that this officer was mentioned in a despatch from General Sir Douglas Haig, dated 13th November, 1916, and published in the 2nd Supplement to the *London Gazette* of 2nd, dated 4th January, 1917, for gallant and distinguished service in the field.

I am to express to you the King's high appreciation of these services, and to add that His Majesty trusts that their public acknowledgment may be of some consolation in your bereavement,

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,

M. D. GRAHAM, Colonel,
Assistant Military Secretary.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy,
880 Atwater Ave.,
Montreal, P.Q.,
Canada.



CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE,

2nd Battalion, C.E.F.

Francis Maguire was born at New Carlisle, P.Q., on October 3rd, 1886, the son of the late G. F. Maguire and Isabella Patton. He was educated at Loyola, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1907. While there he showed himself talented and versatile, took an active part in athletics, was a member of the College football team and enjoyed great popularity. After leaving Loyola, he studied Law at Laval University in Quebec, where he graduated with honours three years later, receiving the degree of L.L.L. While in Quebec, he devoted considerable time to military affairs, taking an officer's commission in the 61st Regiment of Local Militia. He attended the Royal School of Infantry at Quebec, where he obtained a Captain's certificate. From the time of his graduation in law till his departure on active service from Canada, he practised that profession in New Carlisle, being for some time a partner with the Hon. John Hall Kelly, of that place. He was always known as a brilliant speaker and took an active part in all elections. In September, 1914, shortly after the outbreak of war, he endeavoured to obtain a commission in one of the overseas units sailing with the 1st Contingent, but, as there were no vacancies left, he was unsuccessful. Just at this time, the 1st Contingent was being transferred from Valcartier to the transports at Quebec, and the sight of this fine body of men about to sail for the seat of war proved too strong for him, and he then and there enlisted as a full private with the 12th Battalion, then under the command of Lt. Col. McLeod, and went straight on board the transport without ever having been in training at Valcartier.

His later movements can be followed in the letters which we print below. We are glad to present lengthy extracts from these letters, which give an exceedingly interesting account of a Canadian soldier's voyage overseas and his military life abroad, besides providing for Capt. Maguire's many College friends those details which help to keep his noble memory alive.

It will be seen that when the Canadians were about to leave England for the front, it was decided to leave the 12th Battalion in England as a Reserve Unit. This did not suit Francis at all, so he and Joe Power (also a Loyola boy) and nearly all the Quebec boys managed to get transferred to the 2nd Battalion of the famous 1st Division, then commanded by Lt.-Col., now Major-General, D. Watson, of Quebec. With this battalion he went to France as a private, and with this battalion he died nearly two years later a Captain. After landing in France he worked his way up on merit through the different ranks of non-commissioned officer and finally was awarded a Lieutenant's commission after the "Great Stand" at Ypres, in April, 1915. He was made Captain during the summer of 1916.

Francis was killed on September 22nd, 1916, at nine o'clock in the morning, while the 2nd Battalion was occupying the front line trench in front of the village of Courcellette, which the Canadian Corps had captured a few days before. He went out over the parapet into No Man's Land to help a wounded soldier of the 25th Battalion, who had been lying there for five days. He succeeded in reaching the man and rendering him aid, when he was shot through the head by a German sniper and killed instantly. He was buried with full military

honours in the Communal Cemetery Extension, at Albert, France. One of the leading members of Parliament paid a special tribute in the House to the great gallantry and heroic death of Capt. Maguire, who, he said, would probably have represented his county in Parliament.

H. M. S. "Scotian."
11th October, 1914.

This is our second Sunday at sea. We left Gaspé on Saturday the 3rd inst. While there I mailed letters to you both, but things are so secret that I do not know if they have reached you or not. We left Gaspé 32 troop ships and 5 cruisers, as you will see by the enclosed list which shows the names and the positions of all the ships. Since then we have been joined by the Superdreadnought "Queen Mary" and by two other battleships. We are proceeding with great caution. The only lights shown at night are a stern light on each ship so that from in front the fleet is invisible. It is really a magnificent sight in daylight. I do not believe that such a fleet ever crossed the ocean before. This morning and last Sunday Father O'Leary said mass on deck, at which all the Catholics assisted. We have not yet been told what port we are bound for but will reach somewhere in two or three days. We were all very much disgusted to hear by wireless Friday night that the "Boston American" has published a report that we had been captured by the Germans. Be sure that we have seen no Germans yet. We had one day of rough weather and a great many were sick, but none in our room. At night there is generally a concert of some kind and many of the men are full of talent. Then there is a great tug of war competition between the different companies of this battalion. Our company has not yet been beaten and our Captain, by name M—, gives two dollars to each man on the team each time they win. This same M— is, in my opinion, the best officer on the ship. The other day he started a lecture on tactics, but he had not gone far when he wandered from the subject and finished something like this:—"You are here to fight the Germans. Every man is doing his duty as a volunteer. Now I don't want any love wasted on the Germans. When you want to fight a man you want to hate him; you want to see his guts on the ground before you." Loud cheers from the Company! They have a barbarous habit of sounding an alarm at all times of the day or night, upon which every man on the ship must grab his life preserver and fall into his place on the deck and there lie flat on his stomach, the whole being done in absolute silence. If the people on the "Empress of Ireland" had had a little of this training there would have been much less loss of life, at least there would have been no disgraceful confusion. The other day a man went overboard from the "Royal Edward," but he was picked up by the "Franconian." Everything here is kept so secret that it is impossible for me to tell you exactly where we are going or to know when our letters will reach you. At night, when all is quiet, I often go up on deck and sit and think of you all. I shall write as soon as we land.

Y. M. C. A. Tents,
Nov. 6th, 1914.

I am writing this from Pond Farm Camp, on Salisbury Plains, where we have been since two o'clock on the morning of the 22nd Oct. Since that time it has been raining almost continually, so that with thousands of men walking round, the mud has become so deep that the place is literally uninhabitable. As a consequence, we are moving over to Bulford Camp on the same Plains, about 17 miles away, where we shall have huts to sleep in, instead of leaky tents and bare ground, which we have had up to the present. November in Canada is glorious compared to this, and the men are going to the hospital by scores every day. We are generally in bed by nine o'clock and up at 5.30 sharp, and we drill until 4.30. Breakfast consists of tea and bread and a piece of bacon; dinner, of stew; and supper, of cheese, jam, bread and tea. Last Friday I got three days' leave and went to London, about two hours run on the train from here. I cannot begin to tell you about London—too big. My most exciting experience was an aeroplane flight which I had on Sunday afternoon. I also went to a show at the Ambassador's Theatre where there was a variety show, most of the performers being actors driven from Belgium. The big hit of the evening was a song, by a beautiful Belgian actress, called "Your King and Country." On Tuesday we were inspected by King George and the Queen, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, etc. The proceedings were as follows: We left at 9 a.m. and marched some seven miles to another part of the plain where there is a road, on both sides of which we were drawn up. After the usual amount of dashing about by the mounted officers, who swore at the officers in charge of the battalions, and an equal amount of swearing by the latter at the men, we finally got settled and waited three hours. Then came a great string of automobiles down the road with old fellows in uniforms and rows of medals and young fellows with fewer medals and finally the King's car, upon which the massed bands played God Save the King and the whole brigade presented arms. I thought that all was over, but after about 15 minutes, who came down the lines but the King with a few officers, then the Queen with a gentleman in civilian clothes, and more officers, then a young lady of about 18 years with Lord Roberts, then Lord Kitchener, and then a whole string of officers. They all passed a foot in front of my face, and you may depend the Life Guards could not have beaten us for steadiness. After they had completed their inspection and gone back to their car, they came riding back and General Alderson called for three



CAPTAIN FRANCIS MAGUIRE,
2nd Battalion,
B.A. 1907.
Killed in Action, September 22nd, 1916.

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH POWER,
2nd Battalion,
O. L. 1897.

cheers for the King. UPROAR! The cavalry waving their swords and the men their caps on the ends of their rifles. It would have made a fine snap-shot. It appears that volunteers are not coming forward in sufficient numbers in England, and in to-day's papers it is hinted at compulsion. At present we are in the dark as to when we go to the front and you may be sure are anxious to get to business. There is no doubt in my mind that this contingent will give a great account of itself when we meet the Germans. As far as the English people are concerned, I have nothing but good to say. Our little "Canada" badge insures us a great welcome everywhere.

Bulford Camp,
Nov. 24th, 1914

I have told you already of our arrival at Pond Farm Camp, of the weather there, of my going to London for three days, and of our having been reviewed by the King. Since then we have changed camps. Things at Pond Farm got beyond the limit, so we were transferred to Bulford Camp, a distance of seventeen miles. We marched over in four and a half hours, which was good, considering we had to carry every mortal thing we owned, such as rifle and side-arms, water-bottle, haversack, rolled great-coat, kit-bag and blankets. Here we are very comfortable. We live in huts, made of tin or zinc, in which there is a small stove. The ground here is more sandy than at Pond Farm, and in consequence does not plough up into the same kind of mud. The weather is slightly frosty, but dry and healthy. Most mornings there is a white frost on the ground. The reveille sounds at 6 o'clock, and we have physical drill from 6.20 to 6.50, breakfast at 7 o'clock, morning parade from 8.30 till noon, afternoon parade from 1.30 till 4.30. Then there is generally a lecture of an hour's duration in the evening, and lights out at 10.15. We are all glad to sleep by that time, as we put in a hard day's work. Sometimes one is told off for special duty, such as quarter guard, hospital guard, stable picket or a fatigue of some kind. Of these jobs, hospital guard is by all means to be preferred. There is a camp of English soldiers about a mile from us, and we are on very sociable terms with them. There we often fall in with a man invalided home from the front. Most of them were wounded in the retreat from Mons. They say it was a pretty stiff business. All day long there are aeroplanes overhead. They have got to be such a common sight that no one bothers looking at them. We are now—at least our battalion is—in very fine shape. They drill like old soldiers, and can skirmish and run, in a way to surprise you. A great deal of time is devoted to making good runners of the men. I don't know whether they anticipate being chased by the Germans, but they send us across country full tilt, in full marching order, and that, believe me, is an exercise calculated to make the breath come in short pants. We are, I take it, as fit to go to the front as possible, but, so far as we can learn, it is not Kitchener's idea to send us over till March. I had a letter from M. O'C. Harris, and two bundles of papers from him. I will write to thank him, as I consider it very kind. There is a rumour to the effect that we may be shortly transferred to the East coast of England, but that is vague. In any case a letter addressed to me—C Company, 12th Battalion, 3rd Brigade, Canadian Overseas Contingent—is bound to turn up. Joe Power is in fine shape, and wishes to be remembered to mother and father. Remember me to Duncan and Isabel, and, by the way, you might tell Duncan that an old schoolmate of ours at Loyola is a private in "D" Company of our Battalion.

Lark Hill, Wilts.
Jan. 15th, 1915.

Just before Xmas I got 6 days' leave and went to London with a few friends, including Joe Power. I stopped at three different hotels—Strand Imperial, Strand Palace and Shaftesbury. One of the first things I did was to go to the offices of the A. Q. & W. Railway in Temple Chambers, where I saw Mr. Elvey, and enquired of him if he knew Bouvier's address, but he did not. The first time I went to London I travelled from Lavington Station near Pond Farm, where we then were, to Paddington Station. But this last trip, I went from Bulford via Salisbury and arrived at Waterloo Station, which is much more convenient, as you have simply to cross Waterloo Bridge, go up Waterloo Road a bit, and you are in the very heart of the city. I think I have seen most of the principal points of interest in London except Madame Tussaud's waxworks, which I have no desire to visit. So far we've had no cold weather, and it very seldom freezes, even at night, but for what we lack in frost we are more than compensated for with rain. It is the limit. It is generally admitted that there has not been such a rainy winter for the last hundred years. All this district is flooded, and of course round the camps the soft earth is cut up by the men's boots and the mud is beyond description; but we have got used to it by now and do not mind it any more, though at first we found it pretty hard. There is one particular place, opposite Bulford Main Hospital, where the water is three feet deep in the street. After I got back from leave, another batch was sent away for Xmas, and again another for New Year, and that keeps those of us at camp very busy doing guards, pickets, fatigues, etc. Anyway, it was decided to move our Brigade out here to Lark Hill, and I was sent with the advance party to prepare the way. Then this order was cancelled, and it was decided to shift the Brigade to Tidworth, but the advance party was still held at Lark Hill to construct a new camp, called White City, which is half way between the village of Durlington and the camp at Bustard. We have to work very hard and the hours are long, but we get 1/6 extra per day. This new camp is on a different plan from any I have seen, inasmuch as there are no tents or wooden huts. The

roofs are held together, as also the sides, by hooks such as father has on the double windows at home. Each hut holds four men, and on the whole they strike me as being the most practical, comfortable and sanitary arrangement for quartering a large number of men. You will see that my time has been pretty well taken up, and that is why I have not written before. In fact I am away behind in my correspondence. To-day I am acting hut orderly, and this gives me a chance. It is a fine job and goes something like this: I tumble out at the reveille, dressed anyhow, and get a fire going in the stove; next hustle and get the — pail, which stands outside the door, emptied; by this time cook-house is sounding, so I go and get the bacon and tea for breakfast and dish out the same to the men, who are all lined up; then get your own breakfast and carry back the empty dishes to the cook-house. By this time the hut is empty, the men all being gone, so get a broom and sweep it up; then get some water and wash the tables; then get a bag and go to quartermaster's stores for the day's supply of coal; then heat a tub of water, undress and have a decent bath and change of clothes; then sit and smoke and write letters until mid-day, when more cook-house and more sweeping. Then comes a trip to the quartermaster again, armed with a blanket, into which he puts 8 loaves of bread, 8 cans of jam and a quarter of a cheese; then draw the oil and fix the lamps; smoke, write, etc., until cook-house sounds and your day's work is done. It is now officially announced that in a week our party will join the Battalion at Tidworth Barracks, and then we shall shortly move to Egypt. Why they have not done something with us long before is more than I can fathom. This battalion is fit to go, and has been since November; in fact, the men are now going back instead of improving. In my company most of the privates are gentlemen who held good positions, the majority being engineers, draughtsmen, bank-clerks, etc.; apart from these we have a few old soldiers. The fellow who sleeps next to me is an exceptionally nice fellow, who until recently was in the navy. He was on board the "Camperdown" when she sank the "Victoria." I would be very glad if you would write me again such a letter as your last, as you have no idea how one enjoys home news, though you must not imagine that we do not enjoy ourselves all right. Our Xmas dinner was great, and lots of the boys got fine Xmas boxes, which are always shared in common. The other night we roared when we thought how we must look; we were playing bridge whist on an old newspaper spread on the floor with a greasy pack of cards, and smoking the best of cigars, which had just been received by one of the boys from home. Now the mob will be in in a moment, so I must close. Please remember me to all at home.

Bustard Camp, Salisbury Plains,
Feb. 4th, 1915.

On returning from my leave to London just before Xmas I had to do double duties, as 50% of the battalion were off on leave for Xmas and New Year. Then in the first week in January a working party of 1,200 men was sent from Bustard to Lark Hill to build more huts; it fell to my lot to be among them, as well as Joe Power. We had to rough it in the worst way, but we got one shilling and sixpence extra per day by way of compensation. When next I see you, I shall tell you of this work in detail. We then heard next that the remainder of the Brigade had removed to comfortable quarters at a place called Tidworth. So the first Sunday, Joe and I walked down to Tidworth to see the boys, and there we found that 15 men from each Company of the 12th Battalion were drafted to leave at once to reinforce the Princess Pats, who had got cut up a bit. That night we returned to Lark Hill and worked on building huts in the mud, not feeling any too pleased, but waiting patiently to be relieved. I occasionally saw Charlie Armstrong, who commands the Canadian Engineers with the rank of Lt.-Col. The next thing that occurred was on a Saturday afternoon; who walked into our hut but Mr. William Power with two of his friends from Quebec! All three mud to the knees. They had been looking for us for hours. They promised to pick us up next morning—Sunday—at 10 o'clock, if we met them at the Stonehenge Inn, which we did, of course. Then they drove us over in their car to Tidworth, where Mr. Power saw all the Quebec boys. He was delighted with his visit, and gave Joe and me each a splendid pair of boots, waterproof. Next Sunday, Joe and I both started on our nine-mile walk to Tidworth. About half way, we ran into half of C Company marching along, including all my friends, who informed us that there was no immediate prospect of the jolly old 12th going to the front, and that Col. Watson, 2nd Battalion, had arranged to take all the Quebec boys who wanted to go with him. So we trudged on to Tidworth and saw Mr. Stirling, our half-company commander, who told us with regret that it was impossible for us to go with our friends, as we could not be relieved at Lark Hill, as the General would not consent. We felt blue. Then I got an idea. I knew Watson wanted us, and our records were good and our crime sheets clean. So says I to Joe: "We'll desert and join him just before he shifts," and says Joe to me: "That we will!" and so decided, we marched back to Lark Hill to wait for the proper moment. But we were saved this trouble, for next day an order came out at Lark Hill that anyone who wanted to go with Watson was free to do so. So here I am with the jolly old Second at Bustard Camp. So you see I have had my experience of every infantry camp on Salisbury Plain. Last night we turned in our kit-bags, which have been sent to the base, and remain with only what we carry on our backs, to wit: rifle and sling, bayonet, trenching-tool, one suit of underwear, one grey shirt, two pairs socks, one towel, one house-wife, one hold-all and contents, one sleeping-cap, two blankets and an oiled sheet. This morning, the Division was reviewed by the King. Again I was in the front rank, and as he passed he said: "Col. Watson, your men look very fit." He looked dreadfully drawn, haggard and worried. The Queen was not with him. It was a great sight—cavalry, artillery, cyclists, ambulances and infantry *en masse* marched past for over

an hour. And so we are waiting for orders to march out, perhaps to-night, more likely to-morrow. Where we are going we do not know, nor will we be allowed to inform you, as our letters will be censored, and one rule is that no places must be mentioned. You all speak of a picture in the "Star" which you say looks like me. It may be; as I have not seen the picture, I cannot say. We are often photographed when at work.

France.

Just a bit of a line to let you know that we are in France. That is all I can tell you. I hope you got the letter I wrote just before leaving England. The little of France I have seen has been very much to my taste; I believe I shall soon be converted to your ideas, father, about the French country places. I had a most interesting talk this morning with a Belgian soldier, and learnt a bit of the inside intimate history of the taking of Liège. I never thought how valuable it would be to me to know French fluently. It is funny to hear most of the boys trying to make themselves understood. Yesterday, we were halted for a time in front of an inn; on the window was written, "Bière et vieux Berquin à pression." Some of the officers were trying to make it out when one came along and explained (?) what it meant. It was to laugh.

March 7th, 1915.

This is Sunday noon, and the name of the place is Banc-sur-Marne—"Back-you-come" the boys call it. We got here night before last for a rest after coming out of the trenches, and had the pleasure of a letter from you, two from mother, one enclosing a letter to her from Duncan. Of course all our letters are censored, and there is really nothing of interest will pass, so, thinking that it will be of more interest to you as well as to father and mother, I am taking a chance and will send this one by a devious course. How we got to France I will not write even to you, but we slept our first night at a village called Merris (Département du Nord), within sound of the guns. From there I wrote a line to father and mother. From there we marched to Armentières, where we entered the trenches, relieving the 1st North Staffords. The famous, or rather infamous, Prussian Guard were "agin" us, but we held our own and had very few casualties. We were then relieved by the Leinster Regiment and returned to Merris for a day, and then marched to Sailly-sur-la-Lys, and next day entered new trenches near La Bassée opposed to the Bavarians. There we stayed till night before last. I like the life in trenches O. K., except for the mud. The food is good, and there is little to do during the day. All the work is done at night. During the day you keep your head down and take life easy, except when they start shelling, and then you stick as close to the front of the trench as possible. During the night, however, it is a different question. Some sleep for a watch while others look out, more go out to inspect and repair the barbed wire, while other have to go out on a listening post; and the remainder are employed bringing in the morrow's rations of food and water as well as ammunition. It is then that most of the casualties occur. Of course, when they start shelling, there are bound to be casualties, too, but our own artillery always replies and they rarely keep it up long. All the same, shell fire is no fun. One shell got 8 of my section, the other day; I say my section, as I am now a section commander. We are not far from the Gurkhas now, but I think we are doing much better than they. What with the cold and the special food their religion calls for, these poor fellows (Sikhs, Punjabis and Gurkhas) are always in trouble. Our own artillery has done wonders—their accuracy is marvellous. Shall try to describe last Tuesday's performance: the German trenches were 200 yards in front of ours, and just behind them the ruins of a few houses in which they had snipers posted. Finally we signalled the artillery in our rear to shell these houses, which they did most effectively. In return, the enemy started throwing shells into our trenches from their trench mortars. Our artillery replied by bursting shrapnel over them, and to this the German artillery answered by directing their fire on our guns, which, in turn, turned their attention to the German guns and silenced them shortly. On the whole it was sufficiently interesting for us, as we were either the target or between the opposing batteries, and the shells from both sides were sailing over our heads.

All this part of the country is deserted and in ruins. The church, where I heard Mass this morning, is full of holes made by lyddite shells. But this will do for the war-picture part of my letter. I shall do better *viva voce* if ever you care to listen. On the whole I have met several English regiments in the trenches, and have the highest regard for the English Tommy.

Our own officers occasionally do a mad stunt. A few nights ago, one of them walked right up to the German trenches and fired three shots with his revolver into them and got away in spite of their machine gun.

March 11th, 1915.

This letter is written from my dug-out in the trenches. In what vicinity I cannot say, *causa* the censor. This is our third period of occupancy, but not all in the same place. Every little while we go out into billets, i.e., haylofts, for a few days' rest. But for my part, I find that there is more rest in the jolly old trench, and I prefer it. Yesterday morning we had quite a lot of excitement; the troops on our right were to make an attack in the morning, and so at 7.30,

our artillery opened up a terrific cannonade on the enemy's trenches, and at 8 o'clock we opened up rapid fire, under cover of which the attack was made and resulted in a complete success, our troops driving the Germans back some two miles and taking trench after trench.

I am convinced that the Germans are fed up with the war and have no stomach for further fighting. For instance, during the attack they replied with shell, rifle and machine-gun fire, and if they had been steady could have done some considerable damage. As a matter of fact, they were turning the air blue ten feet over our heads, but inflicted very few casualties. As an excellent specimen of pandemonium, however, the performance would be hard to beat. It is no exaggeration to say that the sounds were indistinguishable. It was just one big long noise, and the air fairly quivered.

I wish I could tell you more of the locality in which we are, but it is against orders to mention proper names. The whole vicinity is in absolute ruins. There is a village about a mile from here in which I do not believe there is a house which has not been destroyed by shell fire. Another interesting thing is to watch the feverish attempts of the enemy to bring down our air craft. The latter pay no attention to them whatever.

Belgium,
May 2nd, 1915.

It is quite a long time since I have written either of you, but really since we have been in Belgium we have had no rest night or day. We came up here for a certain purpose, which I am not free to mention, and were stationed about 3 miles out of Ypres. On the evening of the 22nd of April, however, the enemy subjected the French, who were on our left, to a violent bombardment, mostly with chemical shells, and it proved too much for their troops, who were mostly Algerians. They beat it in great disorder, leaving a wide gap in the line, through which the enemy began to pour. This was some five miles from where we were. We were rushed up in a hurry to put a stop to this, and came in touch with the enemy about 11 p.m. It was a cloudy night, and the ground was quite new to us all. Our battalion went in between the 10th Canadians and the 16th Canadian Highlanders, a little to the N.-E. of a village called St. Julien. It was bloody work from the word "go," but by dawn we had chased them back beyond the first line of French trenches, and we dug ourselves in with our entrenching tools. All day Friday we held them and worked feverishly consolidating our position under a terrible artillery fire. That night my company advanced a couple of hundred yards more and dug ourselves in again at dawn and continued entrenching all morning. The enemy kept up a very heavy bombardment, and by 11 a.m. Saturday the village of St. Julien was all ablaze. It is estimated the enemy outnumbered us 10 to 1 or more.

About noon, the 10th, on our right, had to retire or be asphyxiated by the poisonous gases. They retired in good order, but this left our right flank exposed, and a little later, the French on our left broke again, leaving the 16th Highlanders and us (the 2nd Canadians) alone in front. Anyhow, we kept giving them a heavy fire, and rolled up a great pile of dead in front of our position. About 2 p.m. things looked pretty black, and I had my doubts about seeing the sun go down, when orders came that our reinforcements were entering the reserve trenches behind us, and for us to hold out another half-hour and then retire. We did!!! As Joe Power says, thanks to the prayers of some good person we both came out of it without a scratch, but I do not think I exaggerate in saying that it was as hot as anything that has happened in this war. I saw an English paper to-day, and it calls it the fiercest artillery battle in history. Perhaps it is right. Anyhow, we lost three-quarters of the battalion in killed and wounded.

Harold Patton was killed just after the first charge on Thursday night. He was in No. 1 Company, so I did not see him, but am told that he and Kenneth Glass (who wrote the letter you sent me out of the *Chronicle*) both went to help a wounded man whose clothes were on fire. Both were shot through the head. Of all my little set of friends, Joe Power, Bill Hughes and I are the only three left. The conduct of our officers was magnificent, and so indeed was that of the men. No. 1 Company lost all its officers (six); No. 2 Company has only one left out of six. I was a full corporal at the time of the battle, and now I am a platoon sergeant, in charge of 52 men. We have been getting reinforcements in as fast as possible, but are still far from being up to strength. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday we held the reserve trenches, and in all that time I got about twelve hours' sleep.

However, we are given great credit, and when the English troops see us they say, "There's some of the 2nd Canadians that held!" Things are quiet on the front to-day, and the enemy has been pushed back all along the Yser. On the whole I prefer Belgium to Northern France, but have not time to tell you much about it now. I trust that you heard from Mr. Power that Joe and I came through all right. Joe tried to have a cable sent to his father; I hope it got through. A large amount of accumulated mail was destroyed a few days ago, the house in which it was having been set on fire by a shell.

France,
June 8th, 1915

Since Ypres, we have had another turn in the trenches and two rests. What the papers say about the battle of Ypres is all wrong. Our battalion seems to get little credit, but I think there was only the 16th Canadian Scottish that had anything on us. Anyhow, the paper accounts are all wrong. To-day has been terribly sultry, and about 2 p.m. the most violent thunder-



CAPTAIN WILFRED SULLIVAN

and

a brother-officer.

43rd Canadian Highlanders,
Killed in Action, October 8th, 1916.

storm in my experience developed. It turned everything into a swamp, as this is a very low country. Joe and I have been getting on fine. I have been a senior sergeant since Ypres, and have stepped over lots of heads. It is quite true what you saw in the *Chronicle* about our getting commissions. Col. Watson assured us of the next vacancies, which must surely come soon, as things are going.

France,
June 8th, 1915.

I note what you say about your garden, but you should see the roses here growing amid the ruins. Poor France! It will be a hard bill to pay. Personally, I prefer Belgium; everything is so cheap there. To-day was tropical all morning, but this afternoon a terrific thunderstorm cleared the air and made everything cool. Immediately after Ypres, I was made a platoon sergeant and, as you have already seen, Col. Watson has promised me a commission, and the same to Joe. Not that either of us did anything better than the rest. If I could devise some means to send you flowers unfaded, you would have most extraordinary roses, but I fear they would be all dried up by the time they reached you, if they ever did.

Belgium,
July 7th, 1915.

Just a line to let you know that I am still going strong, as J—— would say. Much obliged for the two numbers of "Life"; they went all around the platoon and were much thought of. We are just back from the trenches—nice cushy ones; Boches very well behaved. The quiet got too much for Capt. Richardson, of this company, so one night he crept across to their lines and slew their listening post with a hand grenade. He'll get through this war O.K. There are not enough Germans alive to get him.

Next time I write I guess I'll have a commission instead of a number. This child will be right glad, too. Some three weeks back we had all the excitement necessary, in France. A real number one free-for-all, believe me. A coal box burst right by me and deposited me on my back a short way up the trench—not hurt. Then we fired a mine and Germans went half a mile heavenward. There were 2,300 lbs. of ammol in it. Before going any further, I want to tell you that there is one man out here who is showing he is the real thing clean through; that is George Boyce. However I, in particular, have no kick coming. I came to France full private; since then I have been lance-jack, corporal, sergeant and, I guess, lieutenant next week.

They are giving passes—five at a time—to those of us who came over here with the first bunch. The pass gives us seven days in England. I figure that my turn will come next Xmas, so you see I am not yet unduly excited. Seven days in London would look so good to me now that it hurts to think of it.

War is a very different thing from what anyone imagines, and the reality is to me much more wonderful than one could possibly picture. The firing line would be the place for a chap like V——. What material he could pick up! But, D. V., we shall yet all talk over it, enjoying a pipe the while. Speaking of tobacco, we get more than enough of all kinds, and on the whole the rations are satisfactory.

Belgium,
July 8th, 1915.

They are beginning to give seven days' leave to England to the Canadians who came out in February, but only five at a time. If I get mine by Xmas I shall be lucky. So I don't lose any sleep over it just yet. We are in billets for a few days' rest just now, but ever since April we have been in the thickest of it. In fact I have seen so much of it that I am not going to write about it. One grows accustomed to horror of all kinds, but to write about it is not pleasant just now.

Just one funny incident which happened some weeks ago at La Bassée: German trenches 50 odd yards from ours; pure Scotchman in charge of section 6 of my platoon; pure Irishman in charge of section 5. It was the night before a great attack to be made by us, and the idea is to locate German machine gun positions; English officer in charge of trench mortars decides to try some conversational advances, and wanders into my part of the trench while I am visiting the sentries, with his megaphone in hand. "Yah! Yah!" he shouts through the megaphone, "Gott strafe England!" Next thing Foley lands him one in the jaw and, hearing the confusion, I double over and find him pinned to the parapet with the point of W——'s bayonet an inch from his stomach. "Now, listen, to me, my man," he was saying when I got there. "Now dinna ye try that," W—— was saying, "but sae lang as ye stay quiet ye'll be a'right."

I guess the next time I write you, I shall have my commission. Do you remember last summer, when the war began, we were talking and you told me to go as an officer if I went at all? Well, I tried as far as I could by wire and correspondence, but no chance. And now I am not sorry. True, I have roughed it quite a bit, perhaps more than you realise, but having come to the front a private and then worked my way up—lance-jack, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant—I feel that I have done well at this game anyhow. I get quite a few Canadian papers here and there—of course this is more or less of a socialistic community—and read all with interest except the war news. That is most disgusting.

Belgium,
July 20th, 1915.

Just a line to let you know that my commission has come through, and that I am now a lieutenant with my same old company. Joe got his at the same time, and has gone to No. 4 Company. We got back from trenches night before last. Things were very quiet while we were in.

Belgium,
July 24th, 1915.

Just a few lines in answer to yours of the 3rd inst., which reached me day before yesterday. I hope you got my last note to tell you that I have got my commission, and am now fully decked out in an officer's glad rags, with a batman or servant of my own, etc. It is quite an agreeable change, I assure you.

Just now we are having an awfully easy time, half in and half out of the trenches. Our quarters are in the deserted premises of a Belgian Count, and when it is fine we mess under a beautiful big shrub covered with bright red blossoms, out in the garden. The meals are also very good, about half at our expense and the other half borne by the government. Not long ago, Sir John French paid us a visit and spoke in the most emphatic way of the work done by this battalion. When we were moving in here we met R. L. Borden standing by the roadside in mufti, wearing a soft grey hat, which he raised to me with a very pleasant smile when I gave him "Eyes Right." It was my first day as an officer. Our company has now got its full complement of officers (6), and, with one exception, they are a very fine bunch of fellows.

I have just been reading an article by Mary Roberts Rinehart, called "For King and Country," in which she describes her visit to the front last winter. It is by far the best article I have seen on the subject. I am very familiar with all the places she mentions:—Ypres, Béthune, Messines, Givenchy and the bits of trench called Piccadilly and Regent Street. These last are now used as communication trenches by us.

Night before last a draft arrived from England and was given to me for my platoon. I recognized some faces from the 12th Battalion, among others a couple of N. C. O's who used to be over me. There is a very big gun just beginning to fire from behind us quite close, and every time it goes it makes such a horrible roar, nearly enough to deafen one. Well, I don't think there is any more to tell you just now. I am afraid my leave to England is still pretty far off. Can't be helped.

Aug. 10th, 1915.

We are in the trenches in Belgium just now, and it is quite a long time since we have had a rest, back from the line. Things are usually very quiet, with every now and then a heavy bombardment from one side or the other. Our trenches are very nice, and I have a fine dug-out. No worry about my clothes, water for washing, shaving, etc.; no meals to cook, no rifle to clean. Believe me, I am quite charmed with the life of an officer on active service. We have a small Victrola in with us this time, and some very good records.

P.S.—The following lines were found by us in a trench taken over from the 16th Canadian Scottish. When a man is invalided home, he is said to have gone to Blighty. "Balloo" is the way the Tommies pronounce Bailleul, from where the train leaves.

THE TRIP TO BLIGHTY.

I have travelled many journeys in my two-score years and ten,
And oft enjoyed the company of jovial fellowmen,
But of all the happy journeys, none can compare for me
With the Red-Cross midnight fast express from the trenches to the sea.

It's "Balloo, Boulogne and Blighty" is the burden of my song,
"Balloo, Boulogne and Blighty"—Oh, speed the train along,
Though you've only half a stomach and you may have lost a knee,
You'll choke your groans as best you can and shout along with me:
"Balloo, Boulogne and Blighty"—dear old Blighty by the sea.

Oh, it's better than the trenches and it's better than the rain,
It's better than the mud and stink—we're going home again;
We're going home to Blighty, just as happy as can be,
Though most of us have lost some friends, the wrong side of the sea,
For they gave their lives for Blighty, dear old Blighty by the sea.

CANADIAN HIGHLANDER.

I found this effusion in a letter I censored, and promptly plagiarised it:

"STAND TO."

Regularly every morning, just as the stars begin to tire,
Without the slightest warning one of our maxims opens fire;
A German machine gun answers back,
One or two rifles begin to crack,
And all down the line you can hear the rattle,
As they start their own little morning battle;
As dawn comes creeping into the sky,
A couple of shells go whizzing by,
The bullets are flying in every direction
Just as the larks are beginning to carol,
And all because the machine-gun section
Wanted to warm their hands on the barrel.

Belgium,
17 Nov., 1915.

I remember you writing me once that you would like to see the odd big gun in action. If your desire goes as far as big shells you should be with me now. Since I started this letter, they have dropped two within calling distance of where I am—and they are BIG! Naval shells, I imagine. It looks as if the Boches were getting a bit short of shells, as they are using quite a few naval ones now.

We have been having some time lately, with constant rains, and the trenches are nearly waist-deep in water. Thank the Lord, the Boches seem to be worse. I took a little trip around their lines some nights ago, and the way they were coughing was most encouraging.

Hotel Cecil, Strand,
London, W.C.,
Dec. 15th, 1915.

I have been kept in London by the doctors for six days now with a bad knee. I can just manage to toddle around a bit, and so have to spend most of the day sitting round the hotel. It is really a charming place, and one meets such a number of Canadian officers. They make this their stopping place. One also meets a number of very nice English people here. Tomorrow, I am going to Swansea, in Wales, to spend some time as the guest of Lady Talbot. She has already had an Australian chap, wounded, staying with her. I shall write you more about the place as soon as I get down. Joe Power will be going to Canada shortly. The conditions in the trenches were too much for him, and after being drenched and without sleep for four days recently, he got lung trouble again, and will be shipped back as soon as he is able to travel. Chubby got in the road of a shell and was peppered—I think he got eighteen wounds, but none very bad. Another old Loyola boy, Philip Chevalier, got about the same thing a few days ago, too.

Penrice Castle,
Reynoldston, S.O.,
Glamorgan
Dec. 14th, 1915.

When I wrote mother from the Hotel Cecil last week I said I would write again as soon as I got down here, but I was kept in bed for the first two days, and since I have been up I have not had a chance to write a good long letter such as the place deserves. To begin with, the owner is not Lady Talbot, but Miss Talbot. I had been misinformed at the War Office. There are two castles on the estate; one in ruins built in the reign of Henry I, and the other, Georgian period, in which we live. This last is luxurious in the extreme, and it is immense. The drawing-room would about hold the entire R—— house. The mural decorations are by Adam, a famous architect who built the Bank of England, I think. The whole house is filled with valuable oil paintings, Van Dykes, Rubens, etc. In particular, there is a series of four pictures by Georgione, each valued at £10,000. There are two Australians from the Dardanelles, one New Zealander, one Englishman and I. The estate comprises some 12,000 acres, and affords splendid shooting. Yesterday they got 180 pheasants, and they are at it again to-day. Apart from the pheasants there are thousands of duck. We have two cars exclusively for our use. I am getting the best of treatment here for my knee, which is still rather painful. I have to lie on a couch most of the time and cannot even play billiards, and can only walk as far as the conservatories. The meals are splendid, and again some more. We are absolutely free of everything in and out of the house, the senior officer being responsible for the good conduct of all.

Every night, at dinner, we drink the health of the King, before the ladies withdraw. This is always proposed by Mr. Pritchard, Miss Talbot's agent. He is a most charming man, and his is the last word on all subjects. Last Saturday we soldiers decided to propose the health of Miss

Talbot, directly after the King's, and one S——, a New Zealander, being the junior sub., was duly elected to do the deed, much against his will. In due course, Mr. Pritchard got on his feet with his usual "Gentlemen, The King," and, as the ladies were leaving their seats, the senior officer motioned them to stay, which they did, showing some surprise. The unfortunate S—— then rose, and, being greatly taken with confusion, proceeded as follows: "Gentlemen, the Lord . . the Lord . . . I mean the Lady of the Castle . . ." When he said "The Lord," Mr. Pritchard and the ladies, thinking there was some sort of prayer coming, bowed their heads, but when he got through I thought they would all burst. I nearly fell off my chair myself, and the subaltern next to me choked over his wine in drinking the toast, and blew it all over the table. The nurse who is looking after my knee is just as nice as you could imagine. We call her just "Sister." She lost her fiancée, a British officer, in the war. She takes all her meals with us, and when she is not wearing her uniform she always wears mourning for him. I think if she could lay hands on a German, she would kill him *ex abrupto*.

Penrice Castle,
Reynoldston, S.O.,
Glamorgan,
Dec. 26th, 1915.

This is the day after Xmas, and I should have written you some days ago, but I wanted to be able to give you a description of how we spent Xmas at Penrice. My knee is getting on very well now, and I expect to leave the bandage off in a week or so. The kindness we are being shown here is beyond description. Mr. Pritchard is one of the nicest men you could ever meet, a polished English gentleman with brains and push and go. He is always organising something for our amusement. We have had some glorious motor rides; 75 or 100 miles in a day is ordinary. We also meet any number of very nice people, and are asked to teas and dinners almost every day. We have had three concerts out here since my arrival. Last night's was by far the best. The Xmas dinner was splendiferous. The table is very large, and we had a Xmas tree in the centre. The concert party had dinner with us. A whole lot of fun. After dinner we had the concert. The artists were Ben Davies, who is one of the best known tenors in England; a Mr. Williams, baritone; a Mrs. Brader, soprano, and a Mr. Jones at the piano. This last was for many years Mde. Patti's accompanist. Besides, one of the Australian officers here sang three songs and was as good as any of them.

12th Bn. Canadian Expeditionary Force,
St. Martin's Plains,
Shorncliffe, Kent.

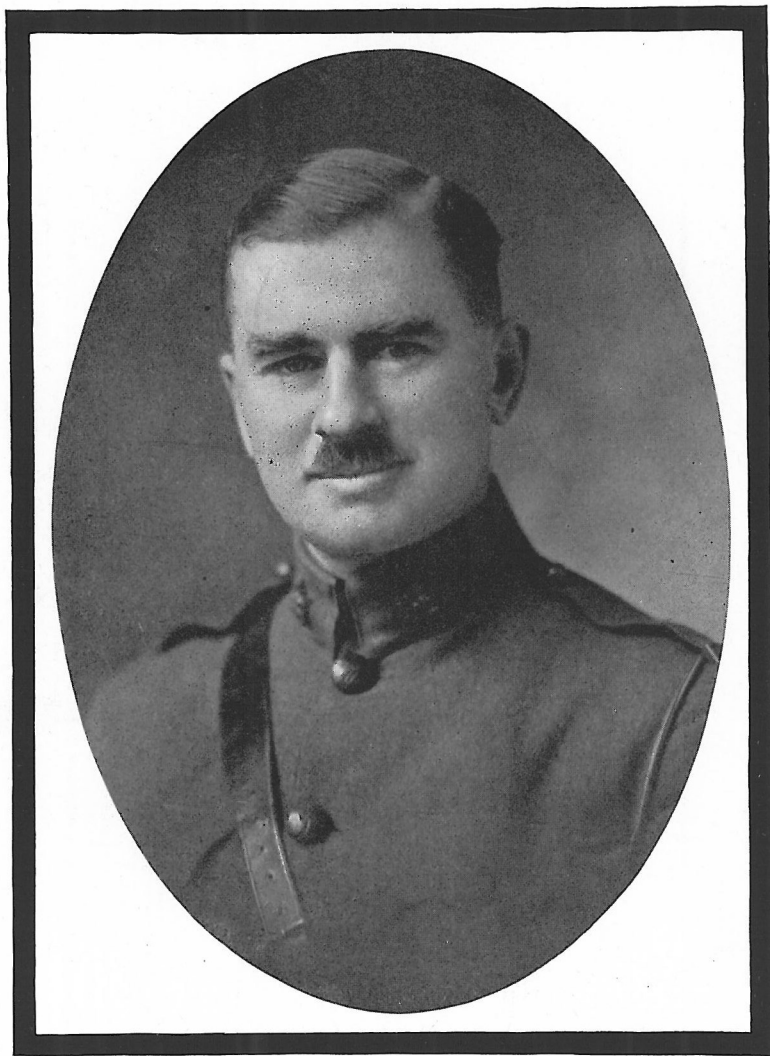
Well, how is the jolly old world going with you? With me it is very much of a muchness. Chubby went back to France this morning. In my last letter to mother I told her I had met all the Power family at the Grand, at Folkestone, but they have all left for London. This afternoon I took my machine-gunners to the range at Hythe, and during the course of the firing, while trying to rectify a stoppage, I got my left hand pretty well smashed. It is very painful, but will be all right in a couple of weeks, I hope. But it makes it difficult to write, as I cannot hold the paper. I am afraid it will mean investing in a new jacket, as this one is much blood-stained.

We are being treated to air raids here quite frequently. Yesterday the Boches went all round our camp, and we have been warned that he is coming again to-night. I told mother that I had command of a Brigade machine-gun battery, and will go back to France shortly in charge. All my pals in the 2nd have gone under. The last to go was my very good friend, George Richardson.

12th Battalion,
Shorncliffe, Kent,
March 16th, 1916.

When I first came to England I went to Penrice Castle, as you know, where I spent five weeks and had a simply splendid time, but as my knee was not mending in a satisfactory manner I was sent to Queen Alexandra's Hospital, Millbank, London. Not so nice, by any means. I then went back to my battalion, but only remained there a short time when I was offered command of a brigade machine-gun battery and sent to England to organise the same. I expect to be going back very shortly, and I think we shall have all the excitement necessary when the drive takes place. It is quite possible I shall get to be a Captain before going back. What I don't know about machine guns would fill volumes, but I can keep the Lewis and Colt firing, which is more than the theorists coming from Canada can.

I suppose you know that my old skipper, George T. Richardson, got his. Since I have been at the front I never hated so much to see a man go. He was the best ever. He was the best type of man I ever met—said his prayers every night and then pulled off something spectacular. You might remember him playing for Queens against McGill when we were at Loyola. In his will he left \$30,000.00 for the education of children of men who had been crippled or killed in his company.



LIEUTENANT FRANCIS McGEE,
21st Battalion.
Killed in Action, October 16th, 1916.

France,
May 21st, 1916.

As you see by the heading of this letter, I am back for the fourth time in "La Belle France," or rather Belgium. I am a bit sick that my machine-gun company fell through. I was sorry in a way to leave Folkestone. It was just budding into a paradise. It is a seaside resort such as you do not see in America. There is a long terrace, much like the Dufferin Terrace, only much longer, and in the evening thousands of beautifully dressed women and officers and slackers parade while the band plays. This terrace overlooks the Channel, and the two big hotels (Metropole and Grand) open on the opposite side.

In future my address is as it was: 2nd Battalion, Canadians.

Flanders,
June 2nd, 1916.

I am, as you will see, back in Flanders. My machine-gun company fell through, and I got so fed up with staying in England at a reserve battalion that I pulled the wires a bit and fixed things up so as to get back to France. I have been here for about ten days now. We are in, I might say, the hottest hole on the British line, but I have dodged them for so long that I am becoming an expert. Here I touch wood. There is only one officer here that I know, apart from the commanding officer. The latter has promised me my captaincy at once. I am at present in charge of my old company. Funny, is it not—I left England a full buck in the rear rank of this company and now I command it.

In this part of the line we have all kinds of excitement, such as aeroplane fights daily, and mines and intense bombardments, so that time passes quickly indeed. I cannot tell you the part of the line by name but it will be historic "après la guerre." Last night one of our captive balloons broke away from its moorings and sailed away over the German lines. Did they shell it? What? But he got past and is now a prisoner in Germany, no doubt, poor fellow. Planes are brought down every day round here and it rouses one's admiration to see the plucky fight the pilots make. Yesterday one fell from a height of 8,000 feet, and the way the pilot fought to steady his machine was astonishing. Two or three times I thought he would succeed, but the last thousand feet was a sheer fall and he and the observer were only jelly when picked up.

Front,
June 16th, 1916.

We got back last night from the second of a series of the hardest fights that the Canadians have ever been in. It was the old story over again. The new troops lost a most important part of the line, and we of the old crowd had to take it back again. We did it in two "goes," but we did it O.K. But, believe me, it took a lot of doing. I was talking to a young German officer whom we captured. He said that it was "Hell for them." You read in the papers about the appearance of the country being changed, woods cut down and the earth rocking. Well, believe me, it is no exaggeration. However, the old first division accomplished what it set out to do, and incidentally took 400 prisoners. I started to bring out some souvenirs—a German machine-gun barrel, a German rifle and some of their flares—but was so tired that I threw them away one by one and finally fell by the wayside myself, the first time I have ever dropped out since I have been in the army. I am feeling fine to-day, though. I had a revolver of mine in my haversack which had been cut in two by a fragment of shell, and which I intended to send to Duncan as a souvenir. But my haversack, and in fact all my equipment, was buried by a shell in the hole where I made my headquarters. T.G., I was out at the time.

Field,
Aug. 6th, 1916.

At present we are having a rest after a . . . !!! It is Sunday morning and I have just brought my cut-throats back from mass. It is a funny war. Mass took place in an old barn which has been turned into a picture palace. On the stage, Capt. Workman, M.C., was saying mass, while in the orchestra pit, another padre was hearing confessions, attired in boots and spurs and a Sam Brown belt, with a blue stole and a gas helmet slung round his neck and, believe me, he had some cut-throats for penitents. Yours was the first letter I got from Canada, addressed "Capt." I am much pleased with this step, as it looked for a time as if I should never get it. A captain in the Ypres salient and a captain in Canada are two distinct species. Anyhow I am as pleased as Punch about it all. I enclose you a little souvenir which I gathered during the last scrap. It belonged to a Boche who, like little Clarence, is no more. Since returning to France, I have been twice recommended for a M.C., but evidently the higher authorities don't like my name.

Field,
Sept. 15th, 1916.

I am so sorry not to have written you for such a long time, but really we have had no rest at all of late. Things are going beautifully down here at the Somme and we are pushing the Boche back with great regularity, but you have no idea what a gigantic task it is. He has been fortifying his position here for a year and a half, and it is wonderful how difficult it is to dislodge him. I had no idea what dug-outs were till I saw some of the Germans'. Without exaggeration, you have, in most cases, to go down two long flights of stairs to get to the bottom, and one headquarters dug-out I saw contained beautiful furniture, including a piano and billiard table, electric light, wall paper, etc. So you can have some idea how difficult it is to dislodge him from trenches such as these, but we are doing it. The sad part is the loss of so many friends. I lost my best friend last Friday, when the 2nd took 550 yards of trench and about 125 prisoners. The remainder died the death.

FROM FATHER LOCHARY, CHAPLAIN.

1st Canadian Infantry Brigade,
Sept. 24th, 1916.

By the time this letter reaches you, you will no doubt have received official notice of your son's death.

I read the burial services at the grave this morning, and he had a lovely funeral. The band of the 2nd Battalion, accompanied by a large body of soldiers and officers, marched to the grave, where, after the service was read, the "Last Post" was sounded.

Last Saturday afternoon your son met me and asked me if I would hear his confession, and Sunday morning he went to Communion. He entered the trenches Sunday night and was killed Friday night. So he was well prepared spiritually, and you have a great deal to be thankful for on that point.

Your son, I am told, met his death by going over the parapet and rescuing a wounded soldier. On his return with the wounded soldier, a sniper caught him with a bullet, and he died without suffering. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for a friend." Captain Maguire died in making the supreme act of charity. . . .

FROM MAJOR GEORGE BOYCE.

Oct. 2nd, 1916.

It is now several days since Frank left us for a better country. Since then it has been my wish to write you, but owing to the strenuous times through which we have been passing, the first opportunity is the present one.

Frank was one of my very oldest friends, and the occasions when we were able to spend some few moments together were constantly looked forward to by me. At Loyola we first became acquainted; then when he studied law at Laval and I medicine, the friendship was further strengthened. After that, for a couple of years or so, our paths diverged, but on Salisbury Plain we met again, and from that on saw each other as frequently as circumstances permitted.

The last time I saw Frank alive was about five days before his death. I had ridden up behind the Brigade in charge of ambulances. The march had been an early one, starting at five o'clock, and when we reached our destination I saw Frank. He was then in excellent spirits and saluted me with his usual greeting: "Hello, George, deucedly glad to see you. Why are you out so early?" These are the little things that make life worth the living out here—the warm handclasp of a staunch friend, the hearty welcome of an old associate. All this Frank was to me and more. And now that he is gone, I mourn him as only a most worthy man can be mourned.

Thus you will understand how I sympathise with you in your sorrow. . . . Still the consolation always remains that Frank was brave and generous and a most worthy Christian. He was cut off in the prime of manhood, having the promise of a brilliant future, but it was in doing that noblest of things human, saving helpless wounded. So well did he do that that he is being recommended for the Victoria Cross. This, of course, in no way compensates for his loss, but it shows the appreciation his fellows have of his conduct.

As Frank's battalion was in the trenches at the time, I went down to see them, and they were very glad to allow me to make all arrangements for his funeral. The Engineers made a casket, and we buried him with military honours in a town the name of which I cannot let you know just now. The regimental band was present, the Second in Command of the Battalion, Major Yates, in charge, about ten of the officers and a hundred men—all the others were on important duty at the time. You know we are not our own masters here.

By now both Father Workman and Father Lochary must have written you, telling you that it was Frank's custom to go to Holy Communion every time before going into the trenches. This time he did as usual, so you may judge that he was ever ready to make the supreme sacrifice. His duty is nobly done, his many trials are over, and we who are left reverence his memory as a worthy friend and a sterling man.

FROM FATHER WORKMAN, CHAPLAIN

Headquarters, Canadian Corps,
Oct. 11th, 1916.

Will you permit Frank's old Chaplain to express his heartfelt sympathy with you at Frank's sad yet brave death? I was his Brigade Chaplain up to two months ago, and had the privilege of being counted his close friend. He was more than a friend in many ways. In his battalion, he was always the first to lead the men quietly by example to Mass and the Sacraments. I have not the faintest doubt but that he was well prepared to die. All that he had gone through, his seeing death so near and so often, steadied and deepened all his ardent faith.

I said Holy Mass for him as soon as I got word of his death, and I shall remember him in Holy Mass all my life. . . .

FROM LIEUTENANT CHARLES POWER.

Circumstances have hitherto prevented me from writing you regarding poor Francis' death. I heard the news two days before I went into the attack in which I was myself wounded. These days were so full of bustle and excitement that I barely had time to scribble a few lines to mother and to Rose, in which I asked them to convey to you my most sincere sympathy. Unfortunately the man to whom I confided the letters was killed.

Since the 26th of September, I have been lying in hospital with a badly fractured right arm. One of my fellow-patients has been kind enough to take this down at my dictation.

One morning, as I was about to proceed to the front line trenches, a sergeant of the Second Battalion came looking for me to inform me of the sad event. He had, on his own account, travelled over a mile from the front line, across shell-swept territory, in order that Francis' friend might be acquainted with the hour of the funeral. Unfortunately I had to leave for the trenches at once. From this man, however, I obtained some details. Francis was in the front line trenches, which were being heavily shelled at the time. He heard groans emanating from some unknown person in a shell-hole some distance in front. Without hesitation and without asking for any assistance, he deliberately went out to the shell-hole, where he found a wounded man, to whom he at once administered first aid. This done, he returned to the trench and with stretcher-bearers set forth to bring in the wounded man. He had almost succeeded in his object, when a bullet laid him low.

I understand that his gallant conduct has been brought to the knowledge of the authorities, and that he has been recommended for the very highest honour.

It is with great difficulty that I endeavour to express my sympathy to you and yours. Your loss has been greater than mine in that a son and brother has been rudely taken away from you. My loss is that of the truest, most honourable and best friend that it has ever been a person's fortune to possess. For years we had shared the same joys and troubles, the same hopes and ambitions, and to be thus deprived of such a valuable friendship is to me an irreparable loss. One consolation, if consolation there can be under the circumstances, is that he died as he would have wished, like a gallant soldier and a gentleman. . . .



CAPTAIN WILFRED SULLIVAN (43rd Can. Highlanders).

Wilfred Sullivan was a member of the English Course at St. Mary's before Loyola was founded. He left in 1898, and resided for some time in San Francisco. He afterwards studied law in Prince Edward Island, and, later, practiced his profession in Vancouver, whence he went to Central America, as a representative of a British firm. He was in England at the outbreak of war, and obtained a commission in the 7th Dorsets, and was subsequently transferred to the 43rd Canadian Highlanders. He fell at Courcellette, on October 8th. We offer our sincere sympathy to his relatives. The following letter from his brother, Captain Arthur Sullivan, is a striking tribute to his worth as an officer and a gentleman.

FROM CAPTAIN ARTHUR SULLIVAN (O.L. 1896).

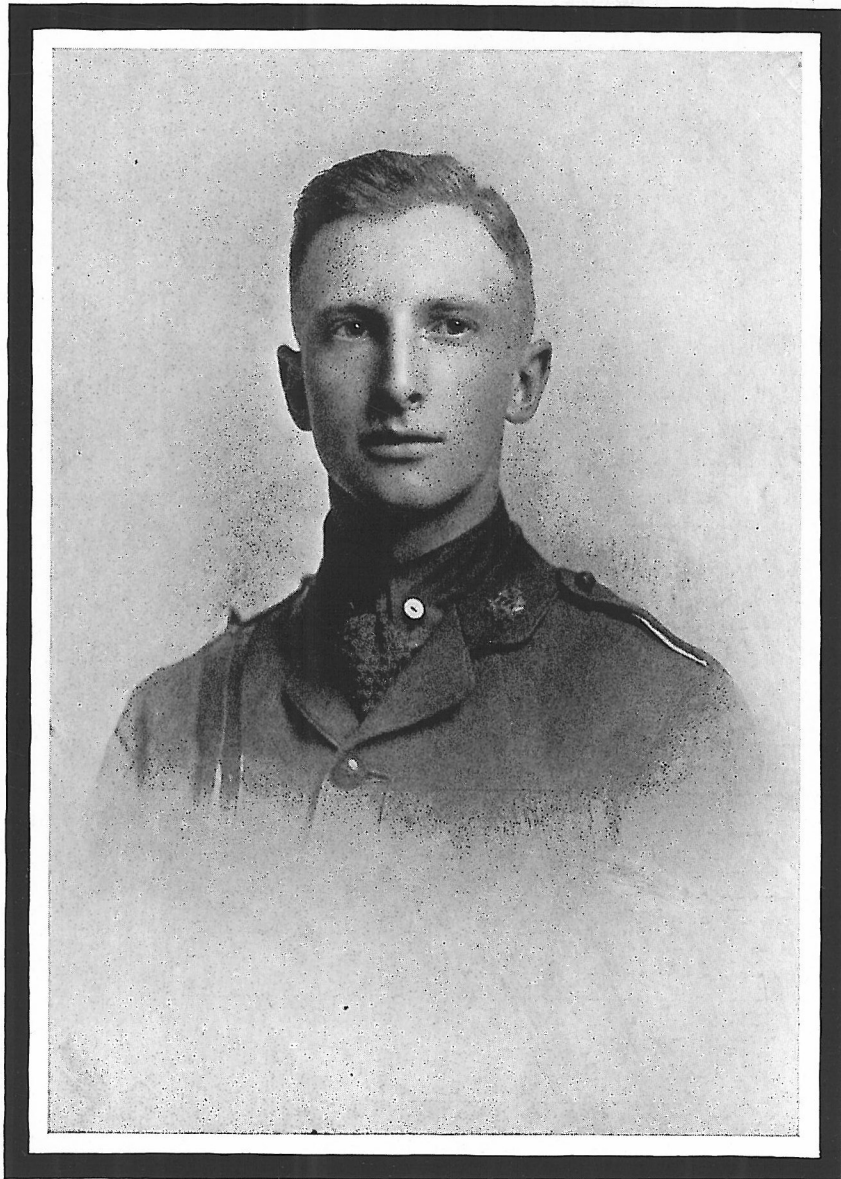
In the Trenches, France 27-12-16.

I know that you all feel with M—— and me in the loss of our brave soldier brother Wilfred. Perhaps his going comes harder on me than any of his family. We were much of an age and grew up together, your Mummy looking after him and your Aunt May after me, and bad little rascals we were. Then we went to school and college together and studied law practically at the same time,—then West to seek our fortunes. But perhaps what makes it harder on me than Mummy is that the poor fellow and I fought side by side as soldiers for nearly six weeks. I think it was just after the battle in June when he came to the 43rd. At that time I had my Company Headquarters in the front line. It was a nasty wet night and I had been there three days and nights without a single Officer. General Fred. Hill, D.S.O., who, I think, comes from St. Catharines or thereabouts, and who was, and is, our Brigadier-General, had come into my dug-out to cheer me up. When he left, I went out with him to show him the way. When I said good-night to him, two officers approached me in the dark and asked me if I was O.C. (which means Officer Commanding) "D" Co., 43rd. I said, "Yes." Then they said they had been sent up to me as reinforcements and their names were Hudson and Sullivan. I got a guide and sent Hudson to a platoon and said to Wilfred, not knowing who it was, "As your name is the same as mine, come with me into my dug-out out of the rain." As we walked on I asked him if he had ever been at the front before and he said, "No." I did not discover who it was even then, as I was so exhausted and depressed. I had then lost all my officers and three out of every four men I had brought into the trenches. When we got into the dug-out, dimly lit with one candle I didn't look at my new officer, but pointed out to him some bully beef and whisky and Perrier and cigarettes, and told him, as I curled myself up on the floor, if anything happened to wake me up. Then as I lay down I thought I would look at him. You can imagine my surprise and my delight. You probably know I hadn't seen him for years, and he came to me then like a breath from Heaven. A great big cheery, happy brother. About two hours after he arrived the Boche started to shell us and hit one of my "runners" (Despatch carriers) who was sitting at my door. I will never forget Wilfred's behaviour and his sympathy for the poor runner.

I was then in command of "D." Company, in my opinion, the finest in the battalion. They were all "tough nuts,"—swore mighty oaths and fairly lived on tobacco and rum. They never shaved in the line, and I don't believe they ever used water, either externally or internally—gluttons for fight, but with the hearts of children towards any comrade. This Company got eight decorations for bravery out of nine given to the whole battalion.

I sent, or rather, brought Wilfred over to take command of 20 of these swarthy sportsmen next day. They took to him at once and called him "Sully II." He hadn't been there five minutes till he had given away all his cigarettes and chocolate and one of the toughest of them, poor old "Buck," now dead, a "particular" of mine—was making tea for him. From that day on he was their idol, and when I returned to the battalion two months ago, all the old men came and asked for poor Wilfred.

No doubt it is a great consolation for M—— to hear these little bits about him, and I can tell you, boys, it is a matter of great pride to me to know that, in the attack of the 8th October, when four battalions went over the parapet representing the pick of Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg—2,000 magnificent soldiers—Wilfred was last seen fighting valiantly, further advanced than any officer or man of the whole Brigade. No soldier can ask for a finer death. Remember him in your prayers, boys, and try to cultivate his two outstanding qualities—generosity and bravery—two very finest in the whole gamut of virtues.



LIEUTENANT G. FRASER MACDONALD,

77th Battalion.

O. L. 1906.

Killed in Action, November 18th, 1916.

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS McGEE.

Frank McGee, who was killed in France, last September, was at St. Mary's College, in the English Course, about twenty years ago. We are proud to include him among our fallen heroes. He was a famous hockey player, well known throughout Canada, and a fine Catholic gentleman. Our sympathy goes out to his family in their great loss.

FROM LIEUT.-COL. ELMER JONES, 21st BATTALION, C.E.F.

October 18th, 1916.

I have intended writing to you ever since Frank left us, but I have a great deal to do. That is my only excuse.

Frank only came back to me two days before we went over on the morning of the 15th of Sept. I left him with the reserve during the first attack, but, during that day, I lost every officer save one, and in the early morning of the 16th, Frank brought up 50 men to hold the line and push on past Courcellette. He reported to me, and I put him in command of my first line. He knew what it meant, and he laughed as he went into it. He took most of his men through and reached the front trench. I had a message from him there, telling me his disposition, and that he would gather up more men and push on. He had to go up under extraordinary shell-fire. He then came back to the Sugar Factory, and was gathering men there for another attack, when he was killed. I need not tell you what he was like under shell fire, because you know better than I can write; but his bravery always inspired the men under him.

When he was with me first, I had learned to rely on him, but in the Somme, during his few hours there, he was wonderful. I can't tell you more. He was buried where he fell, and where so many of my battalion lie.

If I come home, I will be able to tell you more, but it is harder writing than you can know.

LIEUTENANT G. FRASER MACDONALD, 77th BATTALION.

Lieut. Macdonald, who was the second son of Lieut.-Col. A. G. F. Macdonald, of Alexandria, O.C. 154th Battalion, and Mrs. Macdonald (née Eugénie Hubert), was born in Alexandria on the 13th of September, 1894. After beginning his studies with a governess, and spending a year at the Alexander School in his native town, he came to Loyola in 1906, joining the class of Latin Rudiments, and left after First Grammar in 1911. He is remembered as a manly, cheerful, good-hearted boy, who was awarded the Junior Good Conduct prize during his second year at College. He was a remarkable goal-keeper in Hockey and a member of the Football Team.

During the summer of 1911, he joined the staff of the Bank of Montreal, at the head office, and was connected with that institution till the date of his enlistment in June, 1915. While there, he advanced steadily and made good in his chosen work, and at the same time proved of great value to the Bank as goaler of the famous championship hockey team, which won the Banking League honours for those four successive years.

In June, 1915, he began his course at Kingston, and joined the 77th Battalion in Ottawa as soon as he had qualified as Lieutenant. His battalion crossed to England last June, and was immediately split up, Lieut. Macdonald being transferred to a Calgary Battalion. He crossed over to France early in August, and was placed in command of a trench mortar. After taking part in the allied offensive for about three months, the young officer was killed on Saturday, November 18th. His father, Lt.-Col. Macdonald, and a younger brother, Hubert (also an old Loyola boy), are now in England with the 154th Canadian Highlanders.

Lieut. Macdonald was known as a very efficient officer, a great favourite among his brother officers and much respected by his men. His very many Loyola friends sympathise most deeply with his family and relatives in their great loss.

France, Nov. 5th, 1916.

I know that I have been neglecting you for the last two weeks or so, but they have been very strenuous ones for us, and it is only now after some days' rest that I have got energy necessary for writing.

I could not understand M's last letter, saying that you had not heard from me for six weeks. Of course, with conditions as they are out here, a certain amount of mail must go astray and get lost altogether, but I cannot see how this could happen to three or four letters of mine. I received M's letter of the 16th and hers of the 9th within a day or so of each other. However, from now on, if I can't manage at least one letter a week, I am going to mail you a Field Post Card every day or so. (We call them whizz-bangs out here, after one of Fritz's well known shells.) It must have been awfully hard on you to part with dear old Father and Hubert. . . You certainly are doing your bit, and you do not know how much I admire your pluck. I am wondering if the 154th has really sailed, or whether they are still in Canada, as I have received no word from England. Donald D. R. wrote me a very nice letter from "somewhere else" in France, and has invited me, if at anytime I could obtain a few days leave here, to be sure and spend them with him and that he would see that I was made comfortable. It was very good of him, but I do not see any prospect of leave for some time yet. He expects to go into winter billets very soon, the lucky beggar! The weather is getting pretty cool now and unsettled, with rain nearly every day. Going in and out of the trenches is a regular picnic, between getting stuck in the mud and slipping into shell-holes, and some of the language heard on occasions would certainly be unprintable, though there is almost cause for it sometimes. It is wonderful to see the difference in all of us an hour after we arrive at billets. All the way in, we grouch and grumble and look to be the most disgusted crowd on earth, but a hot meal and a wash (after two or three days without one) and you would not know the men. They pull out their jack-knives first, and after half an hour's strenuous effort, the first coat of mud disappears from boots, putties and trousers; then after considerable scrubbing, your face is almost clean and the razor can be used with effect. Ten minutes later, the band strikes up a popular air (1 Mandolin, 1 flute and 1 mouth-organ) and the boys sing and whistle until lights out. The life seems to be agreeing with me as I have certainly been putting on weight and I will have to discard my first tunic, as it is getting too tight for me, and I expect to see a button fly off anytime and hit someone in the eye. We are very comfortable in our billet at present. Of course the windows are minus a few panes of glass, and the plaster occasionally drops off the ceiling into our coffee or down our necks, while the furniture, I think, must have been stored sometime ago. But little things like that do not worry us; we have got our sleeping-bags, and our fire-place works, so what more could we want? The people are beginning to get back to their homes in this neighborhood, though there are very few that do not show the effect of shell fire and are not in ruins. There is a small restaurant going a few blocks away, where officers can get a very fair meal, and we certainly take advantage of it every chance that comes. Besides the meal and the very excellent wine, I often run across a lot of my friends there and forget that there is a war on, for an hour or two. I have received a letter from Katherine in Ottawa. She and Beatrice seem to be getting along all right and are praying hard for me. You asked me in your last letter about Hubert's commission. An order which recently came out would make him too young to come over to France as an officer, I am sorry to say, otherwise I certainly would have approved of it, though once out here there is not an awful lot of difference in the two. Being qualified though will always help if the opportunity offers itself. I have been with the Battery for some time now. I like the work and get along fine with the other officers and we are all great chums by this time. There is one married man among the five of us and another engaged. The latter amuses me very much. He will sit down and write small volumes, not letters, to the fair damsel. I don't know how he does it, but he surely is a wonder.

Your affectionate son,

Fraser.

LETTER FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. HUGHES TO
LIEUT.-COL. A. G. F. MACDONALD

France, Nov. 25, 1916.

My Dear Colonel,—

I have just been told that one of my tenth brigade Stokes Gun Officers, who was killed on the 20th instant, was a son of a Colonel Macdonald of Alexandria, who was also a newspaperman. Surely it cannot be that he was your son—a very bright, cheerful character and a true brave soldier. He was shot by an enemy machine gun in the face and heart. The poor boy did not know what hit him. We had his body brought back and buried in to-day. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Father McQuillan. If this dear boy should be yours, you have my heartfelt sympathy and will you please tell his mother for me that he was all that a good, true, brave officer should be and that his men loved him very dearly. I wish he had told me who he was and I assure you I would gladly have done anything I could for him. He was killed on the morning of the 20th, at ten minutes after six o'clock. He was leading his section in the attack on trench. I helped poor Cameron Scott of Quebec recover the body of his son a day or

two ago and we brought it back and he is buried not far from where we buried your lad. Major M. L. Shepherd is lying in a little Military cemetery, just in front of the dugout I am in to-night. I got the engineers to make a cross for his grave and put it up on it to-night. He was also from your town and one of my dear 21st.

I have my own and only boy in the fight, together with six nephews, one of whom was killed on November 15th, a year ago. I know what it means to those of us who have our boys in the awful war, and again wish to assure you of my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in your sad loss of so fine a boy as was Lieut. Macdonald, who so bravely gave his life for all we Britons hold dear, on the morning of the 20th instant. I was proud to command him.

With best regards and all good wishes.

I am yours sincerely,
W. S. Hughes.

LIEUTENANT JAMES GRANT.

James Grant was born in Belleville, Ont., 1892, but the greater part of his boyhood was spent in Nelson, B.C. He came to Montreal in 1907 and was a student at Loyola for two years, one year a day-scholar, and one year a boarder. He afterwards studied Law at McGill and was graduated in 1916. In May of the same year, he went overseas as Lieutenant in the 102nd Battalion, B.C., under Lt.-Col. Warden, and while fighting in "Regina" trench, at the battle of Courcellette, received severe shrapnel wounds in the thigh, shoulder and arm. He was first taken care of in the house of a Belgian lady, who treated him with much kindness. Later he was removed to the Duchess of Westminster's Hospital, where, although at first he showed some signs of improvement, he died on December 20th, 1916. Loyola takes this opportunity to express to Lieut. Grant's relatives the deep sympathy we have for them in their great loss.

COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE.

Company-Sergeant-Major Gregory Nagle was killed in action "somewhere in France," on June 13th, 1916. He was born in Ottawa in 1890, and coming to Montreal with his parents, in 1903, attended Loyola for two years. He was afterwards for several years connected with the Royal Insurance Company and was a member of the Victoria Rifles, until his health failed him and he moved West, where he remained until the outbreak of war. Coming East in August, 1914, he enlisted with a Montreal Battalion, was made a Company-Sergeant-Major, and crossed overseas in February, 1915. He had been in England hardly two weeks, when he was sent with a draft to reinforce the 3rd Battalion, which had suffered losses in the battle of St. Julien. From that time until his death he had been on the firing line, with the exception of two weeks spent in a hospital. To his bereaved relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

LETTERS FROM COMPANY-SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE.

France, Sept. 23rd

I am now sitting in a fish-pond, somewhere in France, writing this. We are just in reach of German machine guns and cannon. Our artillery is pretty active this morning and it is just as if someone was putting in about a million tons of coal in their cellar. This is the way they go: "whoo-ee-ee-ee . . . BANG!" "whoo-ee-ee-ee . . . BANG!" "whoo-ee-ee-ee . . . BANG!" and so on. And when bits of shell are coming anyway close they are like this "oooooooooooo!" just like a ghost noise, and then *plunk!* they hit. Bullets are just "whir . . . whir . . . crack;" you don't hear them till they're past you.

We are going to lick the Germans to a standstill before long, but I guess the people in Canada think that we are not doing much out here. But I would like to see some of them out here, when, as the papers say, "there was a small engagement." I don't know what they would do in the large ones.

. . . All I would like is a good bath and some clean clothes. I got a few little curios that I am going to send home, first chance I get. They are only small ones, a shrapnel bullet, a German bullet-tip and an Irish button I picked up, and a ring made out of a German shell by a Belgian in the trenches. I could have had a lot of good ones, but when you have to march all over the country with your bag and baggage on you, you don't carry much extra. . . .

Christmas Day in the Trenches
Somewhere in Belgium.

Just a note to let you know that all is well. Just had dinner: stew, and canned pudding. Not bad, eh? I am writing this now in a dugout, not a million miles from the Germans . . . We are having pretty wet weather here, but it is not very cold . . . Tell J . . . that a fellow just brought in a piece of shell that weighs about twenty pounds and isn't half as big round as this piece of paper: a German armour-piercing shell. Tell him that we see all kinds here, but the most interesting, or the one that keeps you guessing most, is what we call a "Choo-Choo," or "Minnie-Wafer." It is thrown from a trench mortar, and weighs about 200 lbs., and you can see it coming all the way. . .

PRIVATE LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.

When the name of Leo Le Boutillier appeared on the casualty list as dead, *finis* was written to the life story of a true Catholic gentleman.

Leo came to Loyola in September, 1907, and entered the Class of Rudiments. Quiet and easy-going, he soon won the affection of all who met him. Although not very active in sport, he always showed a keen interest in College affairs. He left in 1911, after completing the High School course, and entered the banking business, joining the Gaspé branch of the Bank of Toronto.

When war was declared, he resigned his position, and came to Montreal to enlist in the 24th Battalion, as signaller. He was in town during the winter months, when his Loyola friends had an opportunity of seeing him again. He was the same old "Boots," cheerful, kind and generous.

In France, he was transferred to the scouting section, and was several times mentioned in despatches. Finally he received the Distinguished Conduct Medal, under circumstances which the *London Gazette* officially describes as follows:

"No. 65553, Pte. L. B. LeBoutillier, Canadian Infantry, showed conspicuous gallantry in action. He carried out a reconnaissance under heavy fire, obtaining most valuable information. Later he rescued a wounded man, and carried out several more daring reconnaissances, also carrying bombs and ammunition to the front line. He displayed great courage and determination throughout."

Leo was killed at Courcellette, and how keenly his loss was felt may be seen from the accompanying letter from his Commanding Officer.

All at Loyola sympathise most sincerely with his sorrowing family.

France, 27-4-17.

Mr. C. S. Le Boutillier,
Gaspé.

Dear Mr. Le Boutillier,

Please accept my deepest sympathy at the loss of your very gallant son. I was in England with trench fever when he was hit, but Mr. Bushe, who was with him, is going to write you and give you full particulars. I feel his loss is not only one to his battalion and his country, but a very real personal one. The whole time he has been in the Battalion he has been an example of devotion to duty and gallantry. We were at the Somme fighting together and his bravery and gallantry there were simply magnificent. His "Distinguished Conduct Medal" was won three and four times over. A few weeks ago he was recommended for a commission. He would have made a splendid officer. He was familiarly known as "Boots" by all his comrades, and by his death the Battalion loses one of the finest men it ever had. Please express my deepest sympathy to all his family and believe me.

Yours sincerely,
R. O. Alexander, Lt.-Colonel,
Commanding 24th Battalion Canadians.

France, 28-4-17.

Dear Mr. Le Boutillier,

I have just been told that your son, Private L. B. Le Boutillier, has died of wounds and I want to express my sincerest sympathy and tell you how we all feel for you in the loss of such a fine boy. Your son was wounded on the 9th April during the advance, his wounds were severe, and we were



LIEUTENANT JAMES GRANT,
102nd Battalion,
O. L. 1908.
Died of Wounds, December 20th, 1916.

afraid he would not pull through, but as he was rushed through the dressing station and from there to a General Hospital, we began to feel that he was winning out. I am unable to give you any particulars as to his death, but I thought you would like to know that only a few weeks ago I had the pleasure of signing a recommendation for his promotion to the commissioned ranks. Had the boy survived, he would have got his commission. I don't know of a more popular man in the Battalion than your son. He won his D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery last fall, has done most valuable work ever since he has been in France and indeed we all shall miss him greatly. You have the heartfelt sympathy of every officer and man who ever came in contact with him.

Very sincerely yours,

C. F. Ritchie, Major.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM PTE. L. B. LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.

. . . I am still living in a hole under the ground; we are in a very interesting part of our line, there seems to be always something doing around this particular spot. The other night, a shell took the corner off of our happy home, broke every line; then another pushed the parapet against the door, and there are no end of rifle grenades, especially during the night. Our biggest worry is that our lines run straight across the open, in clear view of the enemy, who are about two hundred yards off. Then when a line breaks, we have to crawl out and fix it. . . .

I am now working on my dug-out and have a little fireplace in it; it will soon be like a hotel . . . we have a cat now, we are going ahead, aren't we? . . .

Last week we had a very interesting evening, the Bn. on our left went over to the German trenches and crawled in, killed about forty of them, took a few prisoners and came back again, then there was the — noise you ever heard. Everything opened up, rifles, machine-guns, artillery, rifle grenades and trench mortars. Say, don't we have a good time over here now! . . .

I had a very narrow escape a few weeks ago, my dug-out was knocked down on me and I was buried for over an hour, still escaped without a scratch . . .

PRIVATE JOSEPH HERBERT BUTLER.

Of our former students who have fallen in the great war, Herbert Butler was the most recently in our midst. He left Loyola in 1913, and, after two years at St. Michael's, Toronto, enlisted in the 2nd University Corps, reinforcing the famous Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

We were delighted to see him again when he visited the College, on his way to the front, and it was sad news to hear last summer that he had given up his life in the trenches.

His engaging manners and cheerful, optimistic temperament had endeared him to everyone, and we assure his bereaved family of our deepest sympathy.

He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Butler, Desjardinsville, Que.

MELVIN JOHNSON, 1903-1905.

The death was reported in September last of Melvin Johnson, who as a small boy was at Loyola about twelve years ago. He is known to have been killed in action, but no details have reached us. We extend our deep sympathy to his parents and relatives.

FLIGHT LIEUTENANT ARTHUR C. DISSETTE, R.N.A.S.

As the REVIEW goes to press we learn, with regret, that Flight Lieutenant Arthur C. Dissette, R.N.A.S., has been killed, while on escort duty. He attended Loyola from 1901 to 1903, and afterwards continued his studies at the Technical School, Toronto, and the University of Toronto. After finishing his education he went to Vancouver, where he was engaged in the automobile business. He enlisted shortly after the outbreak of the war, and after a course of training in England was sent to France. During his stay in France he was sent, with other aviators, on night raids on munition plants, and was also engaged in the aerial fighting in the Somme section. He took part in some of the most thrilling aerial conflicts recorded during this war, and distinguished himself signally.

The news received by his brother, Mr. Frank Dissette, Toronto, on June 4th, was only a brief statement of Arthur's death. No details have yet come to us. Loyola sympathises with his relatives in their great sorrow.



LOYOLA BOYS KILLED IN ACTION

Asleep they lie, each in his honoured grave,
In far-off Flanders' soil, there to abide
The great triumphal day, when side by side
Rising they'll answer glorious and brave
The last roll-call. No vain lament they crave
For such a fate. Their Country was defied—
Enough! to serve they each with other vied
And gladly in the fray their young lives gave.

But still the pride that swells a Mother's heart
To hear her sons' undying fame dispread
Must needs with grief be tinged. To sow and rear
The seeds of valour was her cherished part:
Now when the harvest waves its golden head,
It glistens with an Alma Mater's tear.

REX REGIS.



LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

FROM MAJOR GEORGE BOYCE.

April 13th, 1917.

Before this letter reaches you, you will doubtless have heard of a slight mishap to me. I asked if they might avoid reporting it, but seemingly this must be done, so I sent a cable Wednesday to Father, explaining wound to be very slight.

You see, I was Medical Officer in charge of the Forward Evacuation Station for my division. On that account I had been living altogether up ahead for several weeks, superintending construction, medical posts, etc. Last Sunday—Easter, by the way—I was standing just outside our dug-out dressing station. Some artillery near by were shelled, and I thought some one was hit, because some men ran to a spot near by. Anxious to investigate, I started to cross the road, when shrapnel burst above me, and some piece hit me in the foot. It was a nice, slight, clean cut, right through the edge of boot and foot. As the great event took place next day, I refused to quit. It was absolutely all right, apart from a little stiffness.

Well, what do you think of our performance Monday?—one of the greatest days in the history of the Canadian Army. It was wonderful to watch and, comparatively speaking, the casualties were light. It is said that we got the wounded out in quicker time than was ever done before. Apart from our men, I collared about 600 German prisoners being sent down, and made them carry wounded. By five o'clock in the afternoon the field was absolutely clear of wounded.

The mail clerk waits. I must not delay him. I was relieved night before last. Col. Wright insisted on relieving me himself. I am in charge of the ambulance while he is up ahead....

FROM CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER., M.C.

France,
May 16th, 1916.

I don't think I have ever written a letter in such a cramped position. I am in a dug-out 2½ feet high. The floor is too muddy to sit on, so I am perched on a small-arm ammunition box, which means that my head is continually banging against the corrugated iron roof.

Last night, when your letter, dated April 30th, reached me, I was in very much the same position, and prospects for change are not very bright for a few days. *Tant pis! c'est la guerre.*

Yes, quite a few of our officers have returned to take up new commands, but I see by the *Gazette* that an end is to be put to these transfers. In some cases, it is a splendid thing for an officer to return after eight months from the trenches; it cleans his head of cobwebs, so to speak.

I am very glad indeed that these officers have managed to obtain Canadian commands, but I cannot say I envy them exactly.

Lately the Germans have got into a very bad habit of chucking over kerosene tins.... these contain three hand grenades, and a good sized trench-mortar, probably thrown in for luck. The noise they make is deafening. If the Censor were not looking, I would tell what effect they have. There are all sorts of little incidents—pleasant and unpleasant—to vary the monotony of trench warfare....

Mont des Cats,
June 10th, 1916.

Yesterday morning a large-calibre shell burst at my feet, knocking me out, and giving my nervous system a bad shock. I am now in a rest hospital, not by any means in the best of condition, but I expect to recuperate shortly.

I hope you received my cablegram telling you not to worry, in case you saw my name in the list of casualties. Two days before my little accident, I was to have gone to London on leave, but leave was cancelled at the last moment.

Flanders,
June 14th, 1916.

I am resting in hospital still and picking up steadily. Of course, I walk about and read and write, and take an interest in things generally. These are moments of work and of trial for Canadians. When the work and the trials are over you will find, I think, that another not inglorious page had been written in Canadian history.

The casualty lists, unfortunately, speak for themselves.

Stuart McDougall, Harold Hingston and René Redmond are all set down as wounded, but how seriously I have not been able to find out. I have got out of touch with my mail lately. The Quartermaster promised to send it, but he is so busy—I suppose he's had no time for such trifles.... You know that I expected to be in London by this time, on leave, but at the last moment leave was cancelled, and I remained in Flanders to be sent to the hospital. The official name of the hospital is North Midland Divisional Casualty Clearing Station N.M.D.C.C.S., and it is not twenty miles from the front; still, it is as quiet as if we were in England—at least, we are not troubled with Zepps.

The weather has been very bad—rain and wind, just as if we were in the month of March, instead of the beautiful month of June....

Savoy Hotel, London,
July 13th, 1916.

You will think that I am always at the Savoy, but I am not really. I have come in from Putney Heath to dine with Col. Gaudet, and I have an hour to while away, because we dine at eight.

I am getting along splendidly. I am quite as well, in fact, as I have ever been before. It is advisable, however, for me to get as fit as possible before returning,—to store up a reserve of energy, so to speak.

I have had no news *recently* from the Battalion.... Everybody in England is delightfully kind to all of us "so-called" invalids (because I look very healthful, you know), and we are received very cordially—as of the family.

To-morrow is France's day, in more senses than one—a tag-day collection will be taken up throughout England for the "Croix-Rouge Française." Englishmen have the most extraordinary admiration for France and her fighters,—and, by Jove, they deserve the admiration.

Those who think the war will soon be over are very much mistaken. Germany has not begun to be beaten yet....

The Perkins Bull Hospital,
Putney Heath, S.W.,
Aug. 1st, 1916.

.... I am quite well again. My sick leave is up Aug. 15th. If by that time I have not secured a combatant position with the 4th Canadian Division, a little less trying than the infantry work, I shall return to the 22nd Battalion, which has kept up its very good work. I can't go back to Canada now, with the boys fighting in France. I should be as unhappy as I was in the early months of the war, before I enlisted. I have received two letters from the Canadian H. Q., Shorncliffe, informing me that they will return me to Canada if I so desire. If this offer had come at the beginning of my sick leave, I might have proceeded to Canada to recuperate. But it is too late now. In two weeks my sick leave will be up.... I shall let you know by cable of any important move I may make. A cablegram "Happy Birthday" will mean that I am leaving for the front.

Aug. 16th, 1916.

.... Monday last I went up before the Medical Board, fully expecting to be sent back to duty at once, but, to my surprise, I was granted an extension until September 14th.

The 4th Canadian Division has left for France, and it is just possible that I shall join them when my sick leave expires; if I do not go to the 4th Division (this depends, of course, upon General Watson's wishes, who has been most kind, and who has given unmistakable proof of his interest in me), I shall return to my old Battalion. The authorities in London, acting under instruction, I suppose, from Canada, have been very obliging, and have formally offered to return me to Canada. You are not angry that I refused? It isn't that I am not anxious to see you all, but I feel that it is my duty to see this sacred war through, and, with God's help, I shall. The further I get from the firing line, the more unhappy I am. I don't mean that I revel in the noise of bursting steel, because I don't, but there's the tremendous consolation of being in the thick of it, of the biggest fight that has ever taken place for the triumph of liberty. At some time or other we have all wished that we had lived in Napoleonic days; but the present days are fuller of romance, of high deeds, and of noble sacrifices.

My health and spirits are splendid....

Aug. 30th, 1916.

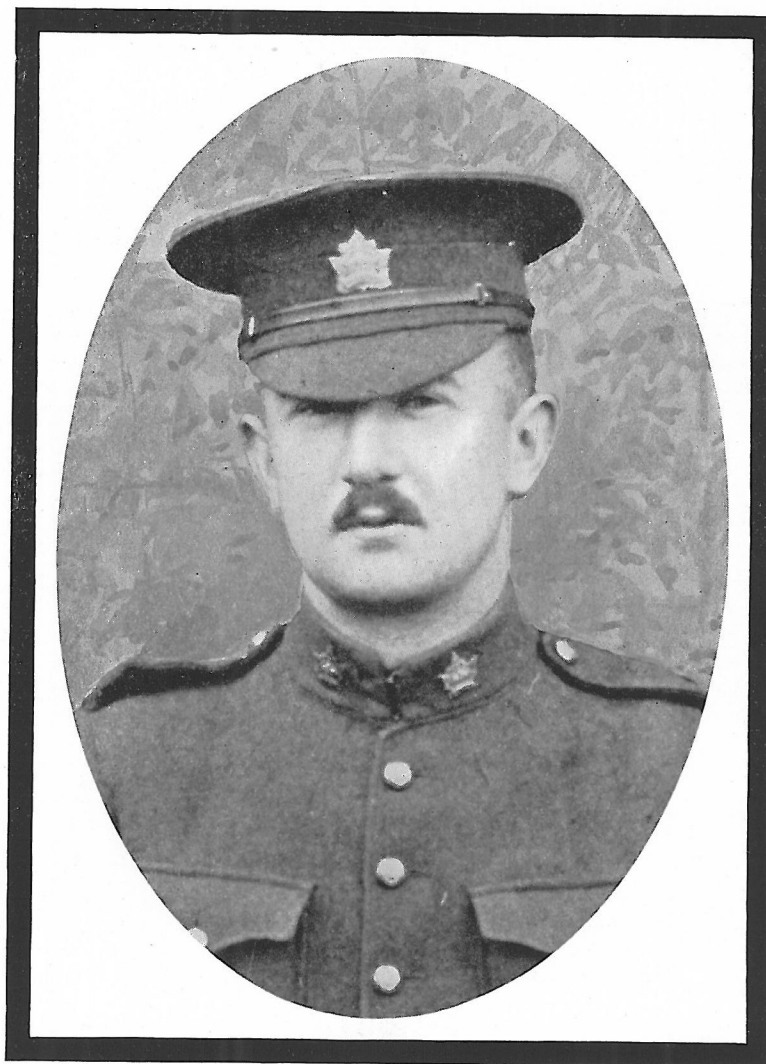
.... My health improves each day; really I feel better than when I left for France last September.

Unfortunately I am unable to give you news of my future plans, because I do not know myself what I shall do.

Did you see that another Loyola boy, Capt. J. P. Walsh, had been killed at the front?

Until recently the weather has been delightful; now we are beginning to taste the joys of rain, heaven knows when it will cease!

I have received a command to be present at Windsor Castle Friday, to receive the Military Cross, which I will send on to you as soon as I can....



COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR GREGORY NAGLE,
3rd Battalion,
O. L. 1903.
Killed in Action, June 13th, 1916.

Putney Heath,
Sept. 3rd, 1916.

... Day before yesterday, I had the honour of being received by the King, to be given the Military Cross. The ceremony was very simple. The King pinned the Cross on us, shook hands, and chatted a few minutes with each one of us.

My convalescence leave expires on September 14th. I shall probably be sent to Shorncliffe, to await there my return to the front.

France,
October 19th, 1916.

I had the privilege of spending the day in the pouring rain. Needless to say, I was soaked to the skin, but I rather enjoyed the experience. As a matter of fact, I have always liked the rain, and I remember very well, when I was at College, taking long walks in a heavy downpour.

I was able to get beside a fire afterwards and dry properly. I am beginning to think that the weather here will not be very much better than in Belgium.

Did I tell you that I was in command of "A" Company? At the present my Company Officers are Lieuts. Jolicœur, Lecompte and Tevers. We are still short of officers, but expect a draft of twelve to-morrow or the day after. With a great number of officers life is more comfortable; it is possible to relieve one another. The Battalion has changed to such an extent that one would hardly recognise it. I miss the cheery faces of those who had been with us from the start, and who gave up their lives at Courcellette.

Col. Tremblay is in London still, and is not expected for a month or so. Meanwhile Major Dubuc carries on to everybody's satisfaction. Four Military Crosses have been awarded to officers of the 22nd... this gives you an idea of what the authorities thought of the work done by the Battalion. I can speak freely and with admiration of what took place at Courcellette, because I had not the honour of being there.

P.S.—There is nothing to indicate that our work this fall and winter will be different to that of last winter, so there is no call for abnormal anxiety.

Savoy Hotel, London,
Jan. 21st, 1917.

My leave is coming to an end, and it has passed quickly and pleasantly. I have had a jolly time—I have been to a few of the theatres, I have spent some time at Mr. Bull's house, seeing my old friends who were so kind to me last summer. I have seen Col. Tremblay, and some other officers of the 22nd Battalion on sick leave—and, altogether, I feel that I have benefited by the vacation. I am returning to the Battalion quite happy.

Opinion over here is most optimistic about the end of the war, and I must say that I share it to a certain extent. We feel that perhaps for Christmas, 1917, we will all be back in our happy homes.

Stuart McDougall is on leave with me. The coincidence is curious, because I sailed to France in October with him...

FROM CAPTAIN "RODDY" WATT, M.C.

August 29th, 1915.

I am going to have this posted in London, so will endeavour to give you some idea of what we have been doing in France, beginning with Market Lavington.

We left there on the morning of February 3rd, at about 2 a.m., and marched seven miles to a little wayside station. There we entrained at about 9 a.m. and had a five hours' journey to Avonmouth, where we started loading on the ships to take us to Sunny France. The loading took us about two hours—that is, only two guns—the right section. The other section went on another boat. We left Avonmouth about midnight, and we had to sleep with our horses, as it was only a cattle-boat.

We took four days to cross, and lived on bully beef and biscuits all the time. They took a very round-about way crossing, as there was a submarine scare. We finally landed in St. Nazaire, down on the Bay of Biscay. It is rather a nice little town, and as we waited there three days for the other section to come, we managed to see quite a lot of the place. We then boarded a very antique train and started for the firing line. I don't know where they took us, but it was a three-day journey, and after shunting us backward and forward until we did not know which end of the train we were looking at, they landed us at Strazede.

We marched from there to Borre, where we stayed two weeks, sort of recuperating from our journey. That was about the end of February. We left there, and marched for two days and a night, and came into action in front of Fleurbaix. We stayed there a month. The weather was rotten, and we had three snow storms. I was a corporal then, so I was at the horse lines most of the time. They were about two miles behind the guns. The horses are always kept a good distance behind the line, when possible.

We had to exercise the horses every morning at about 6 p.m., which made everybody sore, until the fine weather came, and then we did not mind getting up early.

We left this place about the third of April, and had another journey of three days to a place called Watou, in Belgium. It was a small place, and the weather was fine; we played ball and had sports on horseback, and there were some good estaminets there, where we used to go and get meals, and we generally ate too much. We were there two weeks and then went to Ypres, arriving at our gun-positions on the 19th of April.

On the journey, we passed several small towns. I forget most of the names. I remember Poperinghe and Flamertinge, and the city of Ypres itself was a beautiful place when we went in there, and it was some wreck about a month later.

As you probably know, the big fighting started on Thursday, April 22nd, at about 5.30 p.m. Everything happened pretty quickly, and the Germans broke through to the left of the horse lines and we could see them chasing the Algerians about 400 yards from us. Just about that time the rifle bullets and shells were pretty thick around us. Two shells struck the barn our horses were in and, as we had them all harnessed, we decided that it was no place for peaceable citizens, so we beat it across the fields, over to the guns. There was an awful shell fire and I don't know how any of us escaped. We had only two men hit that day. We stayed at the guns with our horses till about 11 p.m., and then things got worse, so we pulled our guns out of action. We were the last battery to retire, and we moved back about two miles, and stayed there till three a.m.

Friday morning, then, we went back to our old position, and fired steadily all Friday. We moved the horses three times. Every place we went with them the Germans knew about, and would shell us out, so we were kept pretty busy.

Saturday, the 24th, was also a busy day—not a bargain day, you know, and we did not stop at one o'clock, either. There was heavy fighting everywhere, and the gas was coming over pretty thick. The infantry was falling back. We stayed in position till about four o'clock; then we had a grand retreat of about four miles, right over the plains. There were men on all the off horses, and some running, holding on to stirrups, and the horses were at full gallop, over ditches and any obstacles that came in the way. It sure was a sight worth seeing. There was not much time to think about the shells, but there were lots of them bursting around us.

We finally got into a position behind a little village named St. Jean, and that is where we really got the heaviest shelling. We were there for about ten days, and our horses were right beside the battery, so the shells that did not land in the battery hit the horses. We lost 96 horses there and had about 43 casualties, 9 being killed.

I could not describe to you the miraculous escapes we had in that ten days, but will try to explain some time later. We finally moved out of that place, and were not sorry to do so. We then went to Ploegstreete, and stayed there a week, but there was nothing doing there. We then went to Givenchy. It is just in front of Béthune, only six miles from La Bassée. We had some heavy fighting there, but no damage was done to our battery. That is the place where we used to go swimming in the canal, and Béthune is where I had those wonderful photos taken. We stayed there for five weeks.

I forgot to tell you that we made friends with a lot of chaps from a French battery, and we formed a singing-club, with C— as the leader. We taught the Frenchmen songs, "On the Old Fall River," "I Want to go Home," and several others equally choice, and they taught us "José, José, Joséphine"—do you know it? it is all the rage here just now.

However, duty called us and we had to leave our *bons camarades*, and we moved to Neuve-Eglise, where we are stationed now, and there has been nothing doing for over six weeks. I think we are going from here to the Arras district for the winter months.

.... I have been recommended for a commission by our O. C. It will probably be some time before I get it, so keep it dark till I let you know....

FROM CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS RAINVILLE.

France,
April 26th, 1916.

.... We are enjoying the most wonderful weather. I have been going around in my shirt-sleeves for the last three days; quite a change from waterproof and gum-boots. I am enclosing an article from the *Daily Chronicle*, which will give you an idea as to what part of the country we now inhabit. Most interesting, but very desolate.

We have had some terrific bombardments, but, as I have said before, I am quite safe. The aeroplanes are very busy ever since fine weather has started, and we have delightful air-duels every day. Outside of hand-grenade fighting, mining and artillery duels (*Conversations d'artillerie*) there is nothing of interest just now.

May 18th, 1916.

Well, by the time you receive this, I shall have been in France nearly nine months. When you look back, it seems but a few days since I first set foot on French soil. We are still on the same front, but I hear that as soon as the critical time has gone by, which is about this time, we will be withdrawn from this section and put in a more healthy place. The wastage is very serious here, as you see by the casualty returns, and we ought to feel flattered that Canadians were put in such a vital position, especially at this time of the year.

June 10th, 1916.

As you know, we are having a very stiff fight up here, and many of my friends have been killed. Our casualties are very heavy. However, we stopped the Huns. . . . It is all in the game, and I can assure you it is very exciting. Our division did not suffer as much as the others, so we lent them a hand.

The weather is very chilly just now, but I am most comfortable, and really I enjoy it. I am senior lieutenant, and if I am not promoted, it will be owing to the fact that some lieutenants are married and need the money more than I do. It is fair, you know—the single man comes after the married man. . . . However, I assure you I would hate to stay in England. I want to see this war through.

FROM CAPTAIN JOHN WICKHAM.

Moore Barracks,
Canadian Hospital,
Shorncliffe,
Sept. 25th, 1916.

. . . . For many a month I have intended writing to you, as Paul several times spoke to me in letters of affairs at old Loyola, and mentioned your name. Looking back on the days we used to spend in class with poor old Terry McGovern, Harold Hingston and the rest, I wonder greatly at the unthought-of changes that have taken place, and the events that have happened.

I received the two copies of the *Loyola Review*, which I have enjoyed thoroughly. They are excellent editions, and a credit to the College. I was much interested in the pictures and accounts of the new College, and only wish that I had much wealth at my command to make a good donation towards the work. But Loyola will prosper, in spite of limited funds.

We have a wonderful record of men in the Service and in the Roll of Honour, which reminds one of the struggles of our College days on the hockey and football teams. We were never to be scorned as opponents.

The next edition of the *Review* will have a still longer roll to publish. From time to time I have met College boys, and we have had lengthy chats over College affairs. Only a few days ago, a corporal stepped out of a batch of soldiers to me. He was Leo Lynch, just back from the front, and training for a commission at the Shorncliffe Camp. He looked a fine soldier, and will make an excellent officer. He looked healthy and rugged after his year of experience at the front. He spoke of having seen George Boyce in France and Arthur McGovern before he was killed. It is sad to think of poor old Terry, isn't it? When his battalion came to Shorncliffe in May, 1915, our camps were close together. One night he came over to see me, and we took a long walk in the cool night air, over to his line of tents in St. Martin's Plain. A few days later I met him on a route march through the country. That was the last I saw of him.

John Howe I knew very well, as he lived next to my home in St. Lambert.

A short time ago I heard that John Walsh had died—how, was not known. He had left a fine record behind him. He was one of the big boys in my early days at Loyola, but I got to know him very well before he graduated.

Do you ever see Walter Merrill? I met his young brother Geoffrey in London. He is in one of the artillery brigades. . . .

I spent six months in France with the McGill Hospital, and had, of course, various interesting experiences with the numerous wounded we received, but they were only similar to that of every other hospital, and the story has been so often told. And now I have been eleven months in England, attending the sicknesses of soldiers under training, newly arrived from Canada, and those sent back from France. It is much harder and less interesting work than attending the wounded from the firing-line. . . .

FROM LIEUTENANT WALTER KAVANAGH.

Dec. 17th, 1916.

I suppose you have heard what ship we are sailing on. The accommodation for us is splendid, but the men are not as comfortable as they might be. My Co. is on "F." deck and I am on "C." Outside cabins are not greatly to be desired, as all ports are painted black.

Walter Murray is Ship Asst. Adjutant, and the O.C. is in charge of the aft section of the ship. She is so large that one is continually getting lost on her, and it is really difficult to find your way around. We had a boat drill to-day, and had 6,000 troops on two decks in three minutes.

Dec. 27th.

We are lying in Liverpool harbour with the yellow flag floating over us.

We were convoyed by a converted cruiser for a day and a half, but she could only do 18 knots, and was holding us back, so she was sent back and we went out alone on the ocean, out of the path of ordinary shipping, until Monday, Christmas Day, when we got two very swift

destroyers. We were right in the danger zone; boats were kept swaying out all Christmas Day and until we arrived at Liverpool. We tore along at full speed, following a zigzag course, with the destroyers running around us in circles. Everybody appreciated the danger, and two men were caught on deck signalling; we were quite thrilled. The Chief Engineer is now in the clink for being caught two consecutive nights with his port open. To go on deck after dusk, one had to pass two sentries and go through two doors; one shut while the other opened. Every port is painted black, and every crack is stuffed. No one was allowed out of his room without his lifebelt; they have even to be brought to mess.

We had several torpedo drills, and could get over 6,000 men on A. and B. decks in three minutes. Some had to come from G. to A., and the stokers from K. The men of my platoon were about ten minutes walk from me. You could not imagine the size of the ship without being on board.

Father Hingston said Midnight Mass in the Officer's Mess; there was an immense crowd present. I went to Holy Communion, as did nearly everybody else.

We opened the cases, for the men, from the Ladies' Auxiliary, on the afternoon of the 25th. They simply loved the things. The men of the other battalions were green with jealousy. We bought cigars and cigarettes for them.

Victoria Barracks, Cork,
Jan. 31st, 1917.

I should have written you long ago, but we have had hardly time to wash properly. We left Dublin, Monday morning early, for Armagh, and arrived there about 11.15 a.m., where the parade was divided into Protestant and Catholic parades, and we went to the Cathedral to High Mass. Cardinal Logue said a few words. We then marched to the public square and dismissed the men, who had lunch at various halls. We lunched wonderfully at the Cardinal's. After lunch, the Battalion fell in, and we had various addresses presented to us by the Mayor, etc. Then the Battalion was dismissed, and I took a jaunting-car out into the country. Then we had tea with Archbishop Crozier, Primate of All Ireland. He has a perfectly wonderful estate, and the guests were all Lords, Ladies, and other members of the nobility. I enjoyed myself immensely. We entrained for Belfast at 5 p.m., and arrived there at 6.30.

The people of Belfast went quite mad, and we could barely march through the streets. In some places we had to go in single file. The whole city was *en fete*, and we were most wonderfully entertained. Any number of dinners, lunches, etc.; and the men were given a splendid dinner in Ulster Hall, followed by a concert by the Philharmonic Society. Each man received as a souvenir a half-dozen khaki handkerchiefs and a half-dozen linen hand-embroidered lady's handkerchiefs, in a souvenir box, to be sent home to Canada. No one could believe the way in which Belfast turned out. It was marvellous.

We left Belfast on Tuesday at nine a.m. and had lunch in Dublin, and arrived in Cork at 6.15. This city is supposed to be the home of the Sinn Feiners, but we have been splendidly received, and not a sign of any trouble. Everywhere there were crowds of cheering people. We leave here to-morrow morning for Limerick, and spend to-morrow night in Dublin, and sail for England on Friday....

Mitchett Camp,
Surrey, England.

I am quartered here for the next three weeks on a sniping and scouting course, and expect then to go to Bramshott for bombing. It is uncomfortably cold here to-day.... We look back on our summer at Valcartier as on a wonderful dream. We only realize now how little we did there. Here we work steadily from the reveille (6 a.m.) till lights out (10.15 p.m.) without a break, Saturday afternoon and Sundays included. It is a poor day for a Sub. when he is not called before the O.C. several times to account for anything from a shortage in shoelaces to an unpolished window. We are now getting quite used to these things. Most of the officers and N.C.O.'s are away on courses, so the unlucky people left in camp have to do about six people's work. I was Dental Officer, Musketry Officer, O. C. "B" Company, and twice Orderly Officer. This course is a holiday.

Next Saturday, we are being taken to London to see the "*Camouflage*." That is an exhibition of trench disguises and fakes. It is wonderful what can be done with protective colouring. The men wear overalls and a sandbag with slits over their heads, and then they are dabbed all over with brown and green paint. When they lie quiet on the ground, one almost walks on them before seeing them. Yesterday five men dressed as above fired blank ammunition at us from a distance of about ten yards, and yet we could not see them. None of them were under cover. It is most interesting. We also go on Saturday to the Kensington Museum to study the natural disguises of birds, insects, etc.



PRIVATE LEO LE BOUTILLIER, D.C.M.,
24th Battalion,
O. L. 1907.
Killed in Action at Courcellette, April, 1917.

FROM LIEUTENANT FRANCIS MILLARD.

Etaples,
A.P.O., S. 11,
Dec. 30th, 1916.

About the picture that was in the *Standard*, that was an old one that was taken here a year ago last November, and at the time it was taken I was unable to be there. If you remember, I sent a copy of it home to you. No wonder they could not find anyone that looked like me. There are only twelve left now of those who were in that picture. No one seems to know who sent it to the *Standard*.

I expect to get away on leave shortly after New Year's, and if I get a chance to see Ellis, I shall do so. If he would only write and let me know where he is I could easily get to see him.

.... The patients here had a very nice day on Christmas. They had fine meals and lots of entertainment. We also had a nice time, but were very busy. All Christmas afternoon we were putting up tents, as there had been a terrible storm the day before. At night I went to Midnight Mass and got to bed at one o'clock. At two o'clock we had to get up again for a convoy of wounded, and did not get back to bed until 4.30, and were up again at 6.30. We were quite busy all morning in the hospital, and at two o'clock the sergeants waited on the men at their dinner, which is an old-time Army custom. After dinner I went to sleep, and got up just in time for our dinner at six o'clock.

We have been quite busy all along, and I do not think we will get much of a rest the way things are going....

There is nothing new here. The weather is mostly cold and dreary, with rain and high winds, which is causing us a lot of work on the tents. Sometimes we have men up all night watching them....

St. Cloud, Paris,
March 28th, 1917.

.... As you will notice by the heading, I have been moved. It was a great surprise to me when, on the morning of March 19th, I was informed by the O.C. that he had been instructed to send me to No. 8 Canadian General Hospital, to take over the duties of Quartermaster there. I left the following afternoon, and arrived here as lieutenant and quartermaster. There is very little to do so far, and the only reason I can think of that I was sent here was on account of being able to speak French. The staff here is nearly all French, and it is spoken from morning until night.

So far I have been getting along fine, as the officers here are a very fine lot of men, mostly from Montreal. Canon Sylvestre is chaplain here and is a fine man.

This is a beautiful place, about an hour's ride from the centre of Paris. In the summer, they say, it is grand. We are situated on the race-track grounds, and use all the buildings for offices, etc. I only knew two people when I came: the O.C., Lt.-Col. LeBel, of Quebec, and a Sister named Domville, who was with us at No. 1 for a long while. I did not like the place at first, but I guess I shall get used to it.

April 9th, 1917.

.... The prices of things here are terrible. I bought a linen khaki shirt, two collars, and a couple of common studs, and they cost me 18 fr. 25c., which is about \$3.50 in real money. It would have cost at most \$1.50 at home. The shopkeepers watch for the British coming and soak them in fine style. Moreover, they do not hesitate to do you, if they think they can.

I have scarcely been out of the grounds during the past week, as the weather has not been fine, and also there is a lot to do, as things are in a pretty bad mix-up. I am trying to get things settled up, so that when the fine weather comes I may be able to take it easy.

.... Yesterday afternoon, one of the French Cabinet Ministers was here to decorate a number of French wounded, and also a number of the staff. Lt.-Col. LeBel, from Quebec, who is the O.C., received the Legion of Honour. The place was crowded with people, and I understand it is on all visiting days during the summer.... The weather still keeps cold and wet, and they tell me that the spring is very late this year, as last year at this time all the trees were in bloom.

FROM LIEUTENANT JAMES O'CONNOR.

France,
Feb. 4th, 1917.

.... We will be out again for another six days to-morrow, but we will have a bunch of hard work; we are used to it now, and do not mind it.

The good old 14th Battalion is in finer shape now than it ever was. We are considered one of the best out here, and it is good to be a member of it. The same old game goes on here all the time. "Kill the Hun!" is the name of it—and that is what we are doing.

.... I will have some great old tales to tell when I get back, and I feel that it will not be

very long, for we are at our best now, and old Fritz is all in. We give him about twenty for every one of his, and we are pulling off some good old raids on him. . . . We are going through the hardest part of the winter now, but everything is "Jake," as the Tommy says when all is O.K. I am feeling great, and my old gun is full of bullets for Fritz.

Feb. 25th, 1917.

I am still plugging along with the rest of the boys out here, just as cheerful as ever, and waiting anxiously for the day to come when we can get over to the Hun and put him where he belongs.

. . . . I am pretty sure that the end of this terrible war is not far distant. The Hun is pretty well played out, and our big drive, which will be a wonder, will start shortly.

I am just back a few hundred yards from the front line at present, but am quite comfortable in my little dug-out, as we have a good fire going, and a few cheerful fellows about.

. . . . We are now in the heart of the muddy season, but it will not last long. There is nothing new to tell you about. The big shells and things like that are missing me every day; they seem to fall on all sides, but I know that, with the assistance of your prayers, they will not get me, and I should be in Montreal in another five months.

. . . . Ernie McKenna is in England. He left us in December to go on a course for six weeks, and at the end of it he made Blighty with a sprained ankle and has not been with us since. . . .

FROM LIEUTENANT HORACE PERODEAU.

France,
April 12th, 1917.

For the first time I had a taste of war to-day, when we went over the lines. To tell you the truth, it was rather disappointing. One could see nothing but miles upon miles of trenches, and as there was no shelling going on at the time, I never would have found out we were over the Hun territory had not my pilot told me. By some extraordinary luck we were not shelled, so it did not make things exciting at all. As a matter of fact, I had nearly forgotten that there was a war on, and was looking serenely over the fuselage, not at all expecting to see any Hun machines, when I received a slap on the back; so I bent over to see what the pilot had to say, and he signalled to look up for Huns, and a good thing he did, too. Although I only learned it later, our Flight Commander had been brought down just a few minutes before, over the same spot. I did see some machines, but they were so far that we could not make out whether they were ours or not. After this I shan't worry with the ground, but will keep a sharp look-out. It's really extraordinary how quickly a machine will appear in the sky. At first you see just a tiny black spot, then a few minutes later you are miles past it. This is easily explained when you think that the two planes are making a combined speed of about 250 miles per hour. So naturally it does not leave much time to gaze at each other. A curious sensation is when the machine meets an air-pocket. Then we fall from fifty to two hundred feet, and I can tell you that you feel queer. It's just the same thing as when you are coming down from the top storey of Morgan's in the elevator. If you haven't been there, just try it for fun. It's really a good imitation of the real thing, and hardly as risky.

We are quite comfortable in these planes: they are much better than the ones we used in England, and are much stronger, so we get a much better fighting chance.

FROM LIEUTENANT VICTOR WALSH.

No. 14 General Hospital,
Wimereuse,
June 18th, 1916.

I will tell you just how I got shell-shock. We were going into a strange part of the line, and C—and I were walking through a ruined village at about 1 a.m., with a platoon behind us. This village was being shelled nowhere near us, but suddenly we heard a big shell coming right for us. We dropped flat, and so did two or three men behind us. The shell landed right in the middle of the platoon, and when C—and I got up, we found only four men, and a corporal left, out of a platoon of 23 men. Nine were killed and nine wounded. As we had to get on to the trench before daylight, C—took the remaining five men of the platoon with him, and I stayed with six men from another platoon to pick up the wounded and take them to a dressing station. We did not finish till dawn, and then started out for the trench, but were stopped by a sentry, who told us no one could go up by day. I tried to telephone the battalion, but as they had only just got into a new line, no one knew where they were, so I sent a wire and received an answer to report that night.

Well, we started up for the trench that night, and were caught like rats, in a communication trench, by the Huns shelling. They shelled both ends, and I came as near to a shell as I ever want to be, that night and the night before. They came so close we got out of the trench into

the open, but they shelled the open, so we got in again. By this time, we were nearly crazy. So I told the six men with me to each make for the place we started from. So we did, and one man collapsed, and we had to practically drag him along. He afterwards went to the hospital with severe shell-shock. Another man had his helmet knocked in on one side, but escaped injury, thanks to his steel helmet. One man lost himself, but I found him later, and the rest of us came in O.K.

Captain René Redmond is in hospital here wounded. We have had several long chats together. He is an awfully nice chap. I met him before I left Montreal. He is an officer of the 3rd Vics.

The Catholic Chaplain came around here yesterday. He is a hospital Chaplain, but some years ago used to teach at Loyola, and was delighted to find an old Loyola boy....

FROM CECIL CARPENTER.

Nov. 4th, 1916.

By this time you must be wondering where I am. Well, we have been on board since a week ago last Tuesday, and this morning we could see land for the first time since we left Halifax. We are now in the Irish Sea, and you can see Ireland from the boat. We have come around the North and are going into Liverpool. I expect we will get there this evening, and then I will try and get this letter off.

We have had a few rough days, but the weather was not too bad and I was sick one night only. We have another Battalion on board with us, the 203rd from Winnipeg. They are a pretty decent bunch of fellows. The accommodation is a lot better than I thought: sergeants and junior officers travel second class, and sergeants eat in second class dining-room. The meals are fine; couldn't be better. The men travel third class, and some in the hold. The artillery get better accommodation than any, of course.

We had a cruiser with us and one other troop-ship. The cruiser left us this morning and a lot of destroyers picked us up. They keep circling around and dodging like fish or something. It is great to watch them. We mounted a very heavy guard all the way over—about fifty men on at once, besides a submarine watch.

We don't know yet where we are going, but the Army Post Office and my regimental number will get me anywhere....

We had physical drill every day for a couple of hours. I am in charge of the draft of the 73rd Battalion. They are a fine bunch of fellows. There has been a concert nearly every night, given by one unit or another. The sergeants gave one the other night, and I sang some crazy parodies with a couple of other fellows. I will send you the programme. We have about 125 sergeants on board altogether.

They say now that we will get in in a couple of hours, but will not get off until early morning, so we have got everything packed up. I am dying to see England: it will be too dark to see it to-night. We will very likely take the train in the morning, and I hear that we are going to Witley Camp, but it may be only a rumour... I am ship's Orderly Sergeant to-day, so I must go again and make the rounds with the Field Officer.

6 a.m., Sunday.—We are all ready to get off the boat, but it is not light yet. I think we are anchored in Liverpool, so I want to finish off this letter before I get ashore, so as I can post it when I get a chance. We do not know for sure yet where we are going. It is raining, so this is a good start-off for England....

France,
March 3rd, 1917.

Just a few lines. I am going up the line this evening, so if you do not hear from me for the next few days, don't worry. I will write as soon as I get settled at the D.A.C. (Divisional Ammunition Column).

The weather is fine now, only a little cool at night. We will be in a box car for the next few days, I expect, but it will not be as cold sleeping in them as it would have been a few weeks ago.

...I can't write long, as I must go down and have a bath; I may not get another for some time. We have a seven-mile march to-night, with all our equipment—some fun!

France,
March 22nd, 1917.

I suppose you think it has been pretty long since my last letter, but to tell the truth we don't get very much time for writing. I am writing this in the gun-pit. We do two hours guard during the night.

I went and found Leo the other night, and we spent the evening together. I was lucky to run across him.... I like this job very well; it is all so interesting. Of course, we don't let up much, and I think it will be worse in a few weeks....

I will not write much more as I must soon go to bed. We never know what time we will have to get up during the night and open up. We are having fairly good weather; rather cold to-night, and a gun-pit is a draughty place, but we have a big fireplace in our dug-out, so we are not too badly off....

France,
April 5th, 1917.

....I am sitting on the trail of the gun writing this, and we may have to start firing again at any minute.... (*There she goes!*).... We have just got a stand-to, so I will finish this now if I get a chance. I was fairly dirty when I started this, but now I am oil and mud from head to foot.... Another stop, so I will go on again. It is 2 a.m. We don't stop much these days....

FROM BENEDICT COOKE.

Witley Camp,
England,
Sept. 26th, 1916.

....We were on the train till Monday afternoon, then marched right on the boat. Now we start the sea voyage. We had a fine, big boat, the "Metagama." We travelled in the same staterooms as the officers did. Eddie and I had a stateroom to ourselves. It was a lovely trip, with fairly good meals, and all conveniences, even to a salt hot-water bath, when we wanted it. We were on the boat ten days altogether. The last two days we wore lifebelts all day, at meals also. It was a great experience and one I will never forget. We were escorted by cruisers and destroyers part of the way, just in the danger zone.

We reached Liverpool about 7 o'clock at night, and got a train (you ought to see the trains—to us Canadians they look like toys) immediately right here to camp. Arrived at four in the morning and slept the rest of the day.

It is wonderful here how careful they are. All lights are out at night, even in London. All trains are darkened; no lights can be seen at all. We are absolutely forbidden to talk to strangers—any nationality—about ourselves or Canada. People realize here there is a war in France, but Canadians don't seem to.

There are thousands of girls working here on munitions, on street cars—in fact, taking all the places the poor fellows have left forever. We see very few young men here in civilian clothes: they are all gone or just waiting for an opening.

The country here is beautiful, much prettier than anything I have ever seen in Canada, although the scenery is altogether different from there—old houses simply covered with vines, and hedges all around the house, flowers and trees awfully pretty, quaint and home-like.

The people treat us very well here, as they mostly all have sons or brothers at the war, and know how we feel so far from home. I have lots to say, but it's hard to write it all. There are hundreds of small towns all through England just like these around us here. You can't go more than ten miles without passing three or four towns all the same, quiet and old fashioned.

I think this is all you want to know. I am in the best of health.... As far as we know, we will be here all winter. I hope so. We are in shacks or huts, thirty men in each. There are hundreds of them. They are comfortable and fairly warm. We have been called out twice at night, on account of air-ships. I tell you, we're pretty near the war now all right....

FROM STANLEY HUGHES.

Dover Castle,
February 25th, 1916.

....I went to London last week to look the town over, and it sure looks good to me. I had one wonderful time,—and oh! it was fine to sleep between sheets again for a few nights. I went with Roy Grant. He is a prince, and one of the best-liked chaps in the Battery. Richie Hennessy could not get his leave, so I had to go without him.

The soldiers impressed me more than anything else I saw there. You see Canadians (the pride of the world), New Zealanders, and Australians (fine big fellows), Frenchmen, Belgians and Englishmen; some who have never seen the front, some who never will, and, best of all, the boys who have been over there.

Oh! it is a great sight to see the old lads get off the train in London, after being at the front for about twelve months. Most of them are literally covered with mud, and have their full kit and rifle. When I first saw them I felt like giving them everything I owned. They surely caught my eye, and were as happy as two-year-old colts.

We have had some intense excitement here to-day. This morning I was returning with my Church Parade (as you know, I have charge of the R.C. Church Parade every Sunday), and we witnessed a big liner being blown up. We arrived just in time to see her take her final plunge. Some fifty people have been reported lost, and the accident happened only half a mile from shore.



CAPTAIN CHARLES G. POWER,
3rd Battalion,
B.A. 1907.
Military Cross.

Then again, about an hour later, an aviator was flying some five thousand feet in the air, and as we had almost three inches of snow here (quite a surprise to us), it is very cold, and the chap was frozen to death in his machine, which crashed to the ground.

Belgium,
Aug. 16th, 1916.

.... We are in position in the centre of an old ruined town that at one time must have been a beautiful place, judging from what remains of some of the churches and public buildings. The civilians have left the town, and there is little wonder at them doing so, as one cannot find a single building that has escaped Fritz's shells. All that remains of most of the houses, etc., are heaps of bricks and an occasional wall.

Some of the boys from our gun crew have fitted up little would-be homes with all modern inconveniences! There is one called the "Duck-Your-Bean Club,"—the name originating from the entrance, which was at one time the front window of a house. When entering, you had to tie yourself up into a knot. Our dug-outs have been reinforced with sandbags, etc., so we feel quite safe when old Fritz gets peeved and starts throwing them over at us. Some class to us, eh? Last but not least, we always have a big bouquet of flowers (usually roses) on the mantel. In several of the gardens (that have not been cultivated for two years) the roses and other flowers are still growing, and we certainly appreciate them.

Things have been rather quiet on our part of the front since the big scrap in June, but in the smaller bombardments the Battery has been complimented several times for its shooting.

About two weeks ago we had four M.P.'s from Canada around to see us. Two of them were Senators from Ontario.

When we were at the old position, we used to get one of the Belgian women on the farm to do our washing, but now we have to do it ourselves. We found a few old washing machines around the ruins, so it is not much of a trick to wash a few clothes now.

In our present position we work 24 hours on the guns and 24 off, so when off duty we roam around and see hundreds of Canadians and Montreal boys.

One of the boys is running a paper here, of which he is editor. He calls it the *Dud*. It is very good, and he certainly does not miss anything that is going on. If you do not toe the mark, your name appears in the *Dud* at the end of the week....

France,
Oct. 28th, 1916.

.... It is now some time since we left Belgium, and I can assure you that things have changed quite a bit since we said good-bye at 9 a.m., Sept. 10th. Well, the rest of that day was spent about ten miles from the lines, and that night we piled into horse cars (35 men to a car), and were soon on our way to take part in this struggle at *some* place—do you get the connection? Some of us who were lucky enough to sleep did not find the journey long or tedious, as we woke up next morning just in time to find the train pulling into the little town where we unloaded the guns. After eating the usual travelling rations—bully beef and biscuits—they piled us onto motor lorries, and we were soon on our way to the line, finally landing at our position at 11 p.m.

During our day's ride we had travelled 50 kilometres on the lorries, and we passed through a beautiful stretch of country. It takes someone who has ridden a few miles in a hay-cart over rough roads to have an idea of our feelings at the end of our journey or to sympathize with us.

After working a couple of hours in the rain putting our guns into position, we were marched back to the lorries, and in them we spent the rest of the night.

The following day we were much impressed with the traffic on the roads. For miles and miles one could see endless chains of lorries, horse waggons, horses, men and ambulances. I often used to wonder if they all knew where they were bound for.

We were just in position one day when a terrific bombardment started. It lasted three days, and during that time we saw hundreds of our wounded boys who had fought so bravely. We also saw a few thousand Germans being taken as prisoners to internment camps. They all appeared very glad that they were finished with the fighting part of the war.

A few days after the bombardment stopped we were compelled to advance, so we collected our "duds" and were ready for the road once more. This time we only had to move three kilometres, but it was quite enough. Ever since then we have been quite comfortable—at least, we are happy, so that is something.

In Belgium we used to kick because we were not getting enough action. Down here it is action all the time, day and night, so we are always glad to be relieved at the end of our 24 hours' shift.

Just in front of us there are a couple of towns in the same condition as the others I have mentioned; in fact, everything for miles and miles is blown to pieces.

Most of the Canadians have left this part of the country, but whether we will follow or not I cannot say. The Canadians certainly lived up to their reputation as wonderful fighters, but they paid the price, as you already know. We have had our share of casualties in the Battery down here, but at that we have come through pretty lucky.

I forgot to mention the fact that we are living in dug-outs that were built by the Germans. From the manner in which this country is tunnelled and dug up, old Fritz must have expected to stay here for "duration."

FROM HENRY McLAUGHLIN.

Witley Camp, Surrey,
Feb. 25th, 1917.

.... We are working now as we never worked before, and expect to go over any time. I receive the Montreal papers occasionally, and I have noted with great satisfaction and not a little pride Loyola's splendid showing in the City League. Kindly convey to the rest of the team my sincere wishes for their ultimate success. We had ice and skating for a few short days.

.... The Irish Rangers are here in our Camp. I was talking to Father Hingston after Mass, last Sunday. I also saw Daw. McDonald and Neil Murphy.

I hear that there were some reports in Montreal that our Battery had been split up. We have not been split, but have had half of another battery added to our strength, making us a six-gun battery.

Roddy Watt is Adjutant of the 13th Brigade....

FROM LEO SHORTALL.

King George Hospital,
Stanford St., London,
May 2nd, 1917.

.... Well, here I am in hospital, in London, with six wounds and a broken leg. Fritz got me pretty hard when he did get me. I have one in my right hip, one in my right groin, one in the right side of my stomach, one in my left thigh, and one in my left arm. My right leg is broken close to my body.

We made a charge the 15th of April, and just as we got as far as we were to go—the German second line—I heard the rattle of a machine gun at close quarters, and then something struck me like a kick from a horse. I got my equipment off and started to crawl back, when a sniper spotted me and got me through the right leg. It turned me right over on my back. I was lying out two days and two nights, before the Red Cross found me. You can guess what I suffered. You don't know what *thirst* is yet, and I hope to God you never will.... Remember me to all the boys and Fathers.

MY MADONNA.

Were I an artist, I could paint
A picture that my heart doth know,
Serenest than serenest saint,
Her face with heavenly light aglow,
Fairer than aught the world can show,
Than moonlit sky o'er silver sea,
Than crimson west o'er plains of snow,
So fair should my madonna be.

A crown of radiant stars serene
Should shed a softly lambent light
O'er spotless robe of brodered sheen,
And ivory throne of purest white.
Beneath her feet the blossoms bright
Of fairest flowers of vale and lea,
In snowy clusters should unite,
So pure should my madonna be.

Before her throne without restraint,
From struggling souls on earth below
Should rise the flood of human plaint;
A swollen tide of throb and throe,
The waters thence should downward go
A sparkling stream of sympathy
And grace and peace in ceaseless flow
Such love should my madonna be.

ENVOI

Grandest than grandest sight e'er seen,
Should be my love portrayed by me,
A mother, virgin, glorious queen,
So grand should my madonna be.

F. J. D., '04.

COLLEGE STAFF



TWENTY - FIRST ACADEMICAL YEAR
1916-1917



REV. THOMAS J. MacMAHON, S.J., Rector
REV. MOSES C. MALONE, S.J., Prefect of Studies and of Discipline (1st Term)
REV. JOHN F. COX, S.J., Prefect of Studies and of Discipline (2nd Term)
REV. A. JOSEPH PRIMEAU, S.J., Bursar
REV. THOMAS A. GORMAN, S.J., Apologetics
MR. ERLE G. BARTLETT, S.J., Mental and Moral Philosophy
MR. JOSEPH A. CORCORAN, S.J., Higher Mathematics, Sciences
MR. JOSEPH I. BERGIN, S.J., Rhetoric and Humanities
MR. DEMETRIUS B. ZEMA, S.J., First Grammar
MR. WALTER S. McMANUS, S.J., Second Grammar, Librarian
MR. ACHILLES M. COURCHESNE, S.J., Third Grammar
MR. JOHN HUGH KEENAN, S.J., Latin Rudiments
MR. FRANCIS R. BURKE, Preparatory I
MR. WILLIAM J. SULLIVAN, Preparatory II
MR. FRANCIS J. McDONALD, S.J., Prefect, Mathematics
MR. RAPHAEL E. KENNEDY, S.J., Prefect, Mathematics
MR. M. FRANCIS BRESLIN, S.J., Prefect, French
MR. E. EICHORN, Music
J. G. McCARTHY, Esq., M.D., College Physician
J. L. D. MASON, Esq., M.D., College Physician

HILAIRE BELLOC

A well-known English writer has characterised Hilaire Belloc as "the man who has made the greatest fight for good things of all the men of my time." His figure is an outstanding one in British public life. His efforts to mould his countrymen's opinions have commanded universal attention. Even those who do not agree with him cannot make light of his weighty words: he claims nothing but a hearing and he always gets it, because with sober sincerity he appeals directly to man's intelligence.

His is a medieval mind. In some quarters, such a statement reads like a reproach or at least suggests a train of unpleasant ideas. Medievalism, to the unhistorical, is associated with mental slavery, servile subjection to authority, ignorance of physical science and superstition. To the man who has taken an interest in the growth of the exercise of intelligence, to be medieval is a thinker's most valued title to nobility. The mind of the Middle Ages, at its best, was broad, synthetic, much-embracing, Catholic. It looked out over the whole universe, grasped the harmony of its parts, and fitted them together into a system before which all impartial philosophers must ever stand in admiration.

When I say, then, that Belloc's mind is medieval or Catholic, I do not refer to his versatility, to the wide range of his abilities and achievements, nor yet to a narrow, unsympathetic dogmatic temper. I mean that he has a remarkable talent for, what he calls himself comprehensiveness. He has the power of grasping a subject in its fullness, of seeing the ultimate conclusions of vast premises. He has the knack, almost uncanny in its accuracy, of fastening on the vital portion of a mass of evidence—in this he strikingly resembles Edmund Burke. So-called modern thought meets with no mercy at his hands, he has no patience with partial aspects of a question that convey to the mind a false impression of the whole. The tendency to see problems at an angle, to split up issues on the plea of thoroughness, he condemns in the name of truth. Not that he is an unreasoning opponent of progress; on the contrary, his belief in it is both sincere and practical, but he absolutely refuses to accept every modification in what is old and good as a change for the better.

To enter into the details of his work would be impossible, but his characteristic temper of mind is evident in his treatment of every subject he handles. In Economics, he shows the failure of socialism to be a necessity, because its motive-force is not charity but selfishness, but he clamours insistently for some reform that will raise the worker to the dignity of a proprietor and not reduce him to the condition of a slave. In Apologetics, he considers the most effective method to be the restatement of fundamental truths and their application to known facts. In politics, he attacks with stinging irony the corruption of parties and pleads for union of all well-meaning, patriotic men on basic laws of government for the good of the community. In poetry, he speaks with no faltering accents of what is noble and refined. As a war expert, he studies campaigns, forecasts military moves, points out blunders, analyses motives with such success that all London looks forward to his weekly lecture on the situation.

Perhaps his most serious work, sometimes overlooked, is in the domain of History. Here his powers find a vast sphere for their unfolding. In a remark-



CAPTAIN GEORGE P. VANIER,
22nd Battalion,
B.A. 1906.
Military Cross.

able series of papers, "Civilisation and the Faith," he shows European culture and civilisation emerging from the old Roman Empire, transformed and ennobled by Catholicity, held together by that vital force when the material structure of the Empire broke down, recollecting and consolidating itself through the centuries from the 6th to the 10th, awakening to a more intense and active life in the Middle Ages—years of youth renewed and of spiritual content—threatened with disruption by the Reformation, recovering from the blows dealt it by the energy of the Faith that was in it, the Faith that could not die because immortal. In the leavening influence of the Church on society and in its final triumph, he sees the salvation of Europe. Catholicity alone can keep or regain for it all that is good, wholesome and noble in life.

It is natural that the prominent features of France's history and the forecasting of her fate should possess a peculiar fascination for a man of Belloc's blood and antecedents. He returns to the study of the French Revolution again and again. Without unqualified admiration for the old régime, he does not despair of the new, even though unfortunate accidents have placed it throughout a century in conflict with the Church. He not only proves, in the "Church and French Democracy," that there is no necessary antagonism between the two, but shows how the opposition arose.

He traces the conflict back to the alliance, natural at the time, between the absolute monarchy and the hierarchy in France. Men took to be identical forces which happened to be united. The Civil Constitution of the Church, a political blunder due to the shortsightedness of its framers, was the immediate source of the misunderstanding. The radical Republicans foolishly thought that the Church was doomed and wished to show it mercy, on account of its long and respectable career, by making it a department of state. They demanded that one oath should cover loyalty to Democracy and disloyalty to Catholicity. Churchmen refused it. Their stand, meant to be an act of faith in the Divine Constitution of the Church, was interpreted as an act of treason to the Republic. The war that broke out with Europe accentuated the points of difference between the two. Thus by an absolutely irrational association of ideas, an opposition which was accidental and temporary was held to be necessary, unavoidable and permanent. A younger generation with open minds and new problems is coming to see the fallacy.

The return of a more sensible attitude in dealing with the question, the failure of Freemasonry, and the silent Missionary efforts of the greatest of Missionary peoples are the bright lines above the horizon that tell of the dawn of a better day.

Recognition was given to Belloc's ability as an historian when he was chosen to complete the work of Dr. Lingard. Although not possessed of all the qualities that made his predecessor an authority of recognised standing, his volume shows a more leisurely manner and a broader vision.

Many have considered Belloc's intimate friendship and literary co-operation with Gilbert Chesterton as a very strange phenomenon. The surface differences between the two as well as some of the more radical divergences are clearly marked. The similarity between them would seem to be rather negative. Both profess extreme contempt for the self-sufficiency of some present day thinkers, both are convinced that scepticism is wrong, both train all their powers on

the destruction of what they feel to be sham and insincerity. It has been claimed, with some justice, that a great part of Chesterton's work stops here. He overwhelms his opponent with ridicule, exaggerates his inconsistencies only to have greater fun at his expense. At times, his arguments miss the mark. He is not sober enough. He knows that his antagonist is wrong, he does not always take pains to find out to what extent he is in error.

Belloc, with no less enthusiasm but with far greater justice, takes a share in the tearing down of unsteady edifices, but while Chesterton looks on and smiles with glee at the discomfiture of those who thought their building unshakable, Belloc immediately sets about a reconstruction. His most effective work begins where Chesterton's ends. He has something solid to take the place of what is worm-eaten. His style, seldom brilliant, is always virile, straightforward, limpid. When he indulges in paradox, he proves that he is right. Chesterton is ready to sacrifice the thought to its expression, Belloc does not hesitate to be diffuse and even dull in words, provided his idea be compelling. Belloc's deep Catholic faith gives him a great advantage over his friend. It helps to make his mind broad, logical and positive.

I take leave of friends, young and old, who have had the patience to follow me thus far, with this little incident. I can vouch for its truth, they must judge of its significance. Last summer, whilst travelling with a companion, who, while appreciating the benefits of a classical education, had never been able to secure its advantages, I read aloud a characteristic essay from Belloc. The author's name was unknown to my friend. He listened to the reading with great attention. At its conclusion, he remained thoughtfully silent for a moment, then he said: "That man must have been educated by the Jesuits." Now, Belloc was not.

G. C. M.



The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Owing to the somewhat unsettled state of affairs attendant upon our arrival in the new College, it was not till February 11th that the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin recommenced its Sunday Meetings. It was Reverend Father Cox, S.J., the founder of the Sodality at old Loyola, who this year reorganised the good work upon a much larger scale. He called together the boys of the upper classes and after a stirring little talk named the following officers:—

Prefect.....	Francis A. Bussière
Assistant Prefect.....	John O'N. Gallery
Secretary.....	W. Roy Dillon
Treasurer.....	Frederick V. Hudon
Sacristan.....	Marcus C. Doherty

The Executive then met and chose the Councillors and the Amusement Committee, which were composed of the following:

Councillors:—Richard J. Dooner, Eugene Audet, Terence G. Walsh, Charles C. Phelan, Robert E. Anglin, Everett McGarr, Thomas Walsh.

Amusement Committee:—Harold M. Doyle, Edward Duckett, A. Francis McGillis, Joseph J. Ryan, Roy Galvin, Noah A. Timmins, Martin Pye, Michael Enright, John O'Halloran.

The first regular meeting, as indeed all others, was attended by large numbers of both present and past students. Reverend Father Moderator outlined the programme of the Sodality and pointed out that its function was not only religious, but social as well, since one of its chief purposes was to establish a closer union between masters and students, between present students and former ones. That his plan has succeeded admirably is shown by the large and enthusiastic meetings that have been held uninterruptedly every Sunday evening.

After the devotions in the Chapel, the members adjourn to their recreation hall and smoking room where they are entertained with a lively and varied programme organised by the Amusement Committee, which has displayed a great skill in unearthing buried talent. Special mention must be made of the boxing bouts, which furnished unlimited enjoyment to both contestants and spectators. A billiard tournament, which attracted great interest, resulted in the championship—and along with it a handsome pipe—going to Gerald Lonergan.

The last meeting for this year was held on May 27th, when a great deal of talent, both vocal and instrumental, was in evidence, while refreshments were served in the recreation hall,

W. ROY DILLON.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The year 1916-1917 was one of the most successful the Loyola Literary and Debating Society has had since its foundation. In no previous year in the history of the Society were so many names on the roll or so much novelty and variety in the weekly meetings. Prominent among other innovations was the sleigh-drive and supper which took the place of the customary annual banquet. Its success will be more fully dealt with later on. The class entertainments and inter-class debates are also worthy of special mention on account of the special interest and emulation which they evoked.

The first meeting of the year was held on October 17th, under the direction of the Moderator, Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J., and the following officers were elected:

President.....	John O'N. Gallery
Vice-President.....	Edward H. Duckett
Secretary.....	Frederick V. Hudon
Councillors.....	{ A. Francis McGillis Gaston Delisle

At the beginning of the year it was deemed more advisable to have the weekly meetings on Tuesday evenings instead of on Sunday afternoons, as in this way the attendance of the Day Scholars would be greater. However, with the revival of the Sodality on Sunday evenings, it was decided to revert to the old order, for thus the Day Scholars who came to the debates might take supper at the College and remain for the Sodality meetings.

The first debate of the year, as is usual, was a general discussion. The resolution read " That Loyola College should enter a team in the City Hockey League." After many lively encounters of wit and eloquence, which afforded much pleasure to all concerned, the judges gave their decision in favour of the negative.

On the following Tuesday the Executive took the platform in the first regular debate, " Resolved that the Liberal Party of Canada should not remain passive in view of the conduct of the Conservative Militia Department." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Duckett and Hudon, the negative by Messrs. Delisle and Dillon. Owing, no doubt, to the important changes which had taken place in the Militia Department on the preceding day, the debate caused more interest and excitement than would have been possible under ordinary circumstances. Sound were the arguments brought forth by either side, vigorous and spirited also, the refutations. The victory was awarded to the affirmative.

During the course of the year many interesting subjects were brought forward for debate. War in its different aspects was ably discussed, politics were torn piecemeal, and even Civic Administration was touched upon, with the result that it was decided one day, after a more than lively discussion, that the Montreal Board of Control should be abolished. Relative to the merits of the debates



CAPTAIN "RODDY" WATT,
Div. Amm. Col.,
O. L. 1907.
Military Cross.

in general, it may be said that in most cases they were sufficiently well prepared, and that reference to manuscripts—that chronic weakness of some debaters—was gradually put to shame and almost disappeared.

On February 11th, a business meeting was held, and several matters were laid before the members for discussion. Among these was the projected sleigh-drive and supper to take the place of the usual formal banquet. After a few of the members had spoken, it was apparent that the plan was a feasible one, and judging by the applause that each speaker received, a very satisfactory one, too.

The great event took place on Shrove Tuesday, March 20th. The weather, though somewhat cold, was fine and clear. There was a short delay before we got under way and a little subsequent trouble in convincing the two worthies who were guiding the destinies of the big King-Fisher that we were bound for Cartierville and not for Lachine. But these incidents, giving occasion, as they did, to assorted comments and hearty expressions of regard for certain widely advertised proprietors of King-Fishers, added no little interest to the outing.

After an exciting ride of nearly two hours, during which time the countryside resounded with College songs and other popular ditties, as well as with a few vigorous College yells, we arrived at Cartierville, where supper awaited us. Owing to the lateness of the hour, Mr. President, who acted as toastmaster, requested the speakers to be brief, and it is worthy of note that their compliance with this request did not render the speakers less eloquent. The list of toasts follows:

	Proposer	Responder
The King	Mr. Toastmaster	
Our Society	Mr. W. R. Dillon	Mr. J. A. Dixon
The College	Mr. H. M. Doyle	Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J.
Our Moderator	Mr. F. V. Hudon	Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J.
The Ladies	Mr. T. G. Walsh	Mr. H. L. Blanchard

FREDERICK V. HUDON

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

When at thy feet, O Mother full of grace,
 Poor crippled forms pour forth their pray'rs and tears,
 How oft the deep-set maladies of years
 Take sudden flight and leave behind no trace!
 Thy bounteous shrine is mankind's resting-place:
 To sightless eyes, that turn to thee, appears
 God's world till then unknown; the deaf find ears,
 The lame first walk, while gazing at thy face.

But to our weary souls thou art yet more:
 Thy gracious hand smoothes all our cares away,
 With thoughts of thee our troubled minds grow still,
 Our ice-cold hearts begin to feel the thrill
 Of love not found on earth. O who can say
 "There is no hope," whilst thou canst all restore?

REX REGIS.

THE GRADUATES OF 1917

EUGENE AUDET

Throughout the years Eugene Audet has been at Loyola, he has won nothing but praise from all with whom he has come into contact. He stands high in his year, and has, moreover, found opportunities, even in a scholastic career, to reveal his proficiency as a farmer, machinist and carpenter. Always taking great interest in College life, with his quaint accent and his unassuming good-nature, he has won a place in our heart which, when he leaves us, will ever be filled with memories of a happy comradeship.

THOMAS BRACKEN

Among the many friends we are losing, Tommy Bracken takes a foremost place. He is small of stature, but big-hearted; quiet, but capable, and earnest and vigorous in expounding and upholding his opinions. He holds the College record for the pole-vault, enjoys a reputation as an amateur actor, is a leader in the College Choir, plays on the Class Baseball Team, and is a willing supporter of all College enterprises. He is not one to forget us, and we shall not forget him.

FRANCIS A. BUSSIÈRE

The year 1917 carries away with it one of our best friends in Frank Bussièr. His career at College has been marked by a steady advance in class-work, and a meteoric rise in the field of sport. Hermes-like, he has winged his way over many a cinder-track and has established for himself a high reputation both in the College and outside. His favourite pastime is tennis, and in this he is one of our stars, while his first appearance in foot ball this year was marked by equal eagerness and surprising success.

His marked urbanity, considerateness and generosity—the last shown by his constant championing of less popular causes—have given him a special niche in the hearts and esteem of all who know him.

GORDON M. CARLIN

It was in September, 1909, that Gordon Carlin began his career at Loyola. It was interrupted four years later, but he returned here from McGill for his course in Philosophy. Energy, initiative and peristent industry have won for him success in many spheres. The Review owes much to his efforts as Business Manager. He has enlisted in the 68th Siege Battery, and the good wishes of his friends will be with him in his soldier's life.

LEOPOLD CHOPIN

The reputation earned at St. Mary's by this hard-working serious-minded student has been maintained amongst us. During the year he has lived with

us, we have discovered, despite his reserve, an affability, kindness and humour, which make us regret the shortness of our acquaintance.

Chopin is to study Medicine at Laval. We are sure that the qualities of mind and character that made for him so many friends at Loyola will do likewise for him at the University.

EDMOND COURCHESNE

This quiet newcomer has spent only his graduating year with us. In this short time, he has gained by his good-will and real College spirit the admiration and respect of his fellow-students. He has helped a great deal in upholding the standard of Loyola in Athletics. In September, he donned for the first time a football uniform, and by the end of the month was an effective member of the Senior Team. He also played on the Senior Hockey Team, and contributed greatly to the success of the season.

JOHN M. CUDDY

The great qualities and gifts of mind and heart which make John Cuddy a distinguished and beloved member of his class, are only completely realised when we have to say farewell.

From Special Latin,—which he joined from Mount St. Louis,—to his graduating year, John has been a leader, and ends his career at Loyola as the Medallist and Valedictorian of his class. In countless ways he has been of service to his friends, above all, perhaps, by his example of serene, kindly gentlemanliness. Loyola is proud of him.

RICHARD J. DOONER

To do justice to "Pa" would need a mighty pen. During the seven years that we have known him, he has impressed us as a serious-minded student, a congenial friend, an able athlete, and a staunch supporter of everything that tends to make College life more agreeable.

If Loyola has acquired the greatest hockey fame in her history, this is largely due to "Pa's" superb playing in goals. The cool and earnest temperament, of which he has given proof on the ice, will stand him in good stead in the years to come.

HAROLD M. DOYLE

Began his Classical Course at Old Loyola some nine years ago. Though St. Francis Xavier's claimed him as her student during 1913-14, he was back amongst us the following year, much to the delight of his many friends. His pleasing manner and his active participation in every branch of sport have won for him popularity and prominence in College life. His debating abilities are worthy of special mention, as is also the optimistic view he takes of life in general. His intention is to join the Army, and, needless to say, our good wishes go with him.

EDWARD DUCKETT

In offering his services to Lieut.-Col. Blondin, Eddie Duckett has added his name to the glorious list of our soldier-alumni. In the ten years that he has been with us, he has been a prominent figure in the College. Always successful in his studies, he has, moreover, displayed great talent on the track, winning the mile race, twice in succession. Eddie has ever been popular, and this year

was elected President of the Loyola Scientific Society. We wish him every success in his military career.

JOHN O'NEILL GALLERY

Ever since he entered College, in 1906, John has been a favourite with Faculty and students. The pluck and spirit, which he has displayed for the past six years, both on the gridiron and on the ice, will surely carry him along the path of success in life. Cool and sensible, liberal and generous, he has never failed to gain admiration and praise.

Under his leadership, the Hockey Team won the City League championship; thanks to his ability, our football season was most successful this year, and our Literary and Debating Society most prosperous.

Exceedingly good-natured, earnest, generous, it is small wonder that John will be sorely missed.

ANTOINE HAMELIN

Hamelin, in one short year, has gained the respect and esteem of all by his solid gifts, his thoroughness and adaptability. He has chosen to follow the Law, as his profession, and his shrewd, accurate mind, his breadth of vision, his incomparable industry will undoubtedly make of him a successful lawyer.

A. FRANCIS MCGILLIS

"Giggy," whose cheery, bright and attractive personality will be greatly missed by us all, has made his whole Course at the College, from Preparatory to Philosophy. He has always taken an active and whole-hearted interest in every phase of College life. The early age at which he is graduating testifies to his abilities. Of his proficiency and popularity as an athlete we may let facts speak for themselves: for the past three years, he has been a prominent member of the L.C.A.A.A. Executive; he was one of the youngest members of the Senior Hockey Team, Manager of the Senior Football Team, and an enthusiastic participant in all the other College sports.

Whatever sphere of life he enters, we, who appreciate and admire his sterling qualities and prize his friendship, are confident that he will reflect honour upon his College.

PAUL-EMILE SENTENNE

From Montreal College to St. Mary's to Loyola, such is Paul's Odyssey. We can only regret that he has been with us but one year. He is highly endowed both in mind and body, and his public spirit and willingness have won the hearts of all his new friends.

MAURICE VERSAILLES

Maurice is the perfect type of the conscientious, ambitious student, and the courtly gentleman. No lengthy description could be a greater tribute to him. His ten years at Loyola have been marked by uninterrupted success in his studies. He graduates with high honours and with every promise of a brilliant future. Athletics have never been his hobby, yet he is an exceptional skilful tennis-player and a good horseman. He will grace whatever career he embraces.



PHILOSOPHY



RHETORIC

HIS LORE GALORE

□ □ □

This story will attract you all,
'Tis short, instructive, up-to-date.
A fact-and-figure-cannibal
Sat down before a manual—
The brilliant child was only eight.

He studied hard and long and late,
His purpose was to master all:
To read, to write, to calculate,
To learn the name, the cause, the date,
Of everything historical.

In science philosophical,
To know the reasons ultimate;
By methods new and practical,
To seek for and discover all
The laws of nature intricate;

To speak the tongue of every state;
To know facts mathematical;
To carve, to paint, to educate,
To publish poems small and great,
And masterpieces musical;

To settle surely once for all
How microbes sickness propagate;
How weakness psychological
And cares microbophobic
Our mortal life abbreviate.

He worked at an astounding rate;
His genius triumphed over all.
No mortal mind could estimate,
An angel might appreciate,
His lore encyclopedical.

The sequel is unusual:
You think you know his sad, sad fate:
An early death, a funeral!
I hate to disabuse you all—
He's going strong at eighty-eight.

J. F.

THE JUNIORS ~ Seen by Seniors

RODOLPHE BERNARD.—Like the violet, fair to see, yet modest and retiring.

Eloquent in his silences, painstaking and thorough.

An amateur boxer, cool and clever; qualities which explain his reputation in tennis, baseball and—in more serious pursuits—his efficiency in the Laval C.O.T.C.

LOUIS CLEMENT.—Compact and sturdy, with deep and questioning eyes.

Senior member of the Lachine Clan, where the *laissez-faire* policy is not unknown. Mechanically inclined; less patient of abstruse theories.

GASTON DELISLE.—Gaston—often lovingly, but significantly, abbreviated to

“ Gas ”—was not born to blush unseen, nor unheard.

A courtly, fluent person, steeped in politics, optimism, enthusiasm, good-fellowship. Alternates between stirring speech and winning smiles. He absorbs and dispenses varied knowledge with equal exuberance. Soon to be an officer, he basks in golden dreams of his future as a soldier-statesman.

WENTWORTH ROY DILLON.—The bubbling, harmless youth of the

dreamy eyes. The original originator of

original originality, or the wonderful wielder of weird ideas. Precocious and gifted, warm-hearted and considerate, he is an agreeable companion, whose levity and irrepressible views are easily pardoned.

JOHN ALOYSIUS DIXON.—A master-strategist in the never-ending world-

war against work, though his manoeuvres often

include the wholesome movement of direct frontal attack. A specialist in ready, expansive smiles, which are often audible. The present class-leader in studies. Exclusive in sports, true to baseball alone.

FREDERICK VALMORE HUDON.—Noted for his “ pained smile,” erect

carriage, and managerial activities.

President of the L.C.A.A.A. Great contributor to His Majesty’s postal revenue. A forcible, fiery debater.

WILFRED O’KANE.—Solemn, solid and slightly solitary. Has a bass voice

and lofty ideals. Industrious, inquisitive and enter-

taining.

JOSEPH JAMES RYAN.—“ Herbie,” the veteran, the pride of St. Henry,

sober at school, shining in society. Holds the

short distance auto record for Brock Avenue. Good-natured, obliging, considerate and, therefore, popular.

TERENCE GERARD WALSH.—“ Teddy ” or “ Juliet.” Short and sweet,

tinged with sentiment and romance.

Reverts to expressive speechlessness where others would explode. Interested in History and Political Science. Expounder of certain curious “ What’s-the-Use ” theories.

A TRIP THROUGH THE HEAVENS

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of the stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Longfellow.

On a beautiful summer's night, when all things on earth are asleep, and the deep silence inclines us to reverie and contemplation, how often have we felt the desire to understand the mysteries of the starry heavens, to know the solution of the problems which Astronomy presents to us? The majority of men know little of the marvels of Nature; they live upon the earth as birds in a cage, hardly realizing where they are, ignorant of the great laws of the universe, never stopping to admire the wonders of creation. Formerly men imagined the stars to be as golden nails sprinkled profusely upon an immense tapestry, or as lamps suspended from a vast and lofty vault of lapis lazuli. The science of Astronomy in dispelling these primitive illusions has not destroyed the splendour of beauty which they represented.

The celestial vault, which we call the blue sky, is but an appearance. All the stars, from the most to the least brilliant, those that twinkle in the depth of the heavens, those that escape our direct vision and are revealed to us by the telescope, those countless luminous points that are registered on our photographic plates, are all bright suns scattered in the immensity of space. Our solar system is but a small island in this vast archipelago; our Sun itself is but a simple star in this fantastic agglomeration of brilliant spheres.

Almost all the heavenly bodies are suns like ours, formidable centres of attraction, which radiate light and hold within their sphere of attraction smaller bodies called planets. A star and its planets circulating around it form a system. The stars are always apparently at the same distance from one another, but it is not so with the planets; one night you see them shining near this or that star in certain positions, the next night they have shifted their locations. The ancients were not ignorant of this fondness for travel on the part of these bodies, and for this reason had given them the name of "planets," which signifies "wanderers."

We are all familiar with the names of the eight planets which constitute the greater part of the Sun's empire. In the order of their proximity to the Sun they are: Mercury, the smallest; Venus, the brilliant star of twilight, sometimes morning star, sometimes evening star; the Earth, which we inhabit, and which gravitates at more than one hundred and forty-nine millions of kilometres (93,000,000 miles, from the Sun; Mars, the mysterious, with its reddish continents, its frozen poles, its changing vegetation, and perhaps its inhabitants; the giant Jupiter, thirteen hundred times larger than the Earth; Saturn with its many rings; and finally Uranus and Neptune, lost at more than four thousand millions of kilometres from the Sun. Then come the asteroids, the wandering comets, shooting stars, cosmic dust whirling like golden flies around a powerful light.

THE SUN

First we shall visit the centre of attraction, under whose influence these heavenly bodies whirl around in space.

Our means of locomotion? Simply a ray of light. Locomotives, aeroplanes, automobiles, all these are too slow. A shell shot at a speed of one thousand metres per second would arrive there only at the end of the fifth year. Sight can travel to this immense ball, 1,300,000 times bigger than the earth, in eight minutes, eighteen seconds.¹ The time to walk a kilometre, and there we are!

No real surface, a thick layer of cloud shining with incomparable brightness, and penetrating into the interior for thousands and thousands of kilometres. There take place, in the midst of the crashes of a perpetual storm, most extraordinary chemical actions. In the gigantic eddies of this crucible, where all our terrestrial substances would be volatilised, exists a terrific temperature, from 6,000 to 7,000 degrees Centigrade.

Sometimes violent currents, driven by an invincible force, penetrate the centre of the mass, part the clouds and oppose their formation. It is then that the surface appears to us relatively dark. Overheated under pressure, the substances, which a lower temperature had caused to be condensed into brilliant rain-drops, are decomposed again under the influence of the increasing heat; the clouds have completely disappeared; a spot is formed under our eyes.

First of all, around the nucleus, clouds are formed in the shape of very distinct luminous filaments, like the petals of a compound flower. Under the influence of the downward current, they are precipitated from the neighbouring regions, that is to say, from tens of thousands of kilometres. Flying with prodigious speed, they feed this gigantic and terrifying maelstrom. As soon as they have reached the centre, rain begins; but it is a rain of fire, continuous, formidable, which lasts uninterruptedly for days and days. Luminous bridges are shot from one side to the other; bridges of gigantic dimensions: forty, fifty, sixty thousand kilometres.

The entire disk of the sun, seen from the earth, although very brilliant, appears yellow. Upon near inspection, its colour is like that of an electric arc, bluish white. The violet spots move in this bluish, dazzling medium, which constitutes the photosphere (luminous sphere), and above this layer there is a thin, rosy envelope, almost entirely made of hydrogen. It is the chromosphere, perfectly visible to the naked eye during a total eclipse. Far beyond the chromosphere there is a luminous layer, formed of long, gracefully curved filaments. It is the corona.

Such is the celestial body on which we depend entirely for our existence.

MERCURY

We have just left the sun, and are now going to Mercury by means of our ray of light.

Why this mythological name, recalling the god of thieves? Because Mercury, the smallest of the eight principal planets, by reason of its relative nearness to the sun, hides itself with the greatest ease from the searching gaze of astronomers. Revolving at 58,000,000 kilometres from the sun, it is always

1. Velocity of light; 300,000 kilometres, or 186,400 miles per second.

plunged in its rays. Kepler has demonstrated that the nearer a planet is to the sun, the faster it goes. Mercury is the first proof of this. It holds the record for speed among the planets, with its forty-six kilometres per second. To make its revolution around the Sun, it takes only 88 days, that is to say, a year on Mercury is but 88 of our days.

We have now reached Mercury. Into what furnace have we fallen? From here the Sun's surface appears seven times larger than it did from the earth. Our gas thermometers would indicate at least 250 degrees above zero. The soil of this planet, 23 times smaller than ours, has never known rivers and oceans like ours. Water remained in the state of vapour until it was absorbed by the rocks and the different metals. Atmosphere itself no longer exists on this planet, burnt by a terrific heat. Those lakes which we see shining in the bright sunlight are but vast reservoirs of molten tin.

Let us leave Mercury, so inhospitable to life, and go to Venus, the "Star of the Shepherd," the nearest world to the Earth after the Moon.

VENUS

Gravitating in our own neighbourhood, Venus has been formed of the same materials as the Earth, and probably under analogous conditions. This serves to explain the physical resemblance between the two planets; same weight at the surface; same density; same atmosphere; dimensions almost alike, the diameter of Venus being only 39 kilometres smaller than the Earth's. The difference between the two planets lies only in their respective distances from the Sun. Let us bring the Earth 42,000,000 kilometres nearer to the Sun, and imagine the results.

The heat received will immediately be twice as much, and the process of evaporation far more active. A part of the oceans will be vaporised, and a thick layer of clouds will envelope the earth. Humidity will increase in the same proportion, and diluvian rains will fall on the continents. The mean temperature in this damp atmosphere will reach 70 degrees Centigrade under all latitudes. In a word, the Earth, under the influence of this increased heat, would soon be brought back to the end of the palaeozoic era; a luxurious vegetation of cycadofilices, of ferns, of gigantic araucarites would overspread the continents; our season trees would disappear, and in the midst of the immense forests of the carboniferous period we would probably see reappearing the enormous saurians of past ages. Such should be the physical constitution of the planet Venus, if we take into consideration the appearances of telescopic sight.

In this thick atmosphere, saturated with water-vapour, the spots which we distinguish are so fugitive, their power of reflection so great, that astronomers are still discussing the duration of its rotation.

Let us follow our luminous ray, which now brings us back to the earth.

THE EARTH

From an astronomical point of view, the Earth is the third planet from the Sun. Although its shape is far from regular, yet between its equatorial diameter, measuring about 13,000 kilometres, and the diameter joining the poles the

difference is of scarcely 22 kilometres. On a globe four metres in diameter this difference would amount to a seven millimetre flattening, which is insignificant. This simple problem shows us how small, in relation to the size of the Earth, are the heights and depths measured on its surface. They can scarcely be compared with the asperities on the skin of an orange.

The Earth rotates around its axis in 24 hours. Now, when the axis is perpendicular to the plane of rotation, it can easily be seen that the days and the nights are of equal length. But this takes place only twice a year, at the equinoxes. The rest of the year, the days are sometimes longer, sometimes shorter. The reason for this inequality is that while the Earth is rotating in an almost circular path, call the ecliptic, its axis is inclined at an angle of $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees to the plane of the ecliptic.

If the Earth's axis of rotation was produced indefinitely, it would pierce the celestial sphere at a point called the celestial pole, very near the polar star. All the stars seem to turn around this ideal line, while in truth it is the Earth which is turning. In the year 4000 B.C., the axis of the Earth was pointed towards a star of the constellation of Draco. In 13,000 years, Vega, the beautiful blue sun, which shines in the Lyra, will be our polar star, and in 25,817 years the celestial pole will have returned to the place where we now see it. The terrestrial axis slowly describes a cone of twice $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, *i.e.*, 47 degrees. In other words, the inclination of the axis is always the same; its direction alone varies in an interval of about 26,000 years. The cause of this phenomenon is the attraction of the Sun; but the Moon, at each instant modifies this attraction, and thus an irregular cone is formed.

Imagine the astonishment of astronomers when one day they discovered that their observatories were moving, and seemed now to approach, now to recede from the poles. It was unbelievable. Yet this almost insignificant displacement was sufficiently great to render false the position of stars on the celestial maps. It was a displacement of .6 seconds of an arc, *i.e.*, about 20 metres. This movement is due to the solar heat, which, each year, by evaporating the surface of the oceans, displaces an amazing weight of water, about 720,000 millions of kilogrammes.

Another interesting movement, discovered recently, is one which can be compared to a true respiration, displacing day and night the level of continents and oceans. Our globe is like a rubber ball which expands and contracts under the attractive influence of the Moon and the Sun. The terrestrial surface is never at the same distance from its centre. At each instant our buildings, our cities, rise and fall, and the range of this odd respiration reaches forty centimetres.

Let us recapitulate. First of all, we participate in the movement of the Earth's rotation, the speed of which, in Montreal, is about 300 metres per second. Then there is the movement of translation around the Sun, at the rate of 30 kilometres per second. Our speed is nine hundred times that of an express train, thirty-five times that of a shell as it leaves the gun. Nor must we forget that we are hurried along by the Sun also, which precipitates us into the interstellar immensity at a speed of 19 kilometres per second. Thus we see how unstable is the planet on which we live; it is lighter than the soap-bubble fluttering in the wind. Influenced by all kinds of attraction, it dances

and whirls around in the rays of the Sun, which carries it along with its inhabitants towards the unknown regions of unfathomable immensity.

THE MOON

Before continuing our tour of the planets, we must visit the Moon. It is not a planet, but a body gravitating within our sphere of attraction. Those bodies which gravitate within the sphere of attraction of other planets are called satellites, *i.e.*, body-guards.

The Moon is the nearest world to us; a distance of only 384,000 kilometres separates us from it; but as it describes an ellipse around the Earth, this distance is sometimes reduced to 356,722 kilometres. Light takes a little more than a second to reach this terrestrial suburb. Let us count two, and we are there.

A third of the visible surface of our satellite is covered by immense plains: they are called "seas," and are the large grey spots visible to the naked eye. The topography of the rest of the lunar surface is made up of a fantastic heap of rock, a very chaos; real mountains are exceptional. Parts of the surface have caved in, generally circular in shape, and thus the seas are surrounded by mountainous belts. On account of the great convexity of the lunar surface, these high walls cannot be seen. For the Moon is forty-nine times smaller than Earth. Hence the horizon is much more limited.

The intensity of light is unbearable; it seems to emanate from an immense electric arc. The sky does not resemble anything we know; it seems like an abyss. What shade—or, rather, what absence of colour! It is pure black. It is daylight, yet the stars are there, not twinkling as we see them from the Earth, but motionless. If we endeavour to speak, no sound is heard. We are in a land of eternal silence, and the cause of this is that no atmosphere exists on the Moon; rocks fall noiselessly from the sides of mountains, and silently roll into the ravines, and the earthquakes—or the moon-quakes, I should say—are not accompanied by the rumblings which frighten the men of Earth.

A few changes are still taking place on its surface; for two little craters are undergoing strange variations. Undoubtedly we are viewing the last spasms of lunar agony.

MARS

Mars is the most suitable planet for observation. When seen through the ocular of the equatorial, it seems like a disk of reddish colour. At the south pole, we see a large white spot. The austral hemisphere is in winter. Little by little, as Spring arrives, this spot will disappear, until only a point remains.

At the equator the temperature is 20 degrees below zero Centigrade, but in many places the snow melts, owing to the warmth of the soil. For as the Martian years are 686 days in length, and the axis of the planet has almost the same inclination as that of our globe, it follows that each pole is exposed for more than eleven months to the rays of the Sun. This is why the snow, deposited during the previous winter, has time to melt almost entirely.

Place a vessel of water under a pneumatic machine. As the air is gradually exhausted, the pressure is diminished and the water is vaporised. It cannot

stay in the liquid state. This is exactly what happens on Mars, for the pressure of the atmosphere is only ten centimetres. During the day the atmosphere is filled with humidity, especially in the polar regions, where the Sun melts the thin layer of ice. But as soon as the Sun sets, the warmth received during the day is quickly dissipated by radiation, and in certain places the thermometer probably registers 100 degrees centigrade below zero. Water is deposited as white frost on the ground.

Now that we know the Martian climatology, there can be no question of seas or oceans on that planet. Water is in the state either of ice or vapour. Moreover, the famous "Canals" have often been seen to traverse the so-called "oceans" in different directions.

Our neighbour in space shows us the intermediate state between the Earth and the Moon. The phenomena, which we behold from afar, are but the last manifestations of a dying life.

JUPITER

Jupiter is 1,300 times bigger than the Earth. Seen from our planet, with a small telescope, Jupiter is a splendid object, with a disc equal in size to that of the full Moon. What immediately strikes one as strange, is its extraordinary flattening towards the poles. When a liquid sphere is subjected to a rapid movement of rotation, it is flattened at the poles; this explains the flattening of rapidly rotating planets. The diameter of Jupiter is ten times that of the Earth, and yet the enormous planet rotates around its axis, not in twenty-four hours, but in nine hours and fifty-five minutes.

In our inter-planetary excursion, we shall only glance at the Jovian globe, for its soil is not yet formed. Its present state shows us a true image of the terrestrial world, before the primary period, when life did not exist. How do we know this? it may be asked. Simply by weighing the planet and calculating its density. Jupiter, as I have said, is 1,300 times bigger than the Earth, *i.e.*, its volume is 1,300 times greater than that of the Earth, whilst on an immense balance the planet would equal only 318 terrestrial globes. This shows that it is comparatively lighter.

Since the beginning of its condensation, the first-born, but largest, representative of the planets has not lost its original heat. It is still a crucible, in which all the substances are liquified or in a gaseous state. The separation of the elements is slowly taking place.

Jupiter, being situated at a distance of 777,268,000 kilometres from the Sun, receives 27 times less light and heat than the Earth. Since its axis is almost perpendicular, its year, which is equal to twelve of our years, has no seasons; and when the internal heat will have died down, the Jovian climate will be a perpetual winter.

SATURN

From the Sun light has transported to Jupiter in a little less than three-quarters of an hour. We must still travel 36 minutes before reaching Saturn, for this planet gravitates at a distance of 648,000,000 kilometres from Jupiter, and 1,425,000,000 kilometres from the Sun, in an immense orbit, which it traverses in 29½ years. Less voluminous than the preceding planet, it still has respectable dimensions, its volume being 733 times that of the Earth.

What distinguishes Saturn from all other known planets is its brilliant and mysterious ring. In the days of Galileo, of Gassendi, of Hevelius and of Huygens, many strange opinions were held as to the nature of this ring. It was Huygens who finally discovered the right explanation of the different aspects of the ring. It is neither liquid nor solid, but is composed of fine distinct particles. Wherever the thickness is sufficient, these particles reflect the solar light and appear more or less brilliant. At the equator of the planet, the ring is like a gigantic luminous arc, situated at 16,000 kilometres from its cloudy surface, and broadening out like an immense rainbow of many-coloured tints—a fairy-like spectacle. This thin silvery ribbon is 60,000 kilometres in width, but scarcely 160 kilometres in thickness.

URANUS

Less voluminous than Jupiter and even Saturn, Uranus is still 71 times larger than the Earth. Its average distance from the Sun is 3,000,000,000 kilometres, and its year is equivalent to 84 of ours. Four moons shine upon this planet, where the light and heat of the Sun is 368 times less than on the Earth.

Uranus was discovered by one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, one who may be considered as the founder of stellar astronomy, William Herschel, born in Hanover. After this discovery, the orbit of the new planet was calculated, allowing for the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn. But the planet refused to follow the path assigned to it. Therefore the problem was to find in what regions of the heavens the perturbing magnet was hidden. In less than a year, a young French mathematician, Leverrier, solved all the difficulties and indicated the position and approximate magnitude of the disturbing planet. About the same time, in England, Adams independently obtained the same result. The discovery of this planet is looked upon as the greatest triumph of mathematical astronomy.

NEPTUNE

Neptune has almost the same dimensions as Uranus—about 70 times the volume of the Earth.

Let us stop for a few moments on this distant world, which, at a distance of more than 45,000,000,000 kilometres, marks the limit of the known planets of our system. Without our being aware of it, four hours have elapsed since our luminous ray left the Sun. Seen from here, the Sun is but a star, very brilliant, indeed, but without any appreciable disc. Yet this cold daylight, this pale luminosity is 700 times more intense than the light we receive from our satellite, the Moon.

Neptune, formed long before our globe, is but a frozen planet. Its enormous volume has not protected it from the cold of the interstellar regions. From it not even the brilliant Jupiter nor the planets within the orbit of the latter can be seen. Already we begin to realize what a mere atom our terrestrial globe really is.

In order that we the more fully understand the insignificance of our planet, let us leave the Earth with the speed of light. In two seconds we have passed

the Moon; in nine minutes we are already beyond the Sun; let us travel for a day, two days, three days, without stopping: we are now more than 75,000,000,000 kilometres from the Earth. An aeroplane, travelling a hundred kilometres an hour would have taken almost a hundred thousand years to transport us where we now are. Still, we are always in the neighbourhood of our Sun; for in relation to the stellar distances, this distance is absolutely insignificant.

Let us travel for four years and a hundred and twenty-eight days, and we shall reach the nearest star to our system—one of the Centauri.

Twenty-three trillions of kilometres more, *i.e.*, three more years at three hundred thousand kilometres per second, and we shall meet the nearest sun after the one we have just passed. Let us fly for forty-seven years at the same speed, and we shall reach the North Star.

Let us continue our trip for 200 years, for 500 years; let us pass by monster suns like Canopus; let us traverse nebulae; let us graze blue suns at the beginning of their astral life; let us contemplate in their bloom golden suns; let us enter into the sphere of attraction of the red suns, which are living their last days; everywhere an immensity lies before us. Let us still travel, let us admire the variety of systems, double stars like Sirius, quadruple and sextuple ones like those in Orion. Ten centuries have elapsed since our departure, and the limits of the Universe are not yet in sight. Many more centuries of swift flight, and we reach those distant suns shining in the unknown regions near the limits of the Milky Way.

And who now will say that Astronomy is not the noblest, the greatest and most elevating of all sciences—the science which makes us realize our own nothingness, and at the same time acknowledge the infinite majesty, wisdom and power of the One who scattered these marvels by millions in the wonderful interstellar immensity of His Creation.

MAURICE VERSAILLES.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

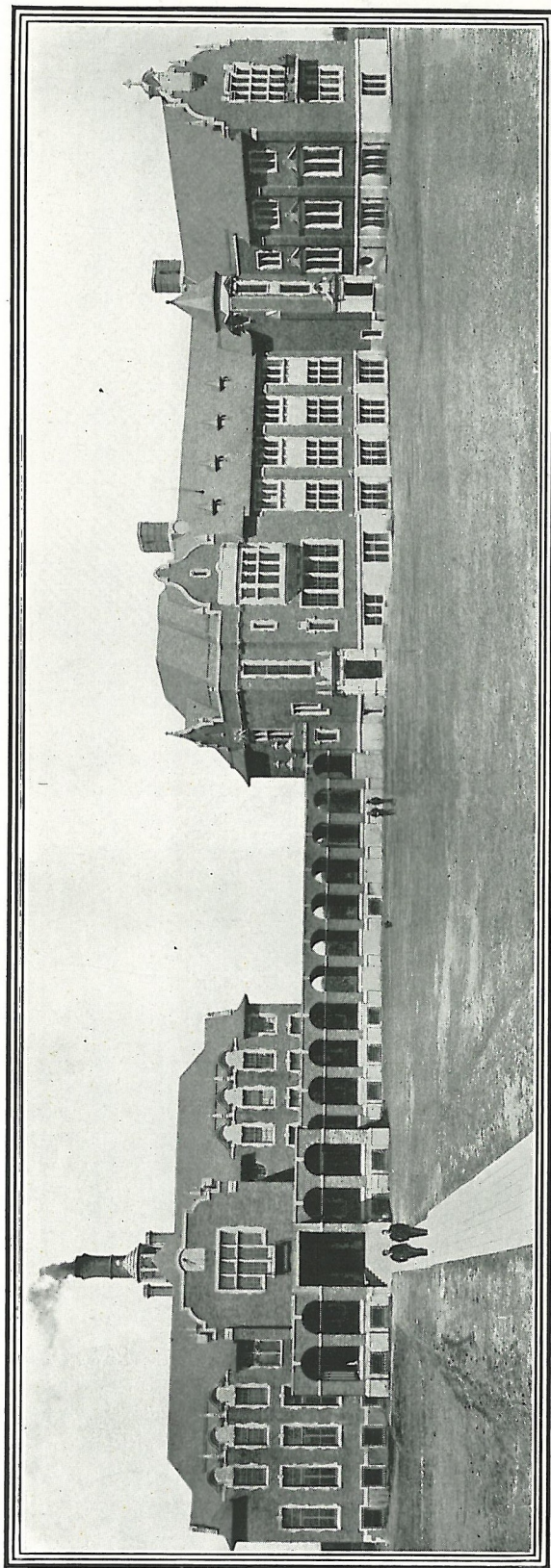
THE DOWNFALL

Hidden from all, the scene is set:
A youth, a match, a cigarette;
A scratch, a puff, a sense of joy—
Behold a proud and happy boy.

A mist, an ache, a shaky feeling,
Each muscle, nerve and sense is reeling;
A dash, a scurry, many a groan—
But he must suffer all alone.

The morn brings sunshine and relief,
Obliterating last night's grief.
Next day the same scene as before—
The net result: one smoker more.

H. M. D.



REFECTORY BUILDING

JUNIORS' BUILDING

LOYOLA SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Loyola Scientific Society took place on October 12th, the Moderator, Mr. J. A. Corcoran, S.J., explained the aim and object of the Society to the new members. The following officers were elected.

President—Mr. E. J. Duckett.

Vice-President—Mr. J. M. Cuddy.

Secretary—Mr. R. J. Dooner.

Councillors—Messrs. E. Audet and J. Hearn.

During the year the Society suffered from the loss of our worthy President, who joined the 258th Battalion, as Lieutenant, whilst Mr. Gordon Carlin, another of our members, joined the McGill Siege Battery. It may also be mentioned that our last year's President, J. D. Kearney, is in England, a lieutenant in the 79th Battery, whilst last year's Secretary, R. P. Coughlin and his brother, John M., are with the McGill Battery and the 79th respectively.

The lectures before the Society during the year were of a varied nature and much above the standard of other years. There was no lack of interest and sustained enthusiasm, and indeed the Monday afternoon meetings were always looked forward to with much pleasant anticipation. It is impossible in the space at our disposal to give an adequate account of the individual lectures. We can only say that all were very carefully prepared, and the subjects lucidly and methodically treated.

On Thursday, May 17th, the Society held a field-day. Through the kindness of the motor enthusiasts of the Society, and their friends, five automobiles were commandeered, and a very happy crowd motored out to Chambly. The day was ideal, the first in many moons. Arrived at Chambly, the members were made the guests of Mr. N. A. Timmins, and given the freedom of his country-house. After a sumptuous repast, the members scattered in search of scientific subjects, such as bugs, fossils, flowers, etc.

After a very enjoyable day, all returned to town, tired, but thoroughly convinced that the Loyola Scientific Society was not only active in the classroom and the laboratory, but also in the study of nature beyond the College walls.

TITLES OF LECTURES

Oct. 30th	"Colour,"	Mr. G. de Lisle.
Nov. 6th	"Aeronautics,"	Mr. J. O'N. Gallery.
Nov. 13th	"Optics of the Eye,"	Mr. F. Bussière.
Nov. 20th	"Water-Wheels and Turbines,"	Mr. P. Sentenne.
Nov. 29th	"Wireless,"	Mr. W. R. Dillon.
Dec. 7th	"The Automobile,"	Mr. J. J. Ryan.
Feb. 12th	"The Solar System,"	Mr. M. Versailles.

Feb. 19th	"Construction of a Ship,"	Mr. G. M. Carlin.
Mar. 1st	"Phonograph,"	Mr. F. V. Hudon.
Mar. 5th	"Gas Engine,"	Mr. W. O'Kane.
Mar. 12th	"Electro-Magnetism and Induction,"	Mr. J. M. Cuddy.
Mar. 13th	"Wild Flowers as they Grow,"	Mr. H. M. Doyle.
Mar. 19th	"Submarines,"	Mr. L. Clément.
Mar. 26th	"Roëntgen Rays,"	Mr. L. Chopin.
Apr. 10th	"Telephone,"	Mr. T. A. Bracken.
April 16th	"Theories of the Earth's Formation,"	Mr. A. Hamelin.
April 24th	"The Quebec Bridges,"	Mr. T. G. Walsh.
May 7th	"Cyclones, Tornadoes and Water-Spouts,"	Mr. R. Bernard.
May 8th	"Cotton Manufacture,"	Mr. J. A. Dixon.
May 11th	"Tobacco,"	Mr. E. Courchesne.
May 12th	"Rails,"	Mr. F. McGillis.

RICHARD J. DOONER.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM

The Musician—

He blew a joyous ringing blast
 To hail the rising sun;
 His loud triumphant notes were heard
 When half its course was run.
 He bugled thus from early morn
 Until the stars were bright;
 The neighbours gathered round his home—
 And buried him that night.

The Bard—

He sang a lay of blossoms gay,
 Of smoothly flowing streams,
 Of warbling songsters of the woods,
 Of visions seen in dreams.
 He carolled thus throughout the day,
 From dawn till stars were lit;
 That night the neighbours filled his grave—
 Perforce he had to quit.

The Orator—

The honeyed words flowed from his lips
 In streams of liquid gold;
 He quoted modern orators
 And orators of old.
 He spoke all night until the stars
 Were fading from the sky;
 When rosy-fingered dawn appeared—
 They led him out to die.

FIDUS ACHATES.

PHILOSOPHY NOTES

There was much bustle and excitement when the "infantry" made their entrance into the new and spacious home, but most of the philosophers were acclimatised already, and slightly *blases* from an eventful year in solitary occupancy of new Loyola.

No great incidents marked the current year. We received reinforcements from St. Mary's and Montreal College, there were some wounded and missing, but our life generally has been of very even tenor.

Father Swift, after a month's stay with us, providing solid pabulum for our minds and lighter food for our dawning sense of humour, was compelled by ill-health to leave for the Southern States. Mr. Bartlett returned to the chair of Philosophy,—and fell off, we presume, when no help was at hand, for we were startled, one fine morning, to learn that he was in the hospital with a compound fracture of the right arm. Dealers in the "true causes of things" have suggested that the break-neck speed of our "drive" through Jouin was to blame for this catastrophe. At all events, the result was more serious than the retribution which overtook another speed-artist on Brock Avenue—five dollars and costs!

After this second casualty, it appeared that we were dangerous and must come under martial law, for an officer of the Canadian Expeditionary Force arrived on the scene to lead us on the path to glory (intrinsic and extrinsic—an aspect of the ultimate end, etc., cf. text-books, *passim*). Captain, the Reverend W. H. Hingston, S.J., 199th Irish-Canadian Rangers, was in command until the return of Mr. Bartlett, about the middle of November.

The crowd plunged into Ethics, full of happiness—until they had to define it. Other disillusionments followed. The treatise on Society did *not* inform the habitués of the sunny side of St. Catherine Street concerning the correct shade of spats (Rodolphe knows such things by infused science); the theses on Duty gave no solace to the consciences of the motorists who ever and anon cross the boundary line on their way from Plattsburg.

Before enlightening us on the right of taxation, the authorities imposed a grievous tax, which sorely tried the unpunctual members of the Class.

Early in the Second term, the Philosophers in residence were transferred to new quarters. The "Phils' Flat" came into existence. Results: heavy sales of tobacco, wonderfully increased industry, intensified family spirit.

Doing their bit to combat the H.C. of L., certain Philosophers—Audet and Cuddy foremost among them—have devoted brawn and brains to the cultivation of the College "patriotic garden,"—yea, even bestirring themselves in the early spring processes, which were mightily a matter of *scents*, leaving the dollars to take care of themselves.

John Hearn left us, to our great regret, early in the year, to take charge of a business in Quebec. Eddie Duckett is now a Lieutenant in the 258th Overseas Battalion, while Gordon Carlin is a gunner in the 68th Siege Battery. Others hope soon to follow them.

HAROLD M. DOYLE.

ESSAYS BY COMPULSION

I shall essay to write an essay on essays. Surely, a definite definition of the thing to be defined will speedily supply the sufficient sentences to fill the specified space.

Consulting my trusty lexicon, I find that an essay is a literary composition on any subject. This makes my task look easier. However, further search discloses the fact that a literary composition is a written composition which is valued for form.

"Valued for form!" (It sounds like a racing forecast.) I am afraid some of my essays were really essays after all. Their form is rich and rare; It would lead any reader to conclude that I used some cipher. In fact, most of my literary compositions might be called literary lapses, with the lapses in control of the situation.

In strict confidence, I hold the shrewd view that essays these days are subtly intended by some "dark forces" of monopoly to promote the profitable sale of paper. For what other purpose—honestly, now—can they possibly serve? Imagine, I say, imagine any one being interested in my thoughts on the "Beauties of Nature," on "The Advantages of a Classical Education," or even on such a subject as "My Visit to Turin."

The significance of a summer sunset was ever solely its use as a sign that the meal-hour was near. The advantages of an education could easily be found out otherwise by the essay-setting teacher, and, as to your visit to Turin, why, you had to go willy-nilly, and all you saw were musty libraries, dark picture galleries and a lot of people who could not speak English.

Indeed, essay-writing is a grand and glorious thing! However, there are compensations. Remember, my son, the time you wrote a good one, and "came First," and Father slipped you a quarter, and you went to your Uncle's and collected another, and finally ended your tour by visiting your Grandmother, that she too might have the opportunity to be charitable.

Whee! I must have written an essay by now. I have at least fulfilled part of the definition, by writing something on anything. As to form,—well, after all, that is a matter of taste.

FRANCIS BUSSIERE.

I remember, I remember
The places dark and drear,
The corridors and alleyways,
Where angels trod with fear,
Where students used to steal a smoke,
And while their time away.
But all that's past, and now at last
The smokers have their day.

J. J. R.

AT THE COURT OF ZEUS

Profound silence reigned throughout the courts of high Olympus. In dreadful majesty, Zeus, the Father, occupied his stately throne and deeply contemplated a perplexing mystery. The joyful song was hushed; the gladsome lyre had ceased to play; the godly throng retired from the Father's presence and all was still on the sacred mount. It seemed as if the pensive aspect of the Mighty One had cast shadows of depression throughout the splendid halls and his lowering frown had enshrouded the lofty peak with clouds of gloomy melancholy.

He thought of Hermes, his winged messenger, whom years before he had despatched among the mortals on a special mission. His nine daughters, patronesses of the arts, had besought of him a favour. Keenly they desired to know if yet in this age, so prosaic and so regardless of the noble arts, there still remained some faithful followers who looked to Parnassus for inspiration and delight. Accordingly they had implored the Father's august assistance. Whereupon he commissioned the winged son of Maia to visit mortals, to travel o'er lands and seas, unseen by man, but ever seeking for survivors of the poetic age. Years had gone by, yet Hermes had not returned. Wherefore Zeus was worried. Thus he pondered: "What evil mishap hath befallen my servant, swift of foot? Hath accident o'ertaken him or doth he vainly seek for what he can ne'er hope to find?" Long into the night he brooded, till at length his massive brain grew weary, and he retired with the hope that on the morrow the searcher would return.

Strange to relate, the sanguine desire was destined to fulfilment. As the morrow dawned the news was spread throughout the heavenly banquet-hall that Hermes, the long-sought for messenger, had returned from earth. All Olympus rejoiced; mirth and happiness universally prevailed; and in vivid contrast with the preceding day, the rapturous chorus re-echoed o'er the hallowed slope.

The supreme ruler of gods and of men sat in state once more, and before him stood the winged messenger to make report of his lengthy search. The Muses nine were clustered about the throne, and thus sang sweetly to the strains of Apollo's lyre.

"Oh, Father Zeus, on lofty throne,
Who gods and men dost rule alone!
Thy daughters nine in happy throng
Extol thee now in joyful song.
No longer in reflection deep,
Thou'lt frown upon the hallowed steep,
Nor puzzle thy immortal brain
With myst'ries reason can't explain."

A voice.

"The destined day is now at hand
When Maia's son, at thy command,
Must to the great Olympic Court
Of distant travels make report."

Another voice.

"For on the messenger's return,
The tidings of his search we'll learn."

Then up spake Zeus in a voice of thunder: "Oh, winged one, long have we laboured in anxiety at thy lot. Speak now and relate to the gods how well you fared among mortals." Then quoth he of the winged feet: "Oh, mighty Father! My toils are ended; my search is done. Long and arduous indeed was the task which thou didst assign me. O'er land and sea I journeyed, nor did I at first find what I sought. Dejection and despair I encountered in every land and clime till one fortunate day I chanced to visit a spot known to mortals as Notre Dame de Grâce. In that peaceful city, in the year 1917, my search was ended, for there I found a group of Rhetoricians, lovers all of the arts sublime." Then broke forth the Muses in happy chorus:

" Oh, Sisters fair! Rejoice! Rejoice!
What tidings glad in Hermes' voice!
Oh, winged one! We thee command,
Describe to us that noble band."

Whereupon made answer the godly messenger:—" Unknown to this favoured group I long remained among them, studied their habits and observed the characteristics of each." —Again burst forth the impatient Sisters:

" Make haste! Oh, Hermes! Canst not see
How eager now to know are we!"

Thus then in answer spake the crafty Hermes: " Eight youths compose this blessed group. He that is mightiest in size is known as Edward. Favored in every other way, he is doomed by the Furies, in punishment for some hidden crime, to carry where'er he goes a body of amazing dimensions. But despite this handicap, he is exceedingly graceful of movement and dignified of bearing. One evening I was present to view a boxing bout between this and another youth of Herculean build. Fierce indeed was the struggle on the plains of Ilion twixt Thetis' son and the Trojan Hector; fierce, too, when 'neath the shadow of this very mount the sons of Greece did strive in mighty contest for the honoured palm, but fiercer far was the colossal conflict which Edward fought in Notre Dame de Grâce."

Then sang the Muses:

"So grand a youth, such massive size,
Exceeds what e'er we dared surmise.
A hero needs this Edward be,
A demi-god of first degree."



HUMANITIES



SODALITY OFFICERS

Hermes: "He that is greatest in wit and eloquence is known as Israel. His vivid imagination surpasses that of any mortal; his command of language exceeds all belief. Learned are his discussions on automobiles, save only for his views on spark-plugs and batteries, which are somewhat faulty. On a dark winter's evening I discerned him cantering into Notre Dame de Grâce on a noble steed. Reaching his destiny he dismounted and tied the charger loosely to a post. Returning after a few hours he found his mount had vanished. Nor did his intrepidity fail in such dire circumstances. Like unto Hercules seeking the oxen stolen from him by Cacus, the doughty Israel trailed the hoof-prints along the highway, across the railroad tracks, and many leagues beyond, where at length he found the animal in the custody of an officer of the law, who extorted from him a preposterous fine.

"On the stable man who had cared so well for Bucephalus while in the snares of the law, our Israel conferred a splendid remuneration, the fabulous amount of which, were I to specify it, would scarcely seem credible to the most open-hearted."

Whereupon the happy lay again resounded:

"What wondrous skill, what wisdom bright,
To trail a horse, alone, at night;
To make a dismal, searching trip,
And give a fortune as a tip."

Continued then the god-like Hermes: "He that is fairest in form and feature is known as Marcus. Blue are his eyes as the great ethereal vault and resplendent his locks as Aurora's early beams. Serious are his thoughts and wise his discourse. Learned in the language of ancient Rome, in oratory he rivals his illustrious namesake. Over the erudite assembly of Rhetoricians he weekly presides, and as they indulge in passionate Latin debate, with urbane zeal he conducts the enlightened meeting. Nor is his skill confined to scholarly bounds, for the class baseball team has in him an able manager."

Again did the Muses joyfully burst forth:

"Delighted are our hearts in truth,
In learning of this lovely youth;
Another Tully new-begot,
Embodiment of classic thought."

Thus encouraged spake Hermes anew: "He that is best versed in the classics is known as Philippe. Deep have been his readings, but profounder by far his silent meditations. Prominent he stands among his class-mates in every test of scholarly ability. On his placid countenance he wears a look of grave sagacity, while the wisdom of Nestor in constant stream flows from his Gallic lips."

Then sang the Sisters:

"By our desire, by Jove's decree,
Our favourite son shall Philippe be.
Who shines in manly feats we praise,
But scholars laud in grander lays."

Continued Hermes: "He that is most skilled in the cultivation of the soil is known as Wilfred. Of agricultural science he has made a careful study, and from the earth brings forth yearly the choicest fruits. The terror he is of sartorial sharks and vendors of defective shoe-leather. His garments are faultless and of the latest fashion; his attention to detail is surpassed only by the antiquity of his jokes."

Once more broke in the Muses:

"His farming instincts we admire,
Likewise his fitness of attire;
But in our song we can't admit,
The beauty of his ancient wit."

Then spake again the son of Maia: "He that is foremost in mathematical pursuits, is known as John. By far does he excell his comrades in the puzzling science of Archimides. Noteworthy and wide-spread is his fame as an exponent of the fistic art, but his affection for the deadly weed handicaps him considerably in speedy encounters and trials of endurance."

And the Muses sang:

"A youth of special worth is John,
Possessor rich of brains and brawn;
In mathematics few compare,
The smoking-room's his favourite lair."

Then spake Hermes: "He that is most famous for his powers of observation is known as William. Nothing escapes his restless eye or ruffles his calm serenity. As the deepest waters flow without murmur, so this thoughtful Rhetorician goes about in dignified silence. But when his advice or his opinion is asked, his words are brief and replete with wisdom."

And again was heard the Sisters' song:

"A character quite rare in sooth,
This silent, thoughtful, placid youth,
For verbal worth has so decreased,
The greatest talkers know the least."

Then Hermes concluded: "Such, oh, Father! were the fruits of my searching; such was the scholarly and cultured group of Rhetoricians in the spot that is known to mortals as Notre Dame de Grâce. Ne'er since the days of Athens' glory, ne'er since the days of Plato's Academy, has there been gathered together in one harmonious body such an enthusiastic number, so widely varying in type yet so eager all in the pursuit of learning."

Rising then from his lofty throne Father Zeus addressed his messenger: "Well, indeed, thou hast obeyed, oh, winged servant! Well hast thou performed thy sacred trust. Let all Olympus now exult; let the propitious event be sung in strains of transcendent bliss. Sing ye muses! Sing ye gods!"

Then sang the Sisters of the Sacred Well:

" Oh happy hour! Triumphant day!
Exult, ye gods, in joyous lay!
For ne'er did ancient Greece possess
Urbanity to such excess."

A voice.

" That learned Edward, King of Force,
And Israel, trailer of a horse."

Another voice.

" And peerless Marcus, fair of face;
Big Wilf,' endowed with seeming grace."

Another voice.

" And Philippe, speaking ancient tongues,
And John inhaling to the lungs,
And William, stern and silent man,
Ne'er was such class since time began;
When time is o'er nor will there be;
So sing, ye blessed company! "

Then all the immortals joining in a mighty chorus, shook great Olympus
with the unison of voices:

" Well have ye sung, oh, Sisters nine!
It now behooves the throng divine
To add a guerdon rich in fame,
Which will to all the world proclaim
These Rhetoricians' worth.
Oh, favoured band of noble youth,
We're proud of you in very truth;
For ne'er did gods or men presage,
There could be found in such an age
Such cultured sons of earth."

CHARLES C. PHELAN



YE ANTIQUE YARNS

Some nine or ten compose our class,	We surely can spill metric feet
A learning fine we seek;	In Flaccus' home-town style;
Our greatest joy is stringing verse	We love it, too, indeed we do—
In Latin or in Greek.	Please, reader, do not smile.

Not only verse, but likewise prose,
Our mighty minds can reach;
We've sized up Marcus Tully well
And criticised his speech.

In "Pro Milone" he was there
With eloquence sublime;
The way he filled their hearts with fear—
And pity, too,—was fine.

"Oh, Jurymen! Just look around,
There's trouble in the air;
But there are soldiers standing by
To see that all is fair.

"Now, my friend Milo is a man
I'm sure you're glad to know;
There never was a better scout
On earth, above, below.

"But Clodius, on the other hand,
Was of the meanest sort;
He stole a blind man's cup one day,
And spanked a child—for sport.

"Good Milo wouldn't hurt a fly—
He's gentle as a lamb;
Before he sleeps he sings a hymn;
He rises with a psalm.

"You see his is a blameless life;
Saint Milo! might we say;
While that vile Clodius long had walked
The broad and sunny way.

"Why even in the Curia
On Pompey's murder bent,
That rascal dared unholily
To place a coloured gent.

"Save Milo! He is Pompey's friend;
Don't make the Romans sad;
For Milo is a gentleman,
And Clodius—well—was bad."

In Grecian speeches too, we've tried,	He rants and raves in fiery words
Each forceful phrase to seize,	At old King Philip's wiles;
And catch the weighty proofs set forth	The Greeks love peace at any price,
By old Demosthenes.	So Philip only smiles.

To us who read it does seem strange	Well might I speak of other lore
Such wild men in those days	Which we with love receive,
Remained alive, although they had	Like Trig. and French, but I don't know
Such naughty, naughty ways.	How much you would believe.

JOHN WOLFE

ACADEMIA RHETORICA

The "Academia Rhetorica" was formed by the members of the classes of Rhetoric and Humanities on November 23rd, 1916. Its two-fold purpose is to enable the students of these classes to acquire greater fluency of speech in the Latin tongue, and by the skill thus acquired in the weekly Latin debates to fit them the better for the study of Philosophy. At the election of officers, Marcus C. Doherty was chosen President, Robert E. Anglin, Vice-President, and Philippe Pacaud, Secretary.

During the meetings, Latin was spoken exclusively. The President conducted the proceedings, the Secretary read his minutes, all business, in fine, was put before the assembly in the language of the old Roman Forum. The success which attended upon our efforts was, to say the least, gratifying—and this, apart from the entertainment derived from what proved to be the pleasant hour of the week.

In some debates there was only one speaker for each side, more often there were two on a side, occasionally we had a general debate, and even at the regular debates most of the members were given an opportunity to express their views on the subjects, after the debaters had given their speeches. A censor was always appointed to criticise the debate and point out the mistakes made. He was, at times, a busy man, but what he overlooked was gleaned by the Moderator. We shall long remember that enthusiastic debate which raged for two days, December 19th and 20th, on the resolution that "Demosthenes, as an orator, excels Cicero," and that long-lived controversy about banishing dogs from Montreal, which was first opened at a meeting of the Loyola Literary and Debating Society, for the entertainment of the Philosophers, and was not closed till some weeks later.

In all, eighteen meetings were held. Two were of especial interest and deserve a word here. On April 3rd, the *Academia* became an ancient Roman law-court, for the trial of the famous case of Blanchard vs. Noonan, in which the mourning and pathos of the olden days was in evidence, and Tullian eloquence flowed from the lips of Phelan, Clément, Tabb and Lachapelle. But what was perhaps the most successful and interesting event of the year was the last debate of this term, on May 15th, given in Greek, by Pacaud and Anglin, Doherty and Lachapelle. The speeches of the four speakers were lively, vigorous and well delivered and elicited much applause from the assembly and high commendation from the Moderator. The debate proper lasted about an hour, and then the question was thrown open to the *corona*, and all the members said a few words in Greek on the subject.

PHILIPPE PACAUD.

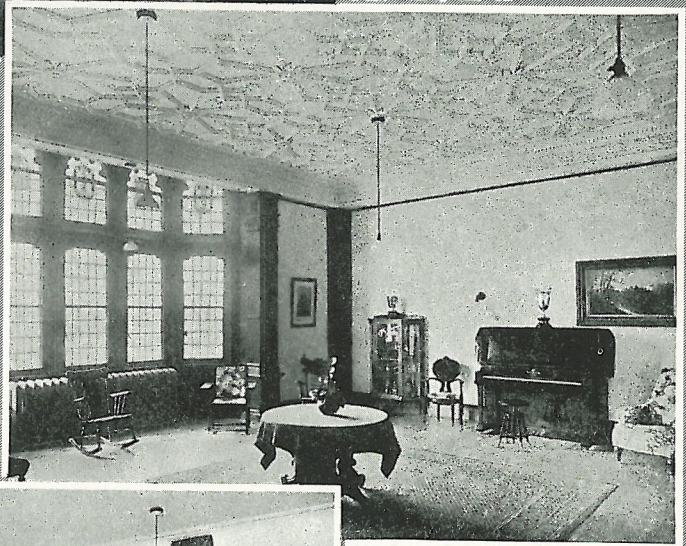
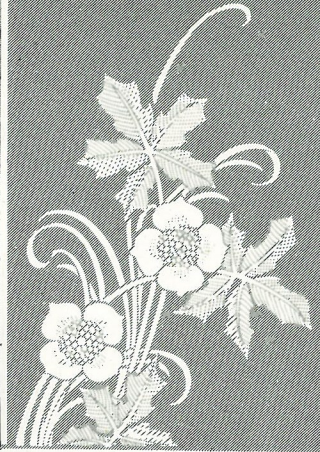
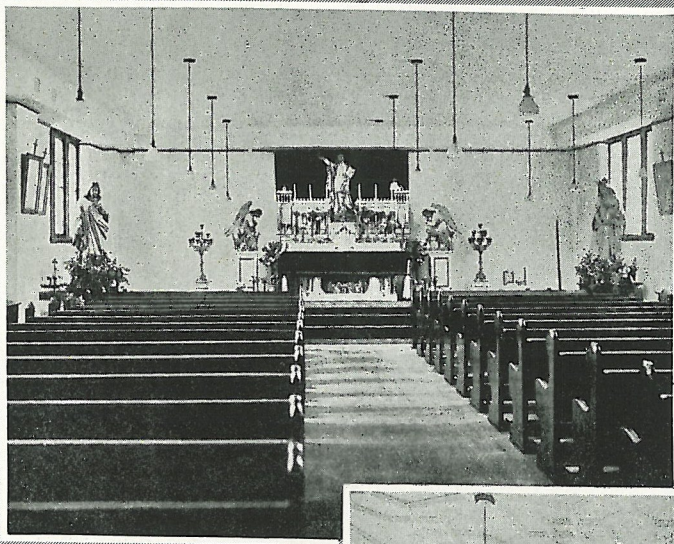
A RETROSPECT

As anglers sit and, half awake,
Drop drowsy lines into the lake,
And watch the shadows from the sky,
'Tis thus I see the year gone by,
As in a crystal deep yet clear,
Where all our labours reappear.
If it can be that such a view
Should hold some interest for you,
If it be true Demosthenes,
Burke, Cicero and men like these
Can teach to sing and celebrate
A lowly theme and make it great,
Look at this picture while you may,
For we are soon to go away
On our vacation.

How swift the scenes come back to me,
As passing through my memory
They flit across my fancy's gaze
Like birds in twilight's pleasant haze:
The Latin speeches strong and fine,
Old Horace with the Muses nine
Cavorting in their high abode,
With satire witty and with ode,
The Greek translation word for word,
The parsing of some form absurd,
The eloquence of Edmund Burke
Discussed and analysed: by work
Like this we've earned our holiday.
Think you we're loath to go away
On our vacation?

Another scene—'tis Sunday night,
We're gathered 'neath th' electric light,
While modern Burkes and Ciceros
Regale us with their tales of woes,
Or hear we learned essays read,
Give due applause—and then to bed.
'Tis thus we filled the fleeting days
With converse wise and pleasant ways.
We cannot boast of wondrous fame,
Nor any new distinction claim,
For seldom was our mental flight
Completely lost to mortal sight.
Yet have we done our best: who'll say
We don't deserve to go away
On our vacation?

ISRAEL CLEMENT.



EDMUND BURKE

The recent decision of the American Government to enter the Great War on the side of the Allies has placed our neighbours to the South in an unprecedented position. For the first time since the eventful 1776, Columbia's ensign will be unfurled on a European battle-field. For the first time in history, the United States, as a nation, will fight side by side with England against a common enemy.

In pondering over the relations existing between Great Britain and America during the earlier periods of history, we are brought face to face with many famous historical characters. Among others, we meet with one, who, in view of the present British-American situation, is of more than passing interest. He is none other than the defender of America's rights when the United States of to-day were the rich, enterprising Colonies of yesterday; the man, who, in 1776, though opposed by a very King, courageously protested and reasoned, argued and appealed for fair treatment of the Colonies—the great orator and statesman, Edmund Burke.

Burke was born in Dublin, either in 1728 or in 1729. His father was a successful attorney, who from the very first wished his son to follow him in that profession. The first eleven years of young Burke's life were spent in Dublin, where his childhood and early boyhood was passed, not so much in the pursuit of play as in the more solid enjoyment of reading and study. During the next three years he was schooled by a Quaker, named Shackleton, at Ballitore near Dublin. Under this man, who, as Burke later remarked, was an honour to his sect, the youth acquired simplicity, frankness and reverence for the Word of God. Like that later genius, Newman, Burke learned, even as a child, to read the Bible regularly. To this reading is to be attributed in great measure the beauty and force of his expressions and that scriptural colour which is so characteristic of his speeches.

From Ballitore, Burke went to Trinity College, Dublin, where, during six years, solidity rather than brilliance characterised his studies. Leland, the translator of Demosthenes, describes Burke at Trinity as "a young man of superior but unpretending talents, more anxious to acquire knowledge than to display it." His extraordinary powers of memory are worthy of note; for in exercises demanding the use of that faculty he easily outstripped all his fellows. He had read most of the ancient poets, and knew by heart a great deal of Virgil, Horace and Lucretius.

As Burke's father had destined him for the Bar, he was now, at the age of twenty, sent to London, where he pursued the study of Law at the Middle Temple. About this time his philosophical tendency of mind began to display itself more fully. "To know the causes of thing" was now, and throughout his whole life, his constant motto, and, by strict adherence to this maxim, he became what his biographers liberally concede him to be, "the great philosophical orator of our language." To his subtle mind, History was not a mere chronicle of events or a series of pictures of battles and sieges. It was something more than bare fact. That passion of his to study the causes that led up to the great world-changes would not be satiated until Burke, philosopher and statesman

at once, had drawn from his reading some further knowledge of what he regarded as the science of man.

Ere long the dry, arid technicalities of the legal profession became tedious to his mind, so rich and fertile in the domain of literature, which offered so tempting a field to his vigorous talents. Accordingly, he turned his attention to letters with unbounded zeal. His days and evenings he passed in deep, systematic study and was intimate with some of the most famous men of letters of the period.

Having thus gathered in an abundance of philosophical and literary lore, he published, in 1756, his celebrated treatise on *the "Sublime and Beautiful."* Therein, he set forth a theory tracing the pleasures of the imagination to a specific source. His was the first attempt in our language to treat the subject with the precision and accuracy of the philosopher. The work bespoke the author's ingenuity and exquisite sense of the sublime and beautiful both in Nature and in Art. Dr. Johnson declared that in style and manner "it was a model of philosophical criticism." It brought him to the notice of men of rank in both Church and State; it won for him the acquaintance and friendship of Pulteney, Earl of Bath, Lord Lyttleton, Johnson, and many other eminent men of the day. Even among such men, his wonderful powers of conversation soon brought him into prominence. The keen activity of his mind, the variety and extent of his knowledge, and the force and beauty with which he clothed profound thoughts, gained him a marked superiority over all other conversationalists of his day, even over Johnson himself. This, of itself, was honour enough, when we remember that Burke at that time was but twenty-seven, whilst the great critic was a veteran master of literature, whom people revered even as an oracle. To Johnson, Burke was an "extraordinary man, whose stream of talk was perpetual, and who talked, not from any desire for distinction, but because his mind was full."

In 1757, Burke married Miss Mary Nugent, a lady of much beauty and high accomplishments, the daughter of an eminent physician. The marriage was a fortunate one, for by it Burke gained not only a loving wife, but a sympathetic and helpful companion. He now turned his attention wholly to literature and during the same year he prepared an "Account of European Settlements in America." Perhaps no man ever studied a people as Burke studied the Americans. He had gained a most intimate knowledge of their customs, their resources, the character of their institutions, their indomitable love of liberty that swept by all obstacles, and, above all, the irrepressible strength to which they would one day attain. By so doing, he schooled himself in that multitude of important details which we find in his "Speech on Conciliation" delivered some time later.

The next year, 1758, saw the foundation of the "Annual Register," a most useful and long-lived work, in which Mr. Burke presented for each year "a succinct statement of the debates in Parliament; a historical sketch of the principal occurrences in every part of the world connected with European politics; and a view of the progress of literature and science, with brief notices of the most important works published during the year." This journal continued in existence for more than a century, providing, during all these years, a splendid store of political knowledge, while its influence upon Burke himself was important

in shaping his career as a statesman. Dealing particularly with the Colonies, Burke was enabled to trace the manifold results of their enterprising spirit to the causes which produced them. He availed himself of the opportunity, and, by diligent and minute research, clearly defined those causes, sharpening, in the process, his philosophical acumen to a subtle perfection.

To compile this work, it was necessary for him to attend the debates in Parliament. Questions of finance, trade, the relations with other countries, internal issues were being debated, and Burke, ever keen to acquire knowledge, listened attentively and learned lessons which he never forgot. He became acquainted with the rules of Parliamentary business, heard men famous in debate, drew profit from the success of their measures, and took warning from their mistakes. The debates furnished innumerable topics for study and reflection. Thus, as Goodrich says, "he became, in the strictest sense of the term, a *practical* statesman, whose philosophy was that of man in the concrete, and as he exists in society."

In 1765, as private secretary to Sir William G. Hamilton, Principal Secretary of State for Ireland, he rendered, indirectly, remarkable services to Lord Halifax, and thus, definitely, entered political life. He was invited by Lord Rockingham to become his confidential adviser, with a seat in Parliament. After consideration, he accepted the invitation. This step brought Burke to the threshold of his fame. When he had delivered his celebrated speech on "Conciliation with the Colonies" that fame was secured.

His political life embraces three periods. America, India and France successively engaged his attention during these history-making epochs, and it was chiefly due to his efforts that the British people were kept in constant touch with the great events occurring in these three countries. He laboured incessantly, untiringly, to preserve the integrity of the Empire, to purify its administration of affairs in India, and to protect England from the demon of revolution then running its fearful course in France.

Dealing with all of these questions from the point of view of England's interest, he was never betrayed into ethereal abstractions. He constantly made his views subservient to expediency. With him, it was not a question whether England had a right to tax America, but whether it was expedient that she should do so. Burke reasoned and argued with Parliament, urged and begged his fellow-members to forego this right to tax the Colonies, and to open their eyes to the true state of affairs. All in vain. His motion was rejected, 270 to 78. But though he was defeated by the votes of the "King's turnspits," as he so aptly styled them later, his name has come down to posterity as that of the man who alone realised and struggled against the destructive policy of coercion in dealing with the Colonies. He looked with indignation upon the rending of the Empire. He wished to see it continue united in its glorious course of liberty. But, as he cautioned, "a great empire and little minds go ill together," and the final outcome of the contest displayed the rigorous truth of Burke's wise dictum. His warnings were disregarded. The reckless policy of the King and his jackals was tested. America was lost.

In the interim between this speech and the trial of Warren Hastings, Burke succeeded in passing through Parliament a very important measure, that of

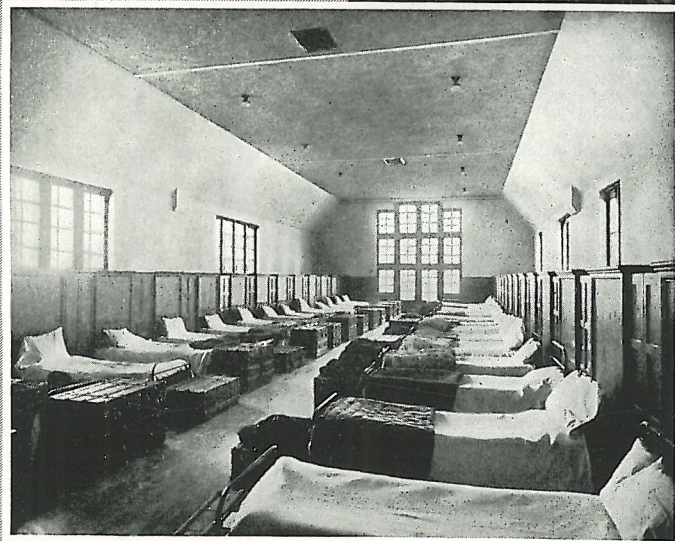
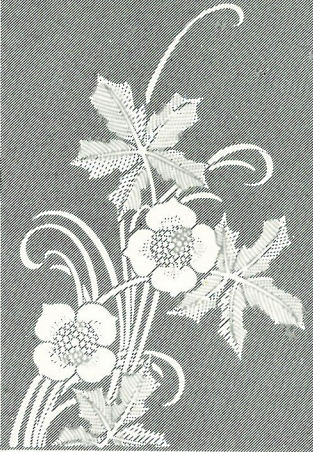
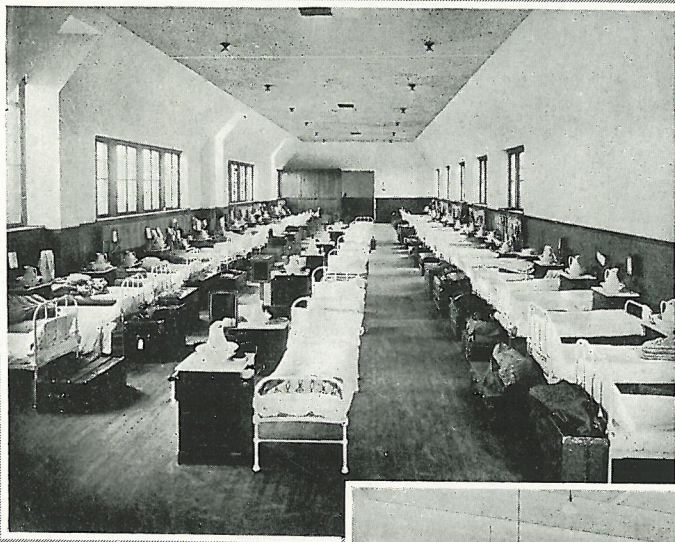
"Economical Reform." The far-too-prevalent abuse practised in the King's household, namely, the appointment of useless officers, to strengthen the influence of the Crown in Parliament, was abolished through Burke's efforts. An annual saving of one hundred thousand pounds was thereby realised, and a check put upon the royal debts.

In the trial of Warren Hastings, Burke, for England's sake, exposed to the world, indeed, the ghastly wrongs which India had suffered from the man who, as England's representative, was the ruler of India; but he called the world to witness that an Englishman who committed such heinous crimes abroad could no more escape lawful punishment than one who perpetrated the same crimes at home. In the name of Parliament, therefore, Burke, with Fox, Sheridan and the other members of the Committee of Impeachment, set to work on the task. Obstacles innumerable were thrown in their way, for Hastings was not only popular in England with Lords and people, but was even marked out by the royal favour for the highest honour his Sovereign could bestow upon him.

Yet Burke toiled for seven long years, never for a moment relaxing in his labours, never faltering, never losing sight of his righteous purpose. His speech, at the opening session of the trial, in February, 1788, has been characterised as the greatest intellectual effort ever made before the Parliament of Great Britain. Burke strained every nerve to impeach Hastings, and his success seemed certain until the announcement was made that the decision would be given according to the strict rules of legal evidence, as in the lower courts. Hastings was acquitted. The trial, however, was not without fruit, for, as Lord John Russell has said, "Never has the great object of punishment—the prevention of crime—been attained more completely than by this trial. Hastings was acquitted, but tyranny, deceit, and injustice were condemned." The credit for such an achievement must be given to Burke.

In the third period of his political life, which saw the awful revolution raging in France, Burke, more than ever before, strove to safeguard England from the peril at her doors. So strenuous were his efforts that some of his critics declare that he bordered on madness. But though he ignored the causes that prompted that terrible calamity, and thus incurred the charge of inconsistency and madness, we must concede, if we look more deeply into the matter, that there was method in his madness. Methodically he raved against the agents of the Revolution; methodically he wrote his "Reflections on the Revolution in France;" methodically and courageously he guarded against, and urged his countrymen to guard against, the forces which had precipitated revolution in another country. For a time the people seemed to grow uneasy and restless under the magic spell, which had crossed the Channel and was threatening to hover over England indefinitely. However, his splendid defensive measures, aimed directly at that terrible spirit and its consequences, soon put to flight the idea of an English Revolution, and Burke's point was gained.

By now, his health was rapidly declining, and the stern reaction of fifty years' work had begun to set in. Accordingly, in 1797, after his last attack upon the Revolution, in "Thoughts on the Prospect of a Regicide Peace," he repaired to Bath to try the effect of its waters. He remained there for three months, but, as he continued to grow weaker, he made an effort to return to Beaconsfield, there to spend his last days in peace and retirement. On July



9th, in the same year, that voice which had electrified Westminster Hall, as had none other, was silenced forever.

To-day we find those former Colonies, for whose rights Burke pleaded, joined with Britain by the strongest bonds of friendship and sacrifice. It was for such a happy union that Burke strove, hoping to effect it in the most conciliatory manner. The present day offers an opportunity for just such another British statesman as Burke, who will perfect and strengthen the alliance of England and America.

ROY GALVIN.

THE FUSSER.

Have you ever seen a fusser, one of those romantic boys,
With the ear-marks of a dandy and a self-sufficient poise ?
Ever clad in faultless linen, stylish suit and nifty tie,
Trousers pressed to razor-sharpness, latest collar, somewhat high.
I will tell you of a fusser, one whose peer is rarely seen,
He's a student of Loyola, Class of Rhetoric, 'nineteen.
If you'll listen I'll describe him. 'Tis not easy, I confess.
When I've finished you must know him; if you do not, try to guess.
Comely as to form and feature, disposition sweet and gay,
Every graceful curve of profile lovely charms anew display.
Never does a beard unsightly lengthen on that beaming face,
With his trusty safety-razor, he can banish this disgrace.
Very often can we see him sitting in the barber's chair;
Only skilled tonsorial artists he permits to cut his hair.
See that newest tie creation; silken shirt that sure must be;
How about that suit so stylish ? rather sporty, seems to me.
Search that coat to find a wrinkle; of those pants inspection make;
Many nights beneath the mattress they have suffered for his sake.
But I've only sung his praises, sadder task is left to me,
Youths of such appalling primness from defects are never free.
How it grieves me ! How it peeves me ! when his faults I must relate.
Strange it is that one so reckless should be gifted thus by fate.
Every morning, every evening, several times within the day,
He indulges deep in smoking, never cares what people say.
Oft he treats himself to Players, or vile saw-dust known as "Rex,"
He, the gifted college student, idol of the other sex.
How distressing ! How depressing ! tears from either eye I wipe,
When I see this youthful student pulling at an ugly pipe.
But just see him with the ladies ! See them lean upon his arm !
As he pilfers their affections with that captivating charm.
Gentle maidens, ye must shun him, shun that youth whom you adore,
Or you'll suffer for your folly, for he's broken hearts before.
Thus, O Reader, I've described him, in your mind his face you see,
Do you know this Rhetorician ? Ask yourself " Who can it be ? "

CHARLES C. PHELAN.



The tiny provincial town of A . . . in Southern France was the haven to which I had fled with drooping sails and battered hulk, from those marauding buccaneers of modern life, self-appointed baseball critics and loquacious women with philanthropic propensities.

One evening, over coffee and cigars on the hotel loggia, I was listening to the ardent dissertation of an excitable individual on the power of concentration. He claimed that given a certain degree of concentration, together with appropriate surroundings, our imaginations could bring us into vivid contact with the life and presence of people in the far-off shadowy regions of worlds unknown to us. To me, the idea seemed absurd.

"Monsieur," said I, "your theory, so eloquently presented, may seem plausible to you, but I doubt whether it would stand a test. There is near this village a tavern known as the 'Café au Diable,' a realistic portrayal, in its gloomy furnishings and lurid pictures, of the popular belief as to the appearance of Hades. Thither shall we go, and if, by my powers of concentration, I can bring myself to see and converse with the shades that dwell beyond the Styx, I shall be glad to admit that I have been rash in judging your theory."

The stranger accepted my proposal, and after a short walk we arrived at the Café au Diable, where we secured the room most suited to our purpose. Sitting there in the darkness, which was only more intense by reason of an unearthly, purplish glow that seemed to emanate from the walls of the room, I tried to blot out all memories of the world about me, and to recall to mind all I had ever read or heard about the old-fashioned Hades of the ancients. It was not for nothing that I had made a deep study of my Dante, for soon I began to hear the splashing of oars, while out of a wild phantasmagoria I began to distinguish the waters of a sluggish river and the form of a patriarchal old fellow standing beside a prehistoric-looking boat.

"Stranger," said I, addressing him, "can you tell me where I am?"

"Young man," he replied with a cynical smile, "you are on the merry side of Hades, and if you take my advice, you'll stay on it."

"I don't suppose that by any chance your name is Charon?" I ventured.

"Considering how people have been writing about me for the past twenty or thirty centuries," he answered, "it is rather bright of you to find it out. Yes, I'm in the employ of the Styx Navigation Company, and were I not tied down by an iron-bound contract, you wouldn't catch me rowing people across this infernal river. The work is uninteresting, the remuneration small, and few the opportunities for a glass of ale and a quiet cigar."

"How is Hades faring, these days of strife?" I asked.

"Whenever I think of it, my old bones creak with emotion. What with the war and the high cost of coal, Pluto is on the verge of insanity; the Germans are continually 'strafing' all other peoples with an uproar that no mortal

ear could stand; and to put the climax on our troubles, a band of so-called Humanists are making a tour of the place and causing endless disturbance. If that isn't enough to annoy any respectable shade, what is?"

Upon telling him that these Humanists were friends of mine and that I was desirous of joining them, he declared that he'd roast in everlasting perdition before he'd let me by. But as I pointed out the fact that he was there already, he resignedly rowed me over.

I had hardly landed, when whom did I see but Robert E. Anglin, walking about with an aimless, lost-dog expression.

"What, you here, Bob?" I asked.

"Keep it dark," he whispered in my ear; "I thought I was going to Toronto, and I accidentally walked in here."

"Lead on, MacDuff," I said to my guide. A little further on, I saw Arthur Chabot and Byrne Clément. Arthur was looking rather worried, and I later found out that he was trying to install a telephone system, reaching the upper world, so that his friends (he has many of them), would not become lonesome in his absence. Perhaps you know that he holds the world's endurance record for telephone conversation, but as he is young and tender-hearted, who can say him nay? Byrne informed me that he had secured a position breaking in bronchos for the Chariot of the Sun.

I was suddenly startled by a tremendous shouting, and, rushing on, I saw Roy Galvin, the harassed centre of a turbulent mob of shades.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter? Matter enough," he replied. "I had arranged a little ball game among this peppery assembly, when Caesar becomes obstreperous and refuses unconditionally to play, if Hannibal uses the emery ball, while Hannibal says that his emery ball is his star delivery, and that even if it were not, he is not going to be trodden on by Romans in general and by Caesar in particular. Come and arbitrate, like a good fellow."

"Sorry, Roy, but I'm not an Edward the Seventh." Poor fellow, I thought that life without Mark Twain and rag-time was pretty dull for him. Thinking in this vein, I collided with Aristotle.

"Excuse me," he said, "but did you see a young fellow about here, fair of hair and lively of manner? I was just having a most interesting discussion with him anent the modernising of my Poetics."

"Oh! you mean, of course, pragmatical, Pascal Lachapelle. I will tell you something of him. A tailor once, in his sleep, had the vision of a marvellous creation, a creation that was the acme of vestural perfection. The vision became an entrancing reality in tweed, the reality he sold to our Mr. Lachapelle. Books have been written on the famous smiles of actresses and multi-millionaires, but the smile of Pascal, scorching in its contempt, supremely blissful in its mirth, is a super-smile."

In a dark nook I discovered the Duke of Marlborough. Seeing him sad and despondent, I was prompted by pity to ask him the reason of his sorrow. "In days of yore," he replied, "I was considered a strategist, admitting few—nay, no superiors, either on the battlefield or in the clashes of wit among the slippery courtiers of good Queen Anne. What with the glibness of my tongue

and the deft manoeuvres of my intellect, I made naught of the snares of my enemies. By some I was known as the 'Excuse King,' but the palm has been wrested from my hand, the laurel snatched from my brow by one with the soil of Three Rivers clinging fresh to his garments. His name is Maurice E. Malone, surnamed the 'Sarse.' Wherefore my grief."

"There's Mike Malone at it again!" I heard Apollo murmur. "What's he doing now?" I queried.—"Oh! as usual, making witty remarks about people. Poor old Methuselah is the victim this time. Thank goodness, he's stone deaf." Incidentally, Mike very kindly gave Euclid several suggestions for the improvement of his Geometry.

Next I spied Jim McGarry, looking as happy as a man who has just cashed a ticket on the horse he had picked. It seemed he had succeeded in persuading Aeschylus and Charles Frohman to organise a little musical comedy. The theatre, the facts and figures of history, mathematics and prize-fighting are his hobbies.

My guide informed me that a large crowd had gathered around a near-by hill. Hastening on, I saw a rapt throng gazing in speechless admiration at Jacques Sénécal, while he told in Gallic accents of the Canadian Pittsburg—Maisonneuve.

Near the mouth of the Styx, I saw a large tent, which I learned was the ghostly council-chamber of Scipio, Hannibal, Napoleon and the other famous generals of days gone by. Nearing the tent, I heard the sonorous and powerful voice of that peerless military genius, Gerald Mousseau. He was patiently explaining the theory of mass-manoeuvre to those primitive veterans. Each step he carefully traced, till, exasperated by Napoleon's inattention, he cried out in a voice vibrant with righteous fury, "Have a care, Corsican, or you will receive this chair on your head!" Awed by the thunder of his voice, I rushed away.

At this juncture, along strolled Victor Renaud, merrily whistling "Yankee Doodle!" "Why the glad visage?" I asked.

"I have just succeeded in proving that the American army won the battle of Waterloo. I think I'll put it in my book, 'Great American Victories.' With perseverance I'll prove some day that George Washington founded Rome.

"Better begin at the beginning, Renaud; prove that Adam was a Yankee."

I was suddenly startled by a dismal groaning and wailing. I walked in the direction whence the moans came, and the sight that confronted me was beyond words. Grovelling on the ground, tearing their hair, weeping and gnashing their teeth, were Cicero, Demosthenes, and some twenty others of the great masters of oratory. In the midst of this dolorous assembly stood Horatio Tabb. His ethereal, far-away face was lighted with a blaze of enthusiasm. He exuded eloquence from every pore. I was struck dumb with amazement. Then uprose Demosthenes and advanced towards Horatio. "Mr. Tabb," he said, "I and my fellow-orators are forced to admit, much against our wills, that your oratory excels the ambitions of our wildest dreams." Just as I was about to applaud this statement, Tabb and the oratorical masters faded from my view. The trees and boulders, the gleaming waters of the Styx vanished into blackness; an eerie, purplish glow spread itself about me, and I realised that my visit to Hades was ended. I admitted that I had been hasty in judging my acquaintance of the hotel loggia, but the experience was well worth the humbling of my pride.

ROBERT D. BOUCHETTE.

THE OPTIMIST.

Usually you cannot tell whether any certain man is an optimist or not the first time you meet him. He may be cheerful, with not a care on his mind, but if you should meet him some day when he has the "blues" he will quickly show you that he has no control over his spirits.

It seems that there are very few real optimists. You may see a whole party who are cheerful under adverse circumstances, but most probably one of their number has filled them with his own cheerfulness.

An optimist is a man who has a perpetual ray of sunshine in his composition. He won't be sad, and is not sufficiently interested in gloomy landscape to look at the dark side of things. He is cheerful by nature, not by philosophy. He does not clench his fists and set his jaw and cry out "come what may!" but when misfortune befalls him he is mildly surprised, as at something unexpected, and since he has suffered some kind of a loss already, he wisely thinks that he cannot afford to lose his cheerfulness too.

Some people are cheerful by contrast. In the misfortunes of their neighbours they see how much worse their own condition might be. In towns on the sea-coast, during a great storm, many a prayer is said for the safety of sailors at sea; while the sailors, for their part, are thanking their lucky stars that they are not on shore on such a night as this, and though they seldom go so far as to pray for the landlubbers' safety, they pity him from the bottom of their hearts.

A little girl once defined an optimist as "One who looks after your eyes," and a pessimist as "One who looks after your feet." Though she may have been slightly mistaken in the technicalities, she evidently tried to hint at the difference between these two classes of men, who view all earthly objects in either extremity. Optimism is certainly very different from pessimism, yet the difference lies in a single action. The optimist and the pessimist both look at the same object, but they do not both see the same thing. "The saddest words of tongue or pen" could easily be the motto of the sorrow seekers, for they are always considering what "it might have been" and what "it will be"; but, strange to say, it might also be the motto of the cheerful man, for he is glad because what "it might have been" has not happened.

A needle of joy in a haystack of trouble is hard to find, but easily worth the labour; for the more you concentrate your mind on the first the more pleasure it affords you when found, while the second should not be accepted as a gift. Someone once told the story of a certain fellow who was carried off by the devil, and who consoled himself with the reflection that the devil had to carry him and that he had not to carry the devil.

Some famous optimists, even when there was no longer an opportunity to be optimistic, could not find it in them to be depressed. To this class belong those Englishmen of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, who are said to have laid their heads upon the block with a "cavalier jest." Sir Walter Raleigh could not possibly find a silver lining in the cloud that overshadowed him when he was, to be executed, but neither did the blackness of the cloud interest him.

In sharp contrast to these are the pessimists of the Emperor Nero model. He was about to be killed, but he could not be miserable enough about his own

woes, he must mourn the misfortunes of the rest of the world—pitying them with the words: “O what a loss my death will be to Art.”

Powerful opposition or mighty obstacles do not worry the optimist. He will not back away from the fight, but, hoping for the best, will stay to the finish. In the words of Robert W. Service “The trouble with him is he doesn’t know when he has had enough.”

JOHN WOLFE.

THE PESSIMIST.

The pessimist is, in my opinion, a person to be envied. I am one myself—not the kind of pessimist who sits down and won’t do anything; but one who does his best and still expects the worst; who at least does his duty even though he thinks it will be of no use. I am in this position at present; I know I won’t please anyone by writing this, but still I am doing my best. I might as well admit in the beginning that I am not going to talk about pessimists in general—unless what I say applies, perchance, to a whole class as well as to a particular person—I am going to speak about myself. That is a discouraging statement, but don’t give up yet—the worst is yet to come.

Once I was an optimist. I would probably be one still, had not something unexpected happened. In those days, I always expected things to turn out well, and was as foolish as usual in the case I speak of, as if it were possible for anyone to—but that would be giving away a secret. However, if I had expected the worst on that occasion I wouldn’t have been an optimist; but I am glad I was one then, because I have thereby found out how foolish those people are.

The optimist wastes his life trying to imagine how things will turn out well. If his hopes and expectations are fulfilled he gets little satisfaction, for by constantly thinking of the matter he has taken away its charm of novelty. The best things in an optimist’s life are the many disappointments he gets, and even they are too unexpected to be pleasant. If something good happens in a pessimist’s life it is a most agreeable surprise; if the worst happens he is fully prepared for it. In either case he has had the sweet pleasure of expecting the worst. By this time you are wondering what it is I am trying to say. I know I am a failure in essay-writing, but then I never did expect success.

To continue—the sweet pleasure of expecting the worst. Ah, yes! I was going to say that I really do take delight in being pessimistic. If I were a man I would have pessimistic fits twice a day, regularly; first, when I read the paper at breakfast, and again, when I had finished my work and was home for the evening. There would also be special times when I would be worse than usual. But I am not yet a man and perhaps never will have a place to read my paper in the morning or to rest at night in gloomy meditation.

It is truly pleasant to sit down and put the most pessimistic interpretation on all the current news, to think that nothing you would like ever happens, that the world is full of troubles and cares, and that you weren’t destined ever

to be satisfied anyway. It requires no effort to look at things from the dark side, while the optimist has to keep up a continual struggle against his natural inclination to despair. Being pessimistic is a nice, easy job.

The war affords me a fine opportunity for looking on the dark side of things, and, to tell the truth, I think conditions are pretty bad. People have been telling us for the past three years what great things are going to happen. How many of their fancies have been realised? If after three years there is yet no sign of the peace-dove's returning, true pessimist that I am, I am inclined to fear it may have been devoured by the war-raven!

R. E. ANGLIN.

"HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE"

Miltonic Version

(Willis Boyd Allen—in the *May Bookman*)

Of dire events, strange, inconcatenate,
Attuned to ribald mirth and revelry,
And eke to sequent madness multiform
And shameful flight: sing thou, O wanton Muse!
"Hey diddle diddle"—thus the nursery rhyme
Ancestral and prerevolutionary,
Chanted by bard maternal, fond, anseric,
Its weird inception takes. "Hey diddle diddle"—
As 'twere a maddened shriek of helpless woe
Drawn by Grimalkin from the viol strings,
Protesting thus their feline genesis.
Then springs aloft the bovine mountebank,
Till Dian's silv'ry orb itself is spurned
By volant hoofs all supercalcitrant;
While far and wide resounds upon the blast
Fell cachination canine, at the sport:
And lo, what dread catastrophe is this!
Two forms, one discoid, one attenuate,
Comrades of eld at many a festive board,
Have fled to realms chaotic, dark, unknown.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE CLASS-ROOM

(With Apologies to Thomas Gray)

The summer tolls the knell of College days,
Those pleasant times! Alas, they now are o'er!
The students all have gone their divers ways
To find what holidays may have in store.

Behold! the shades of eve begin to fall
And hide the quiet class-room from my sight;
So I must needs reach up upon the wall
To press the switch of the electric light.

That large oak desk, which towers up in front
And which a view of all the class commands,
No more shall seat the master as was wont;
The empty desk alone in glory stands.

Within this room closed in by white-washed wall,
Where orderly the benches all are lined,
Each on his little seat so hard and small
The earnest plodders of the class reclined.

The master's anger at work not done well,
His tears anent the lessons pupils shirk,
The noisy clanging of the old school-bell
No more shall rouse them from their dreary work.

No more shall study tire their sleepy eyes,
Or irksome homework wear their weary hands;
No more shall they with unavailing sighs
Work hard at things no student understands.

Oft did they toil for hours at puzzling Greek,
Oft Latin verse their peace of mind impaired;
French authors they attacked with patience meek,
While countless were the murmurings they shared.

Let not the learned scorn in pompous style
Their steadfast labour and their poor success,
Nor wise men mock with a deriding smile
The scanty knowledge that the young possess.

Perhaps to this forsaken class there came
Some boy once fervent with the love of work,
Who might have climbed to dizzy heights of fame,
Had he not learned his daily task to shirk.



FIRST GRAMMAR



SECOND GRAMMAR

But knowledge to the young seems far away;
To them a task is pleasant—left undone;
And so as they pass on each dreary day
They think of school and wish that there were none.

Full many a boy knows not what work may mean,
And goes through life without a single care;
Yet many a youth is born to toil unseen
And labour when the bravest would despair.

One day into this bare and empty class
There came a lad his comrades to inspire;
If we perchance some idle time to pass
The future of this hopeful should enquire,

Sadly some solemn classmate might reply:
“Oft did we see him at the peep of dawn
Study his lessons with unwakened eye
As early to the school he hurried on.

“Hard by the movie shows that lined his way,
Conning some ancient author he would run,
Now drooping with the cares of yesterday,
Now whistling gaily to the rising sun.

“One morn he did not answer to the roll;
He never came into our midst again.
Stop, if by yonder churchyard you should stroll,
And read upon his headstone this sad strain:

THE EPITAPH

“Here lies a boy freed from the class-room’s strife,
Enwrapped forever in death’s cold embrace;
He gave to study all he had—his life,
He gained by toil (’twas all he wished) ‘First Place.’

Now blame him not who calmly lies at rest,
A better man than he ne’er drew a breath;
But, O ye students bent to do your best,
Beware lest you too work yourselves to death!”

ARTHUR J. CHABOT

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT WAR

Three years ago Father Bernard, the Jesuit missionary, was working among the inhabitants of Alaska. He had his residence at Mary's Igloo, a small village on the Kayuk River. The word Igloo means village, but, in this case, the name has been given to a group of half a dozen houses. This is not unusual in Alaska. Mary is one of the prominent members of the community. The missionary's labours were not, of course, confined to the Igloo, but extended over all the territory within a radius of about fifty miles. His ordinary means of travelling during the winter months, when the strong winds give a firm, smooth snow-surface, was by dog-sled, and his team was well known by native and miner, from the coast to the northern boundary of the district under his charge. The leader was a sturdy malamute, larger, stronger, yet gentler and more attractive than most of his species. He was his master's inseparable companion. We do not know what the Father called him, but he was always spoken of in Alaska as the Father's dog.

When the European war broke out, the effects were felt even at Mary's Igloo. Father Bernard, a French reservist, was called to the colours. He obeyed at once, as did so many of his fellow-missionaries throughout the world, but it was not without deep regret that he gave up the monotonous but magnificent work among the dull, repulsive Esquimaux and rough miners, in which he had been so zealously employed during many years.

The Catholic missionary, once he has confided the souls he has been caring for to a successor, has very little to delay him, and it was but a few days after the summons reached Mary's Igloo that Father Bernard began the first part of his long journey to France—the walk to Nome, a distance of seventy-five miles. His departure will long be remembered by the men of the North. Many of the natives and the miners from Candall gathered round to bid their friend good-bye and to wish him a safe and speedy return. The large malamute was with his master until the very moment of departure and was with great difficulty held back from following him. The dog's pitiful howls were the last sounds to reach Father Bernard, as he hurried along the trail, southward, to Nome.

Unfortunately we have heard very few details of the priest's life at the front. From the few letters we have seen, we know that he was at first infirmarian and chaplain, and afterwards acted also as interpreter, and that his work among the soldiers is as fruitful and as highly appreciated as his work among the Alaskans. The following incident is related in a letter received by T. M. Clowes, a resident of Seattle, from Kenneth Marr, a friend of his at the front. The writer is serving with the French aviation corps. He lived formerly in Alaska and perhaps, on this account the incident was of peculiar interest to him.

Not long ago Father Bernard, erect and soldierly, and with the familiar expression of cool and fearless determination, though bearing the marks of the sufferings and privations he had endured in the war, was walking along, a short distance behind the trenches, wrapped in thought. It may well be that he was thinking of his parishioners in Alaska and of the great silent plains of snow over which he had so often travelled with his malamutes. He was roused from his reverie by the appearance of a dog-team dragging provisions to the men in the trenches. These dog-teams, many of which are now used in France, always

attract his attention, for they are a link, and perhaps the only one, still binding him to his missionary life in Alaska. On approaching the team, his surprise was intense. In the large, strong, well-proportioned leader he recognized his own malamute. A familiar bark greeted him and a vigorously-wagging tail expressed the joy of its owner at the meeting. Here indeed was a link with Alaska.

According to the account, Father Bernard, when leaving for the front, gave his dog-team to a friend. His last words to the new owner of the dogs besought tender care for the animals and especially for the leader. But commercialism got the better of sentiment, and the dog's wonderful physique brought a good price. He was sold to the French Government with hundreds of others.

W. H. TABB.

AN ANCIENT TRAGEDY.

List to this tale of woe
Sung in the long ago
By the Great Cicero,
Eloquent Roman.

Dark was the night, you know,
Whispering to and fro
Softly the wind did blow
Full of ill omen.

When by the Appian way,
Burning with hate to slay,
Ambushed a figure lay
Waiting for Milo.

Soon on the night air borne,
Faint like a distant horn,
Then like the thunder torn—
(Wicked the wile Oh!)

Comes there the sound of wheels,
Mixed with the laughter peals,
As on the gay coach reels
Thoughtless of murder.

Then from his ambush dim
Leaps there this figure grim;
Milo's sword enters him—
Why need go further?

Yet 'twas in self-defence:
Cicero's eloquence
Vainly the common sense
Points to the jury.

Still from the walls of Rome,
Far from his childhood's home,
Milo is forced to roam—
Oh! what a story!

BYRNE T. CLEMENT.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.

Whenever you see a poem written under the title of "Spring, Gentle Spring" it is invariably time to turn over the page of your newspaper and start in at the Social Column; but this present article is not poetry, nor is it so much about Spring itself as it is about Spring poems and Spring poets.

Everybody, at some time or other during his life, is inspired to write an ode to Spring. I was so inspired myself, but I wrote my poem while I was quite young, and so got it off my mind. It happens, generally, that these inspirations are very great, but that the products are, well—otherwise.

Perhaps the principal reason for this is that the subject has become somewhat trite. It might have been easy to write about Spring eight or nine centuries ago, or even in the Homeric age, but nowadays it is different.

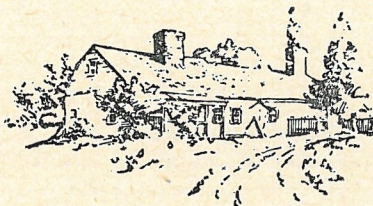
Another reason is that we know all about Spring. By the time we have reached our twentieth year, we know all about how, in Spring, the warm sun peeps over the neighbouring hills and disperses the cold night shades; we know how blue and cloudless the skies are; how the birds sing merrily, and the trees and flowers awaken and send forth their first shoots. We learnt all about this years ago and we are tired of hearing it.

Of course the great thing about spring is that it makes our spirits rejoice. This, I think, Spring poets take unfair advantage of, and think that if they get us to read their poems, while we are in a happy frame of mind, we may not do anything rash to them.

Spring has this same happy effect on everybody, I think, except newspaper editors. As soon as the first signs of Spring appear, they know that they will be literally swamped by spring poetry and so they have their waste-paper baskets emptied and put close at hand, and hang out their "Busy Day" signs.

One word of advice before I finish. If you are ever at a loss for a subject to write about, never choose "Spring."

ARTHUR J. CHABOT.



MARS

You men have often heard it said
By those who study stars,
That there are signs of living things
Upon the planet Mars.

And many theories there are
About this world unknown;
But ev'ry one of them is wrong,
The truth know I alone.

You know that Mars in olden time,
Although a god, they say,
In battle fought with mortal men,
And often won the day.

But heroes nowadays are few,
And there are none who'll dare
To meet in combat hand to hand
A warrior so rare.

And so he keeps aloof from us,
His home is in the sky;
His comrades now are warriors
Who've found their rest on high.

The Greek Achilles with his friends,
The Trojan Hector, too,
With many other soldiers brave,
Who aren't unknown to you.

From dawn till dark they lead their troops,
As though in earnest fight,
And friendly battles are kept up
All through the starry night.

And Mars looks on while once again
The ancient heroes meet,
While Pompey strives good-naturedly
Great Caesar to defeat.

Yet are they never killed or hurt,
Though fighting every day;
They only rest a while to dine,
And then renew the fray.

And from their planet in the sky
With scorn they look on ours,
Whose scientists would like to know
What creatures live on Mars.

R. E. ANGLIN.

A VISIT TO MONTREAL.

We docked at Montreal one Thursday morning and, after looking around for some vehicle, we espied a cab coming our way, so we hailed the doughty cabman and asked him to bring us to a good hotel. Without a moment's hesitation, he started off on the gallop and did not stop till he landed us at a certain well patronised hostelry, where a much bebuttoned and much bebraided flunkey bowed us over the threshold.

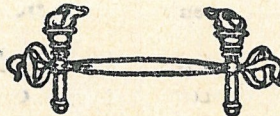
We went in and told ye olde landlord we wanted a good room, so he sent the bell hop up to see if the gold and purple suite was ready, for there was a full house, and the management was flushed. However, we went straight up, changed our travelling clothes and soon felt like a pair of kings in that royal suite.

In the guide book Montreal was described as an ancient city, dating back to Maisonneuve, and as we were admirers of all kinds of antiques, Montreal seemed to promise some interesting hours of sightseeing. We were doomed to disappointment, for, instead of little wooden shacks and winding footpaths, we found big three-storey buildings, well paved streets and a vigilant police force (at the corners) looking out for all street-cars in order to hail the motormen. What caught our eyes most were the crowds outside the recruiting offices waiting to be enrolled in the service. Talking about service, that reminds me of the service we got at the hotel. At lunch the headwaiter took our order very politely and gave it to a waiter, who hurried off, wearing an exultant smile, for, as Clement Moore says, "Visions of sugar plums danced in his head." All the waiters began wrangling with the headwaiter because we were not placed at their tables, and the noise became so intense that I felt like getting up and — reading the riot act to them. After a long wait, our luncheon was served and at the end the waiter brought the change in quarters and watched the plate like a cat watches a mouse, or, to talk in baseball terms, "he played for the plate."

It was a festive day, for the Montreal "Royals" were in town. In the afternoon we journeyed to the ball park which has a seating capacity of about eight hundred. It did not take very long to pick out the "Royals" once the game was started, for the Providence players were continually making home-runs. The final score was 12 to 2 for Providence. After the game, three hundred melancholy "fans" were seen wending their weary way home to dinner, and we were two of that noble three hundred.

Next morning we boarded the train for the land of promise, namely Ontario, and were resolved that, "There is no place like home."

JAMES MCGARRY.



VANITY AND IMAGINATION.

It is not usual when writing an ordinary piece of prose to take two subjects which bear no relation to one another. Whether compared or contrasted or treated in whatever other way you please, if two subjects are taken, they are generally connected at some point either naturally or accidentally. Vanity may have some true connection with imagination, but this is not the direct cause of my placing the two together. When I had made up my mind to write on vanity, I happened to think of a certain person I know, who, if this fault is really common among men—or women—is certainly one of the most vain creatures I have ever had the pleasure of meeting. It is on his account that I place the two together.

I cannot say which is more limited, my knowledge or my experience, and further I must confess that I am not a great observer. For these reasons this unfortunate person whom I have mentioned must be the chief source whence I shall draw my ideas. But him at least I think I know well.

Vanity is not always very apparent in a person. And it is in this that it seems to me different from what is commonly called conceit. A vain person is not necessarily a "show-off," though he might like to be, if he had the opportunity. A man may look in a mirror and think how handsome he is; he may even go to the mirror for the express purpose of admiring himself and yet this same man is perhaps to all appearances a most unassuming and modest person in public. Thus it is with my friend; perhaps he is shy or realises how unimportant he really is amongst other men; yet he is an excellent man with vanity as his chief failing. I know that he looks at himself in a glass every day, and sometimes is disgusted with his appearance; but not infrequently he completes the performance, thinking he is not such a bad looking fellow, after all.

If you could only see him at different times! It matters not where he is—he may pause in the middle of his work, close his book or lay down his pen—suddenly you see his brows knit, his eyes assume a far-away look, and his fists clench. He doesn't move quickly or nervously, but you can tell that there is some vivid picture passing before his mind. It is a picture of himself. Believe it or not, I myself have often seen him pass into such a state. Then, as the realisation of where he is dawns upon him, he quickly chases away the vision and goes on with his reading or writing.

What has he been picturing himself as doing? Something heroic and romantic and far greater than he will ever really do. Strange that this weak and unnoticed person should imagine himself a hero receiving the admiration and applause of the many! We find him studying his history, when suddenly he stops and thinks. He has been reading about a battle and he imagines himself in the midst of it, the bravest of the brave. He kills and slaughters and wins the day, making himself the hero of the nation. What foolish thoughts! and yet all the while the very fight has passed before his mind, while he grasped an imaginary rifle or brandished an imaginary sword. These are indeed vain dreams: he knows it, yet he so loves himself that he delights in them. At other times he imagines himself becoming a great and admired man in public life, or in what sphere soever greatness may be achieved. This is why I put imagination with vanity. The workings of that man's imagination are lively and vivid,

and what causes it so to work but his vanity? For on most occasions people say he lacks imagination.

I could tell some other things: how I have noticed, for instance, certain people singing. When a man with a poor voice begins to sing, in company with a number of others, he gets courage, and, since no one hears him, his voice getting louder and louder surprises him. It is amusing then to notice how he has suddenly found within himself a beautiful voice. He rolls his r's, pronounces his a's long and broad, and is quite impressed by himself on the low notes; on the high notes the richness of the voice coming from within himself carries him away, and he bellows forth music. I think this happens frequently; it has happened to myself, and I have often heard it happen to others.

But the time when I most like to sing is not when I am accompanied by a piano or an organ and my voice is drowned among the many others. Being a good singer, I rather fancy myself singing a solo with the accompaniment of—the noise made by water filling a bath-tub. If the water is running hard, nobody can hear your voice, and I assure you that if you begin singing some weird or tragic song, it and running water make a noise such as to stir up your own feelings (I don't know whether others would appreciate it) more than any famous sextette, with orchestra accompaniment, could ever stir them.

Perhaps I have strayed somewhat from the subject: it is a sign that I should stop. Having nothing more to say on the matter, I shall obey that sign.

R. E. ANGLIN.

VAIN WISHES.

Oh that it were the twenty-first of June!
How happy then we all would be at last!
I would that all my school-boy days were past;
For me my youth cannot go by too soon.

Yet is he found who sings another tune:
“I wish my life had not gone by so fast,
That some strange chance again my lot would cast
Among the boys at school.” The foolish loon!

The place for each and ev'ry one of us
Is in the present—be we young or old.
The young man wastes away his too short age
By always thinking of the coming page.
The ancient vainly wishes to behold
The book of life again. The crazy cuss!

R. E. ANGLIN.



THIRD GRAMMAR



LATIN RUDIMENTS

High School Debating and Literary Society

On Thursday, February 15th, 1917, the members of the four High School classes, under the direction of Mr. D. B. Zema, S.J., assembled in the large study hall and formed the H. S. Debating and Literary Society, electing as its officers: Noah A. Timmins, President; Charles F. McCarthy, Vice-President; John O'Halloran, Secretary; and Martin Pye, Treasurer.

In addition to effective speaking, the newly formed society was to promote among the younger students a love and appreciation of polite literature and at the same time to encourage and stimulate literary composition. To furnish a suitable means to this latter end, the scholars of First Grammar offered to transfer from private control "The Grammarian," their class bulletin, that it might serve the bigger purpose of the Literary Society. This generous offer was enthusiastically accepted by all, and no time was lost in appointing an editorial staff, representative of all the High School classes. Henry Smeaton, of 1st Grammar, was named Editor, and to assist him, as associates, were appointed: Walter Corbett (1st Gram.), Thomas Walsh (2nd Gram.), Gerald Gleeson (3rd Gram.), and Wilfrid Scott (Rudiments).

Without further delay all machinery was set in motion, and, by the middle of March, "The Grammarian," in its new capacity, made its first appearance—but how it had grown and improved! The small white cover, with its blue mimeograph ink, had been doffed for a larger one in grey, which, printed in black, attracted and pleased the eye by its very simplicity. Our limited finances, however, did not permit us to send the contents likewise to the printer, so we submitted to circumstances and had them multigraphed instead. Yet, to use the words of "The Grammarian," let us not forget that without an acorn there can be no oak, and though "The Grammarian" is small and makes no pretensions, still it has aspirations and hopes—it hopes, in fact, to become in time a sturdy and dignified magazine, such as will worthily represent the whole High School.

The first regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on Monday, March 26th, when the question, "Resolved that compulsory military service in Canada would be for the best interests of the Dominion," was debated. It would not be enough to say that, considering that it was only the first, the debate was excellent, for it would have merited high praise even had it been the twentieth. The seriousness, with which the debate was prepared, delivered and listened to, gave clear proof, from the very start, that all concerned had entered into the work in dead earnest.

The restricted space at our disposal makes impossible a detailed report of each weekly meeting. Yet, an account of the work done would be decidedly incomplete, if no special mention were made of the two principal events of the term, namely, the moot-court and the public debate.

On Monday afternoon, March 19th, the recreation hall was transformed into a court of justice for the trial of the Crown's case vs. Adam Hotstuff, in

which the defendant was charged with attempting to blow up the munition works of the Dominion Bridge Company. The judge's bench, rising above a row of lawyers' and clerks' desks liberally furnished with huge legal tomes, the dock, the witness stand and the jury-box gave the hall an awe-inspiring aspect. What made the mock-trial particularly interesting and instructive was the fact that all court-room formalities and technicalities were strictly observed. Hotstuff was successfully defended by McCarthy and Walsh against the prosecuting attorneys, Smeaton and O'Halloran.

In the public debate of May 22nd, to which were invited the parents and friends of the High School students, the Debating Society may be said to have gathered its first fruits. The speakers for the occasion were those who won the first four places in the preliminary contests of April 23rd. They were: Henry Smeaton and Joseph Fargis, of 1st Grammar; John O'Halloran, of 2nd Grammar; and Bryan White, of Rudiments.

The subject selected for the public discussion was: "Resolved that the mechanics of the present century are not equal to the mechanics of ancient times or of the Middle Ages." Thomas Walsh occupied the Chair, while the judges were the Reverend T. Kearney, C.S.C., of St. Laurent College, Mr. F. C. Haberstroh, S.J., and Mr. J. Carbajal, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception College.

The highest tribute that could have been paid to the debaters was the difficulty experienced by the judges in determining the winner of the medal and the order of merit. In fact, as Reverend Father Kearney, the presiding judge, remarked, every decision was a compromise. After long deliberation, it was agreed by the judges, first, that the affirmative side, represented by Smeaton and White, had won the debate; secondly, that John O'Halloran deserved the medal for individual excellence, with Smeaton as close rival; and thirdly, that the whole debate did the greatest honor to the High School Debating Society.

Father Kearney's appreciative and congratulatory remarks were much appreciated by the young society. One in particular was acclaimed with hearty applause, namely, the suggestion that we invite other colleges to meet us on the platform of debate. We confidently hope to act upon the Reverend judge's recommendation during our next period of activity, and we cannot but feel assured that the happiest results will follow from the proposed inter-collegiate contests.

The meeting was brought to a close by Reverend Father Rector, who expressed his sincere gratification at the progress and success already achieved by the Debating Society. Additional pleasure was given to all present by the choice piano, violin and vocal selections with which the programme was interspersed.



ON SATURDAYS

When the sun is shining brightly
And your heart is beating lightly
And your head is full of pleasurable plans,
Then you surely know it's time
To collect each precious dime
And mingle with the jolly crowd of fans.
First you scan the sporting page
For the teams that will engage
In the struggle for the pennant each would win;
Then you whistle like a lark,
As you hustle to the park
And see the throng of rooters pouring in.
Soon you're sitting in the stand
By the peanut vendors mann'd,
Sizing up each famous player on the field,
Till above the noise of all
Comes the stirring cry, "Play ball!"
And the batter picks the bat he's going to wield.
Both the teams play well and hard,
Then you shout, "He's safe a yard!"
But no attention's paid to what you've said;
So you bawl the umpire out
While the bleachers loudly shout
And call down imprecations on his head.
But he's used to every name,
So he hollers, "Play the game!"
And you settle down once more to watch the play.
See that fancy pitcher, Stock,
With a wind-up like a clock;
It's a wonder he can keep it up all day.
Look at good old short-stop, Frost:
Where's the game he ever lost?
Pshaw! a baby might have stopped a ball like that!
Yet they are a lively crowd—
Hush! don't say it quite so loud,
For every man strikes out who comes to bat.
Still you like to see them play,
And on every Saturday
You scramble to the grandstand just the same;
And you're never, never late
When they dust the old-home plate,
Though you know the boys are going to lose the game.

JAMES McGARRY

IMPRESSIONS OF A SOLDIER

Ever since I can remember, I have always loved adventure. Even in my childhood days, at Stanford-by-the-Sea, where I lived with my father and mother, I was a dreamer, and while my companions would shout and run in healthy play, I sat and heeded them not, for mine was a rarer joy. I would sit for hours at a time gazing out to sea and let my fancy carry me whither it would. But things changed; my father had died and my mother, an invalid, soon followed him. Stanford-by-the-Sea was full of sad memories, so I decided to go to Canada. Here there was little time for day dreaming, for I was up to my ears in work; but later on when this fiendish war broke loose, so did my old-time spirit, and in two days I had enlisted. My companions in arms were mostly all adventurers, and we were a happy-go-lucky crowd. Soon we were in England; here, things were all hustle and bustle, public men were trying to instill the seriousness of the moment into the people, reserve troops were being sent to France as quickly as possible, and more were being raised. Our training camp was a sea of mud, and our sleeping quarters were little better; but, as I said before, we were a happy-go-lucky crowd, and no one was mindful of a few hardships.

After a period of training we were sent to France, and I still remember how my heart beat wildly as we boarded the boat which was to take us across the English Channel, and to what we then thought would be adventure. We landed in Havre about midnight, having been escorted by two dark, menacing grey hounds of the British Navy. We then marched to our billets, where food awaited us, and an hour later the whole battalion was sleeping the sleep of the weary. A day was spent at Havre, and I was glad of the chance to see this quaint sea-port with its narrow streets and gay houses.

The next day we started out from Havre, singing and laughing, while all the townspeople were lined up to see us off, and bid us good luck. But as the journey progressed, our singing decreased, for the sun was boiling and our throats were parched. Then, too, we had much food for reflection on our way. We marched past houses that were roofless and shell-torn, hamlets that were nothing but smoldering ruins; cattle lay mangled in their blood in the ditches; starved and separated families were huddled together by the wayside, while those who were strong enough, were fleeing to Paris, leaving behind them their dearest loved ones. Oh, I could tell you more, but 'twas enough to show us that the war was not for jesters, but for men of Viking blood.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, we were billeted at a farm-house, which had, so far, escaped the mad, screeching shells. A few others and myself were sent to rub down the horses in the stable, and while performing our duties, we saw there a sight—of the kind which turns a weakling's heart to steel and a coward's blood to white-heat. This was what we saw: A crazed and starving mother clasping to her bosom a little child, all the while crooning to it in a sing-song voice. Now and then she would offer it food, but the child had long been dead. As gently as we could, we brought her to the farm house, where she was given food, but she still clasped her baby tight and refused to believe it was dead.

An hour later we started out again, and those who had beheld the scene of mother and child had a certain tightness about the lips, and a smoldering

fire in the eyes. We were now at base headquarters and about three miles from the first line trenches. In two days we were initiated into underground life, beside a seasoned battalion which had seen real fighting.

It is now two years since then, and I am old and weary. I have seen many men die, and others suffer worse than death; nearly all my old companions have made the great sacrifice, and often when on leave I go and kneel at their graves, and sometimes I wish I were with them in their great joy. I have many war-won scars, but somehow I don't seem to mind, and life seems worth while living, for spring is here; the dull bleak grey of the country side has given way to the green of the leaves, of the grass, of the crop and of the hedges. In spring, Flanders is beautiful, but the shells and bombs make of it a savage beauty. What I miss mostly are the songs of the birds, for the country is bare of trees, except for the shrubbery and bushes.

Last night a sad thing happened. One of our men armed with a pair of wire-cutters crawled along "No Man's Land" to cut some German wire-entanglements. He never returned, and when dawn came we saw the reason. While in the act of cutting the barbed entanglements he was shot, and fell outstretched on the wires, and there he hung in full view, like a mocking scare-crow, swaying in the breeze. At first, naturally, we felt sorry for his death, but later on the ever present sight of our companion hanging on the wires got on our nerves, and even demoralised some of the men.

So to-night, our Lieutenant, two men and I are going out to take down our pal from the wires and drag his body back with us to our trench.

I have just received the signal from our Lieutenant, and the four of us together climb over the parapet and into the mysterious "No Man's Land." We separate and I am alone, crawling on hands and knees, and now a star-shell flares, lighting up the horrors of "No Man's Land," and I am flat on my stomach, stiff as the dead. All is darkness again, the moon is behind a cloud, and I resume my crawling, and soon again I pause, this time to gaze on the beauty of "No Man's Land," for even if it is haunted by countless ghosts there's beauty for all that. Far, far to the east, like the breaking of dawn, I can see a dull amber glow: it is the artillery in action, miles away; above, the stars are twinkling and search-lights are playing over the sky, behind me I hear the racing ambulances rushing their precious burdens to the busy surgeons. Towards the west I can vaguely see the—Ha! That was close. A bullet has just torn up the ground a yard in front of me. I had best be careful and not dream, or I'll be caught by the moonlight. I am still crawling, when, suddenly, my heart beats wildly, for what do I see, not three yards from me, but a little blur of white. It is a man, with his face turned towards me, and he's waiting. Neither of us makes a noise, for it is death, sure death, to cry out in "No Man's Land."

Can I hear his breath, or is it my imagination? The suspense is too much, so I am crawling towards him, we'll fight it out in the dark, and the best man will win. I am now a yard from him! Strange he makes no move, but seems to be waiting, still as death. Well, here goes! A spring and we're together, my fingers are searching for his wind-pipe and—but the man is dead; he has probably been dead three weeks, and his grinning skull shines ghastly in the

moonlight. Perchance his ghost is one of those that haunt this land of horror and fascination.

I have scarcely time to breathe a prayer for him but must be on my way.

Ah! Here we are at last. There is only the Lieutenant and one man to meet me, and they were beginning to think that I had met the same fate as did the fourth of our party, who was killed by a stray bullet, after we separated.

"Hold tight, boys, only a little bit more, and we will soon be there," the Lieutenant keeps repeating, and at last we climb over the parapet, dragging with us the body of our dead chum, which had been lying on the wires.

I am going to snatch a few hours sleep, and as I lie down in my dug-out my fancy carries me back to Stanford-by-the-Sea and memories tug at my heart strings. I can see a little vine-covered cottage, built on the slope of a green hill, and the blue Atlantic rolling at its feet; but these pleasant fancies fade away to a lovelier vision, for I see an old man and a sickly woman sitting side by side in a little garden.

The shells are still bursting, and I can hear the distant roar of cannon; vaguely I hear the groans and sufferings of the wounded. I am awake, but happy, for I have been back to Stanford-by-the-Sea with my father and mother.

ANTHONY VANIER.

A RASH INSPIRATION

I am raging within till my skin burns
 With the blaze of poetical fire;
 My verse in a cadence of Swinburne's
 Leaps to birth, as I tinkle my lyre.

My brow with a fever is glowing,
 My heart well-nigh stops in its beat;
 My teeming brain, full to o'erflowing
 Seems to seethe with Apollo's own heat.

There's an itch in my hankering fingers,
 There are fires in my breast, on my tongue,
 Heliconian thirst ever lingers
 Unslaked, till my numbers be sung.

'Tis the god! On my mind's magic easels
 The Muses are painting apace. . . .
*You're kidding yourself, it's the measles,
 See the little red spots on your face!*

T.L.

SNOW-SHOES

To people unacquainted with its history, snow-shoeing is no more than one of the many sports from which the Canadian derives much of his pleasure during the months when the land of the Maple Leaf is snowbound. Yet, strange to say, it was not the desire for pleasure that led to the invention of the curious racquet-shaped contrivance that we call the snow-shoe. Old Mother Necessity numbers it among her countless brood. Long before the pale-face came to scatter and supersede the aborigines of the North American Continent, the Indian had conceived and fashioned the ingenious contrivances, as the only practical means of making his long journeys through the deep snows.

So great was the value of snow-shoes in the early pioneer days that we may say Canada took her first steps towards civilisation upon them. There were trading posts which in winter depended entirely upon snow-shoes for communication with other centres of colonisation; and it was upon snow-shoes that the Indian hunter set forth to seek his winter fare in the vast Canadian forests. We shall the more appreciate this means of travelling over the drifting snows, if we consider how otherwise the settlers would have been obliged to remain inactive through the long winter months, with the regrettable result that a third of each year would have been almost lost to the development of the country.

Apart from the work of colonisation, the snow-shoe was used extensively in the wars between the French and the English and their Indian allies. In the winter of 1644, a band of Iroquois on web feet invaded Ville Marie and nearly succeeded in taking the fort. In this instance, however, the snow-shoes proved the Indians' undoing, for they so hampered the Red Skins in the fray that they were defeated and driven off by Maisonneuve.

As the Iroquois were becoming too troublesome to the French colony at Quebec, the governor, de Courcelles, set out in the deep snows of 1666, for the Indians' stronghold in what is now the State of Maine. With him he took five hundred men, all on snow-shoes, each man carrying his blankets, weapons and food. The expedition was not successful; but this was due, not to the snow-shoes, but to cold and exposure.

Twenty years later, the Hudson Bay trading posts tempted the ambition of Troyes and of Ste. Helene, who accordingly set out in the winter snows of 1686, travelled for six hundred miles on snow-shoes and captured the coveted posts. Only four winters later, Frontenac organized three expeditions against the Iroquois, each undertaken in mid-winter on snow-shoes. And so we see that many pages of our Canadian History must have read somewhat differently, whether for good or for ill, had not the Indian winter-shoe made possible so many expeditions and battles.

It is perhaps in exploring expeditions that the snow-shoe has played its biggest part. It was in search of fur-trade routes that the Canadian pioneers made their way across the continent. Sir Alexander MacKenzie, Simon Fraser and David Thompson, those great explorers of our immense North West, who discovered the great rivers that honour their names, all wore snow-shoes on their travels into the wilds, where deep snow hides the ground for the greater part of the year. Out in that frozen land, a journey with snow-shoes, sleds and dogs of less than a hundred miles a day was considered poor travelling.

The racquets were used in many other ways in the North West. Traders and men whose occupations obliged them to travel between the different stations on Hudson's Bay and between the trading posts on the Fraser and MacKenzie Rivers had to make their journeys on dog trails. Travelling with a dog train, were generally three persons, a man in front to beat the track, one behind to push the sleigh, and one passenger in the sleigh itself. The first two wore snow-shoes. Should a pack of dogs be lacking, or by any unfortunate accident be lost in the middle of a journey, the path-finder would take the place of the dogs, and, attaching a light harness to his shoulders, would draw the sleigh, while the person at the rear would contribute his share of labour by pushing.

The necessity of fresh food compelled the early settlers to hunt game in winter as well as in summer. But the tracks of the quarry often led over very deep snow, where ordinarily the hunter would be unable to follow. Here again the old-fashioned racquets were pressed into service.

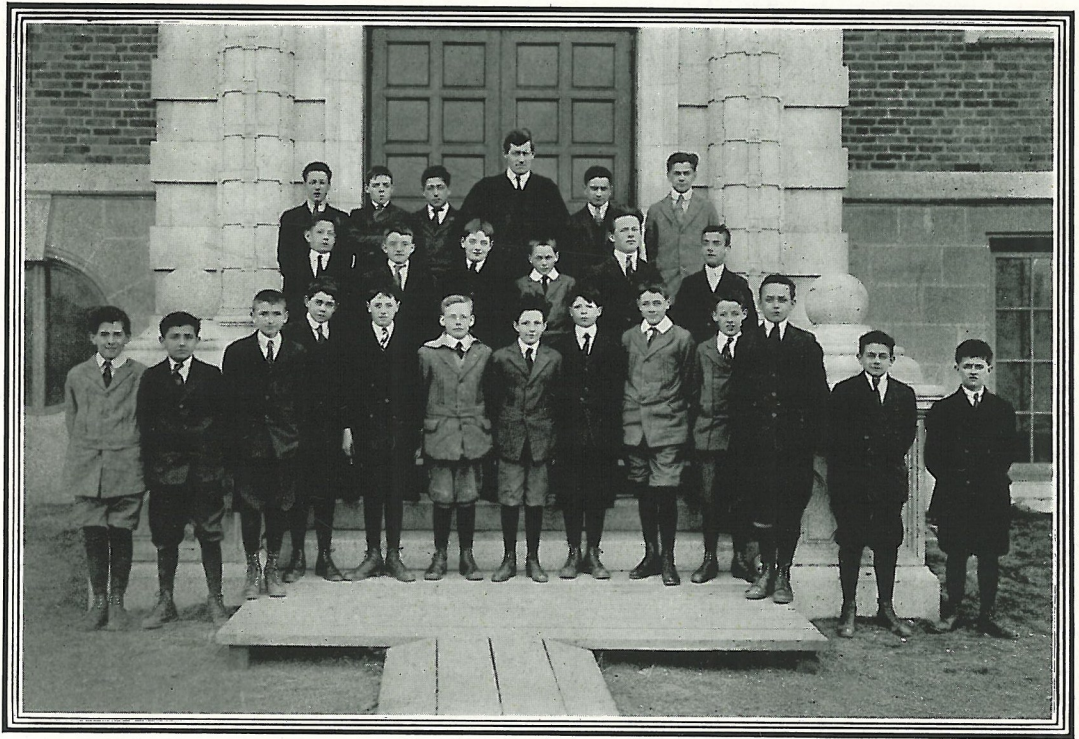
These racquets of which we speak were shaped like the ordinary snow-shoe, the only difference being that they were not webbed at the heel or the toe, and were generally made of tough young beech-wood.

Snow-shoeing is a pastime of the most fascinating kind. It is among the most healthful, invigorating, and pleasant sports and is also full of variety. The fact that it is not confined to any particular ground, but that you may set off and ramble wherever fancy leads you, tramping over the deep, soft snow as safely and as easily as if you were walking on a macadam road; the fact that the broad surface of the snow-shoes takes you over places that are otherwise inaccessible gives snow-shoeing a charm and interest all its own, such as only those who actually engage in the sport can fully enjoy.

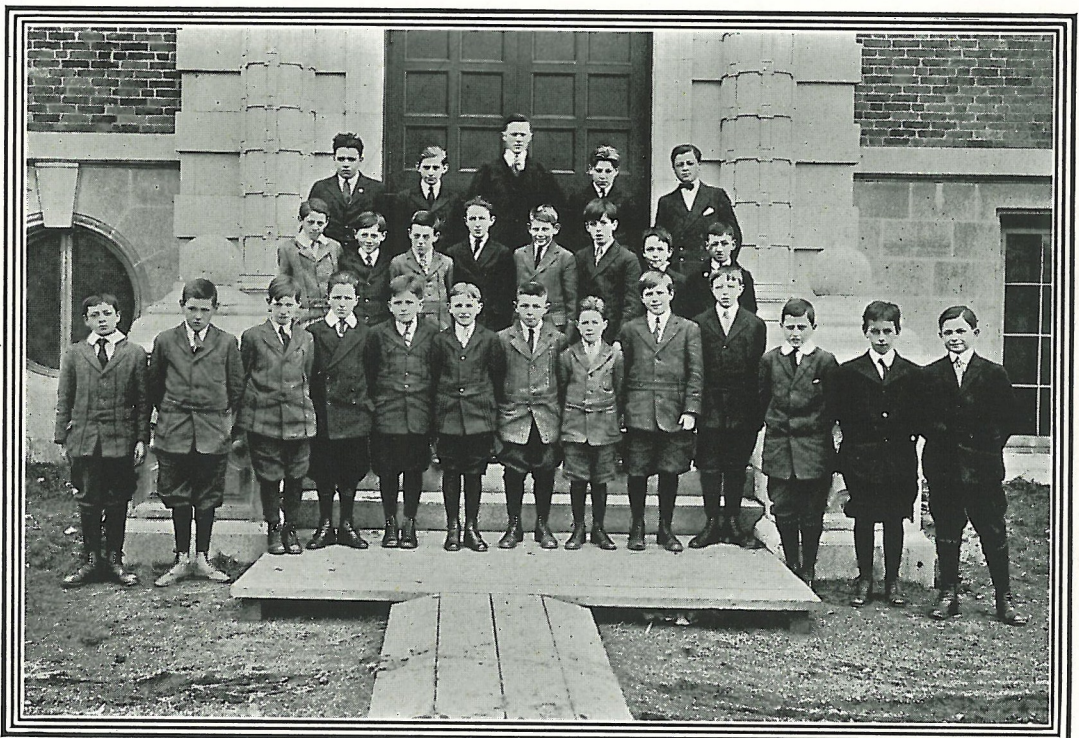
Very few sights are as gay and picturesque as a snow-shoeing band in the course of a tramp. All are filled with a keen enjoyment of the sport. Their red or blue tuques and their many-coloured scarves, sashes and stockings make as pretty a picture as one could wish to see. On they tramp and ramble, and with full-hearted laughter joke at some hapless one floundering in the snow—and who has not had his turn at floundering and giving cause for mirth?

It may be a torchlight procession through the woods, and then you imagine yourself a pathfinder of pioneer days; or it may be a moonlight excursion over mountain, open field or woods, when the soft silver light sheds poetry over every objects it touches, while your ears, cheeks, chin and nose tingle in the crisp night air with the blood warmed from the healthy exercise. Assuredly the memory of such a tramp will live fresh for long days. Such are the pleasures and peculiar enjoyment that are to be found in snow-shoeing, besides many others that my poor pen is unable to describe.

The storming of the ice palace on Fletcher's Field, in Montreal, in the winter of 1911-1912, was one of the most interesting and picturesque scenes that have been witnessed in this historic city, for many a year. Although a light drizzle somewhat marred the enjoyment of the festival, the event was, nevertheless, a source of much merry-making. The palace itself was illuminated with thousands of electric globes of all the colours of the rainbow. The various clubs of Montreal formed a procession, marched over the mountain on snow-shoes and stormed the palace with fire-works. Thousands of people viewed the spectacular



FIRST PREPARATORY



SECOND PREPARATORY

scene. But the most enjoyable feature of the evening was the night tramp over Mount Royal. Torches were carried all along the line, and each club, with its variously hued costumes, made an attractive band, defiling through the gloomy woods, which, however, re-echoed with the peals of merry laughter.

Snow-shoe racing is a sport that causes the highest amusement and interest to the spectator. Such contests may be said to have seen their most prosperous days during the last half of the last century, in the 'eighties. Since that time no such famous races have been held as those which took place between the Militia, the Coureurs-de-bois, and the Indians.

Before the year 1869, there was no fixed rule concerning the weight of the shoes, and those weighing less than two pounds were looked upon as curiosities and rarely found. But soon the weight had reached the other extreme and the sportsmen Boyle and Armstrong, with others of their day, ran in shoes which weighed from eleven to twelve ounces. However, on December 30th, 1871, a convention of snow-shoe clubs was held in the Globe Chop House in St. James Street, Montreal, to decide upon a standard weight for the racing shoe. As a result the regulation was passed "that the shoes, including strings, shall not be less than one and a half pounds in weight, and shall measure not less than ten inches gut in width."

At the present day, alas, the star of snow-shoeing, as a sport, seems to be about to set, while the popularity of skiing, skating, and hockey is in the ascendant. It would be a matter of deep regret if this most time-honoured and enjoyable of recreations, which, besides pleasure, has given so much service to the settling and growth of this country, should vanish from the field of honourable sports.

S. E. P. WICKHAM.



COMMENTS ON A PHOTOGRAPH

The Miltons of First Preparatory are as yet mute and inglorious. As is right and proper to their age, they feel more at home in using a baseball club, a hockey stick (and, mayhap, at times a closed fist) than in poring over miserable books or painfully expressing themselves through the medium of paper and pen, so that it has been decided to entrust the description of them to an outsider. Until now they will have been ignorant of the statement (the knowledge of which will, we are sure, rejoice their hearts and perhaps make them forgive themselves too readily for having liked play better than work) that England's battles were first fought and won on the playgrounds of her public schools, and that, all unknown to themselves, they were trying, in spite of their teacher's efforts to the contrary, to live up to the glorious traditions of their mother country.

For a detailed description of these tantalising compounds of innocence and original sin, the reader is referred to the class photograph. In the back row, beginning on the observer's left, are Leprohon, Dawson and de Salaberry. Leprohon is a recent arrival and has had neither time nor opportunity nor inclination, it would seem, to show more than the studious side of his character. Our acquaintance with Dawson is less limited. He loves fantastically decorated eye-shades inordinately; and his bed, we feel sure, as soon as his head touches its pillow, becomes a berth in a sleeping car, the hum of whose wheels is an endless but delightful variation of the name of its destination, Hamilton. De Salaberry, the good-natured, is, and that fittingly, class porter. He answers knocks at the door and "Welcomes everybody in, with sweetly smiling eyes." But besides this, it is said that he has been first in monthly class standing oftener than any other boy in the class. Murray comes next. Rumour has it—rumour *is* in the habit of meddling in the affairs of the great and nearly great—that his hobby is automobiling, and that he spends his well-earned hours of relaxation from study in negotiating telegraph poles and policemen. On his distinguished left is his friend Tellier whose ofttest repeated prayer is: "Do, please, leave me alone," and who considers Ambition the greatest of all sins.

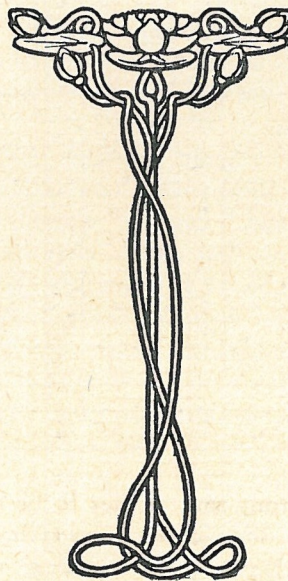
Next comes Ethier, whispered to be the best in the class in Arithmetic and in English Grammar. Whalen is captain of the class baseball team. The most eloquent boy in the class, he freely champions its cause when it seems to be treated with injustice; but, as is natural to expect, the highest flights of his oratory occur only when he sits in his place and defends Jim. O'Grady is ready to do anything in reason, bar good writing, for the sake of a quiet life. Industry is Rolland's characteristic. His motto might well be:—"They, while their companions slept, were toiling upwards in the night." Galvin is the efficient manager of the class baseball team and intermittently aspires to being manager of the class as well. Greaves is the best speller.

Gloutney, first in the front row, wishes to be a street-car conductor. He tried it once. He hopes to do it better next time. Roncarelli feels bound in conscience to make his teacher work for a living, a sentiment with which his friend Trickey, acidly and vehemently and to the best of his ability, practically concurs. Bronstetter and his friend Boyer (the latter does not appear in the photo) are firm believers in the maxim:—"Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace." Their contribution to the sum total of the good qualities of the class has been

a large share of the gentleness and unobtrusiveness so becoming in the young. Amos is an accomplished fiddler. Mischa Elman will have to look to his laurels. Bentley is the best reader in the class, its youngest pupil and its favourite. Décary came lately, heralded by his reputation, which he has faithfully tried to live up to. Drolet is the best writer of English and the most studious among the day boys. Rinfret was run away with and lost by his eloquence, on a few occasions, but it has been observed that he now handles the reins of it more skilfully. McCaffrey is the most earnest and most faithful pupil in the class. "Let him who deserves the palm take it." Mackenzie stands four square to every wind that blows, in the photo and out of it. Berthiaume believes that speech is silver and silence golden. Christin does not, and has often amused the class by his witticisms.

"The year is dying, let it die" is probably the general sentiment of the class at present. Gay hope is theirs, and it were a crime to try to deprive them of it. "Thought would destroy their paradise." Let them enjoy their fleeting boyhood, so that in the full glare of Life's day, or perhaps when the shadows of it even begin to fall, they may look back with pleasure towards its morning and find among its not least happy hours the time spent in the halls and playgrounds and under the influences of Loyola.

P.T.



COLLEGE ATHLETICS

L.C.A.A.A. GAMES COMMITTEE

1916-1917

Moderator.....	Mr. Francis J. McDonald, S.J.
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Terence G. Walsh
John P. Wolfe

J. Gerald Lonergan

TENNIS

Owing to bad weather and other adverse circumstances, the Tennis Tournament of 1916 was not quite as successful as those of the two previous years. Such momentous happenings as the Garden Party caused serious delays in the play, and, diverting the interest even of the contestants, made the tournament come to a rather tame finish.

The M.A.A.A. courts were again the scene of the struggle, and, after a long wait for good weather, the tournament was begun about May 21st. There were as usual the "single" and "double" classes, with handicaps given in the "singles." John D. Kearney, last year's champion, drew a bye in the first round and did not have a chance to show his skill. When the semi-finals in both "singles" and "doubles" were reached, it was decided to play them off at the new College, as an additional attraction for the Garden Party. The prevailing bad weather, however, put a sudden stop to the tournament. Amongst those who had survived in the contest, lots were drawn, and Robert P. Coughlin drew the prize in the "singles," while Marcus Doherty and Ashton Tobin shared the honours in the "doubles."

W. ROY DILLON.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

The football schedule for this year, although brief, was very successful. The practices were always well attended by a large squad, and it required much discernment on the part of Honorary Coach "Bill" McDonald, manager of

last year's team, to pick out our representatives. Since no one was certain of his place, every player showed his best form in practice. Our team played but two games, both against Ottawa Collegiate, one at Lansdowne Park, Ottawa, and the other on our Campus.

Loyola vs. Ottawa Collegiate

The College won its first victory at the expense of O.C.I. by the score of 6 to 5, on Thanksgiving Day. The game, as the score indicates, was very closely contested throughout. The field was in a heavy condition, and, as a result, fast play was practically impossible. During the first half there was no score, and the ball was kept in mid-field most of the time. In the second half, Little scored a touch for O. C. I. by capturing a loose ball. This proved to be their only tally. Lonergan scored a touch for the College by intercepting a pass, and, shortly before time was up, Gallery kicked to the dead line. This ended the scoring. The team was kindly invited to a dance held by the O. C. I. boys, but were unable to attend, as they had to make train connections. A return game was arranged and the Collegiate team journeyed to Montreal two weeks later.

Ottawa Collegiate vs. Loyola

Our team put in many stiff practices in the two weeks intervening, and were playing in much improved form. They lowered the Collegiate's colors to the tune of 20 to 1. From the start, our boys rushed things, and held their opponents in check the whole way through. Dooner and Timmins were towers of strength on the line, and their plunging won many yards. Gallery's punting was also a feature. Dooner scored two touch-downs, and Enright, one. The remaining points were scored on kicks to the dead-line. Scobie, Smith and Little were the pick of our opponents and displayed brilliant tackling.

Our team was composed mostly of last year's regulars with the addition of O'Halloran, Courchesne and McGuire. Captain Timmins was the star, and with Dooner, formed the backbone of the line. Gallery starred on the half-line by his running and his kicking. Enright was conspicuous on both the offensive and the defensive.

The line-up:—

Flying Wing.....	M. Enright
R. Half.....	G. Lonergan
C. Half.....	J. Gallery
L. Half.....	E. Courchesne
Quarter.....	F. McGillis
C. Scrim.....	L. Timmins
R. Scrim.....	E. Amos
L. Scrim.....	I. Clément
R. O. W.....	H. McGuire
R. M. W.....	R. Dooner
R. I. W.....	J. O'Halloran
L. I. W.....	J. Ryan
L. M. W.....	N. Timmins (Capt.)
L. O. W.....	E. Coughlin
Substitutes—F. Bussière, C. Trihey, J. Wolfe, M. J. O'Brien.	

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

The second squad was unusually strong, this fall, and furnished strong opposition to the seniors in the practice games. Although lacking somewhat in weight, the team was very fast and combined well. Owing to the epidemic of infantile paralysis, very few outside games were arranged. The management, however, arranged for two games with Catholic High School. Both games were played on the College Campus. The first took place on October 18th. Our opponents were heavy enough for senior company, but our team, by displaying great speed and combination, defeated them, 18 to 8.

A return game was played on November 4th, and again we got the long end of the score by 15 to 6. This game was much more interesting, as we had to fight all the way to win it, and at several periods it seemed that we must go down to defeat. However, our stamina finally won the day.

The line-up:—

Flying Wing.....	T. Murphy
R. Half.....	L. Kelly
C. Half.....	C. Trihey (Capt.)
L. Half.....	T. Walsh
Quarter.....	H. Doyle
C. Scrim.....	J. Tobin
L. Scrim.....	A. Vanier
R. Scrim.....	B. Kennedy
R. O. W.....	J. Altimas
R. M. W.....	J. Wolfe
R. I. W.....	B. Clément
L. O. W.....	E. McGarr
L. M. W.....	M. Pye
L. O. W.....	M. J. O'Brien

A. FRANCIS MCGILLIS.

SENIOR HOCKEY

The hockey prospects at the beginning of the season were not of the brightest. We were manifestly too strong for the Junior League, which had already been weakened through the loss of the M.A.A.A. Hockey Club. At the same time our chances of securing a franchise in the City League were slender enough, as six teams had already been accepted before we applied for admission. Our chance finally came when the 178th Battalion, for military reasons, were obliged to withdraw from the League. Our application was accepted, though many expressed grave doubts of our ability to keep pace with the fast teams which make up this League. However, as the season progressed, these doubts were soon dispelled, owing, in great part, to the untiring efforts of our esteemed coach, Harry Hyland.

After an uphill struggle, we managed to achieve an unprecedented success, for not only did we carry off the championship of the City League, but, in an exhibition, game defeated Dartmouth College, who had been credited with wins over such fast teams as Harvard, Yale and Pittsburgh.

Though we were not successful in our attempt to bring back the "Art Ross" Cup to Montreal, we managed to give the holders (Sons of Ireland, Quebec) the hardest game of their career.

1916-17 has been our banner year in hockey, but it is to be hoped that the wearers of the Maroon and White in following seasons will strive to equal the success attained by the Hockey team of this year, who, by their good will and by the spirit they have shown, have made warm friends of all with whom they have come in contact.

LEAGUE GAMES

December 18th—vs. Shamrocks

Our entry into Senior Hockey was marked by a brilliant success, when the Shamrocks went down to defeat by the score of 2—1. As the results indicate, it was a battle royal from beginning to end. Our boys showed to good advantage on both the offence and the defence. The stick-handling and speed displayed, especially by the forwards, proved a surprise to many of the fans, who were somewhat skeptical of our ability to keep up the pace in such fast company. To "Irish" Lonergan belongs the credit of securing both goals. He was easily the pick of the team, though Gallery and Timmins, also, put up a very creditable game.

December 23rd—vs. McGill

The next scheduled game was with McGill. This fact deserves special mention, as it was the first time in the annals of our hockey career that we played against the senior team of the wearers of the Red and White. The game was a clever exhibition of hockey, and probably one of the closest seen at the Arena in some years. A fast pace was set and maintained to the very end. After a minute's play, Gallery got in one of his low fast shots, which Scott was unable to stop. Almost immediately after, on a shot from the defence, McCulloch tallied for McGill. Before the end of the period, Gallery again scored, only to be followed by Behan for McGill.

The second period was replete with brilliant stick—handling and close checking. McCulloch, the McGill captain, put his team in the lead, on a brilliant shot from the side. McGill then played a defensive game, and succeeded in holding their lead.

January 8th—vs. 244th Battalion

In our first meeting with the soldiers of "Kitchener's Own" Battalion we lowered their colors by the score of 3—2. In the early part of the game, it seemed as if the soldiers had somewhat the better of us in speed, but the never-give-up spirit, characteristic of Loyola, helped us to exert greater efforts and finally overcome what, at the time, was apparently one of the fastest teams in the league. Most of the scoring was done in the first half, during which McGee scored twice for us, while Young and Richardson each tallied for the Battalion. In the second half, it was Slater who scored the winning goal some thirteen minutes after play was resumed. McGee and Slater were probably the pick of our team, while Young was the star of the Battalion.

January 15th—vs. Laval

Our next encounter with Laval was, to say the least, a dazzling exhibition of hockey. The team worked well together and their constant back-checking was, in great part, the cause of Laval's downfall. In the first period, we assumed the offensive and had the play around Laval's goals most of the time. "Minnie" McGee, after an end to end rush, scored the only goal of the period. In the second half, a three-man defence was used, and at no time was Laval particularly dangerous. Finally, with two minutes to play, Gallery shot on Cusson who stopped the puck, but "Sig" Slater caught the rebound and scored, thus assuring the victory.

January 22nd—vs. National

The result of our first game with National proved a surprise, not only to us, but even to the followers of the East End team. Over-confidence on our part nearly proved our undoing, for, although the tail-enders did not win, they managed to tie the score. National, aided by the wonderful goal-tending on the part of Langevin, a new player, put up a good game. The surprise was too much for us; we played off-colour, at no time recovering our usual stride. The first half was devoid of scoring. In the second period, Dandurand was the first to score for National, only to have Gallery even up matters a few minutes later. National again scored, but the College came back, and McGee, after a mix-up, scored the tying goal. This goal was protested by National, but at the League meeting the following week, referee Marshall's decision was upheld.

January 29th—vs. Shamrocks

In our second encounter with Shamrocks, we again showed our superiority by defeating them 3—1. The consistent back-checking of the forwards and the stellar defence work of Timmins and Lonergan were responsible for the outcome. In this game it would have been practically impossible to pick any individual player for special mention, as all our boys played in their best form and were equally deserving of credit. Gallery scored the only goal of the first period. In the second period, Shamrocks showed a burst of speed, and, after eight minutes of play, finally beat Dooner out on a low drive. They were, however, unable to keep up the pace, and Slater managed to secure two more goals in quick succession, and this enabled our boys to fall back on the defence, which proved impregnable to all efforts on the part of the Shamrock forwards.

February 5th—vs. McGill

In what was conceded to have been the fastest and most closely contested game played during the season, we defeated McGill by the odd goal in five and, incidentally, reversed the score of our previous encounter. Five minutes after the start, Fraser put McGill in the lead, but shortly afterwards, Noah Timmins skated through the whole McGill team and beat out Scott on a hard shot. Rooney of McGill put his team in the lead once more, on a pretty shot from nearly centre ice. For a while, play was very even, until Slater scored what proved to be the final goal of the evening. In the second half, McGill made



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frantic efforts to even up, but Dooner was their undoing, as not one of their numerous attempts to score found "Pa" napping. The work of Dooner and Slater was probably the feature of the game.

February 12th—vs. 244th Battalion

In our eighth City League game we were opposed by "Kitchener's Own." Our boys, encouraged by former successes, played a steady and consistent game and came out winners by the score of five goals to one. The first period was fast and very even. Slater scored the first point in 15 seconds, only to be followed by Roberts, who evened up the score one minute after play was resumed. Gallery scored the last goal of the period on a pretty pass from Slater.

In the second period, the pace began to tell on the soldiers, and Loyola outplayed them, scoring three goals and leaving the ice, winners of the game and, still leaders of the League.

February 19th—vs. Laval

The second meeting with Laval caused great excitement, for it was necessary for us to win in order to retain the leading position. Our boys, however, were equal to the task and secured a clean-cut victory over the fast Laval sextette, the final score being 3—1.

In the opening period, we set an exceedingly fast pace and clearly outplayed the older students, who, apparently, were not able to get going, owing to the splendid back-checking of our speedy forward line. Gallery was the first to score, on a pass from Lonergan, and was followed, soon after, by Slater. Dufresne of Laval scored their only goal on a side shot, one minute before the period ended.

In the second period, Laval showed great improvement and aimed shot after shot at Dooner, who, however, was equal to all emergencies. After eleven minutes of nip-and-tuck play, Slater scored the final goal.

February 26th—vs. National

The final League game was with National, and the result jeopardised our chances of attaining the coveted Championship. To quote from one of the players "The Championship of the City League practically slipped from Loyola's grasp in most unexpected fashion and as unexpectedly slipped back again." Had not the 244th Battalion beaten McGill the same evening, we would have been tied with McGill. However, the gods were with us, and, despite the fact that we lost to National, the Championship was ours, for McGill, by their defeat, dropped to second place.

The game itself was ragged and heavy body-checking marred the speed to a great extent. In the first period, the team-work of our boys was excellent and more than once the National nets were in danger, owing to the frantic efforts of our forward line to score, but the heavy body-checking by our opponent, had a telling effect, especially on the defence. All the goals were scored in this period.

During the second half, the brand of hockey displayed was fairly fast, but National maintained their lead to the end.

After the game, both the Deery and the Dandurand cups were presented to Mr. MacDonald, S.J., Moderator of Athletics. The former is emblematic of the City League Championship; the latter is yearly awarded to the team having the least goals scored against them, and it came to us owing in great part to the consistent work of our old reliable "Pa," in goals.

FINAL STANDING

TEAMS	W.	L.	Draw	F.	A.	P.
Loyola.....	7	2	1	26	15	15
McGill.....	6	3	1	28	19	13
Laval.....	4	4	2	26	22	10
National.....	4	5	1	19	29	9
Shamrocks.....	4	6	0	19	22	8
244th Battalion.....	2	7	1	28	38	5

EXHIBITION GAMES

January 4th, vs.—New York Irish-Americans

To pass the week-end doing New York is rather an unusual feature in the Loyola boys' life. To get off as *bona fide* members of the hockey team and brush up against the famous Irish-Americans ordinarily has an imaginary tinge about it. But that is exactly what happened during the Christmas holidays. And by all accounts, the boys had a rollicking good time. Even the Moderator is put in good humour when the New York expedition is brought up in conversation. The trip down in their private car, the game itself, and the four days' stay in the Great City will, we are told, be long remembered by the team of 1917.

Neither time nor space will permit us to enter into detail and give our readers a full account of what the boys saw, heard and did. We will confine ourselves to a brief sketch of the game.

Doubtless, it was a big venture for our boys to attempt to measure themselves with the veteran New Yorkers, and naturally they were a mite timid and anxious, when they were first brought face to face with the big Irishmen. We must, however, give them credit for their discretion in considering it the better part of valour to hold aloof from these giants as much as possible, until they were able to diagnose their opponents' strength and lay their own plans. But, little by little, our boys grew bolder and faster, the play became more exciting and determined, and seizing an opportunity, they snatched the puck from a New Yorker, and by one of the most brilliant and sensational rushes of the season, carried it the full length of the rink and landed it nicely into the net. It was the first score, but not the only one of the game. The Irishmen's blood was up, and they were not to be beaten. There was a referee there for that purpose. They could not afford to be beaten by a mere College team, they said. Our boys realised this later on, and so decided to give the New York fans, even at the price of victory, an exhibition of the clean, fast hockey they were to furnish their Montreal supporters throughout the season. It was a revelation to see how New York did appreciate it. Time and time again they were brought

to their feet cheering and applauding our boys. But the team was beaten on the counting. When the gong sounded, the score stood 8 to 4 in favour of the Irish-Americans. As the Loyola team left the ice, they were given a rousing cheer, the band played "God Save the King," and many followed them to the dressing-rooms to get a closer view and gain a more intimate acquaintance.

To the professors and pupils of Loyola School, New York, as well as to all other New York friends, our boys extend their sincerest thanks for the kindness shown them during their stay in New York.

February 23rd—vs. Dartmouth

The results of last year's Patriotic Game were so gratifying that it was decided to play another exhibition game this year, the proceeds of which were to go to the Patriotic Fund. Our opponents were the Dartmouth College boys, who have created quite an enviable reputation all over the States.

Three twenty minute periods were played, the first and last under Canadian rules, the second period, with seven men a side, under the rules of the American Hockey Association.

Our boys overshadowed the Dartmouth Collegians at shooting and stick-handling. It was in the first period that we did the scoring. The visitors were somewhat dazzled by our manner of playing, and before they finally settled down, three goals had been scored against them.

On changing over for the second period, the seven-man game was played, and by using a three-man defence we held Dartmouth scoreless. In the third period, we assumed the offensive, but by this time Dartmouth had settled down and managed to prevent our scoring.

The game was refereed by Lieut. Mowat, the well-known amateur star, assisted by Lieut. J. D. Kearney, of the 79th Battery, a member of last year's hockey team.

During the resting periods, the ladies of the Winter Club gave an exhibition of fancy skating. These ladies, so well known for their abilities, received great praise, which was greatly merited in every respect, for the success of the entertainment was due in great part to their programme. Among other things, they furnished a delightful skating pantomime. Among those who took part, headed by Miss Jeanne Chevalier and Mr. Cecil McDougall as leaders, were the Misses McDougall, Thibaudeau, MacLean, Rodier, McInnes and Merritt.

March 7th—vs. "Sons of Ireland"

Though not successful in capturing the "Art. Ross Cup" from the "Sons of Ireland" (Quebec), we made the "Sons" exert themselves to the fullest to retain it. As all conceded, it was by far the closest and fastest game of the series, and the styles of hockey displayed was equal to more than a few of the professional matches. That the first and second periods passed without either side registering a point gives a good record of the game. In fact it was only within three minutes of time, when the Sons managed to get one in on Dooner, who, incidentally, played the game of his career, for more than once, by stopping seemingly impossible shots, he received the applause of nearly all of the 3,000 people who were present at the game.

The first and second periods were fast, and replete with pretty combinations and individual rushes by both sides. In the first period the Sons had a little better of the play while the margin in the second and part of the third fell to us.

The only goal of the evening came when play had been resumed after the second period, and with three minutes to go. McNaughton, the clever centre and Captain of the Sons, worked his way through the Loyola defence, and, forced to go behind the nets, passed the puck to Hughes, who batted it in for the only point of the evening. Dooner, Slater and Lonergan were the pick of our boys, while McNaughton was the outstanding player of the Sons of Ireland.

March 10th—vs. Stars

The last game of the season was played against the Stars, the champions of the Montreal League. At times the play was fast, but, on the whole, not very brilliant, both teams showing the wear and tear of a hard season.

Both teams fought on equal terms all the way through, the Stars having a 2 to 1 lead in the first period while we had a 4 to 3 in the second.

In the third period the Stars were awarded a goal, which, according to rules, was an error, and resulted in the score being five all when time was up.

After four minutes over-play, Timmins secured the puck near our nets, and after skating through the whole Star team, tallied the deciding goal.

FREDERICK V. HUDON.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

When the Senior Team bade adieu to the Junior Hockey League and marched off proudly into the City League, it was greatly feared there was not sufficient material left to represent the College in the Junior Amateur Hockey Association of Canada. Not one of the old reliables was left. However, we were not discouraged. During the Christmas holidays, a few special practices were scheduled, at which the more promising candidates were invited to put forth their best efforts. These practices proved very successful. Mr. Gaston Delisle was unanimously chosen as Manager of the Junior Team, and to him was entrusted the work of forming a sextette that would worthily represent Loyola in the Junior League. Gaston, in his usual enthusiastic way, undertook the task with the confidence and skill of a professional. He quickly sized up each candidate, and early in January we saw his first list posted. L. Timmins, C. Trihey, L. Clément, T. G. Walsh, F. McGillis, J. O'Halloran, M. J. O'Brien, J. McGarry, L. Kelly, E. McGarr, E. Coughlin and M. Enright were among the elect. Although young, light and inexperienced, they were full of confidence, enthusiasm, and determination.

GAMES

January 20th,—vs. McGill

The first clash of the season was on January 20th, when the newly formed Loyola Juniors, under Captain McGillis, hopped on the ice at the Arena, to cross sticks with the sturdy McGill team. Thanks to the coaching of Gerald

Lonergan, and the responsive work of the team, the game resulted in a 3 to 1 victory for the Maroon and White. The line-up for this game, which was practically the same throughout the season, was as follows:—Timmins, goals; Clément, point; Trihey, cover; Walsh, centre; McGillis, left wing; O'Halloran, right wing; Substitutes: McGarry, Kelly, Enright, Coughlin, M. J. O'Brien.

January 24th, vs. Fargo

With a 3 to 0 count against them, the Collegians slid into their places for the final period of this game; with a tally of 5 to 3 in their favour, they puffed their way back to the dressing-room.

February 3rd—vs. McGill

Loyola, gloating over their previous victory, and McGill, smarting under their late defeat, clashed for the second time. McGill's determination not to be beaten again by the young College boys served them in good stead. The Loyola boys, celebrating their monthly holiday, were not in trim for serious, concerted work, and so with the odd goal out of three against them, went down to their first defeat.

February 8th,—vs. Victoria

In this sharply contested game, our boys could scarcely find their opponents' net, so securely was it hidden behind the brilliant defence work of the Vics. Time and again, Loyola made a dash for a counter, but Victoria blocked the machine.

February 17th,—vs. Victoria

This was the closest and fastest game of the season, and the only one in which the champions were brought to the verge of defeat. The College boys had tasted the sweet satisfaction of victory over both the other teams of the League, and were yearning for still another triumph. But the Vics. were not to be defeated; they held their lead by a score of 1 to 0.

February 24th,—vs. Fargo

The J. A. H. A. season closed with a rather ragged and uninteresting game, in which Loyola lost to Fargo, 3 to 1. The Vics. were already in secure possession of the championship, and, after the final games, Loyola, McGill and Fargo stood equal in second place.

SNOW-SHOE RACES.

During the winter months, Sunday afternoons at the College were taken up with snow-shoe races. From the first, at least all the expert snow-shoers turned out to capture one or more of the trophies, but as soon as the standing of the different classes and individuals began to show rivalry, much interest was added and larger numbers of raw recruits turned out each Sunday.

On February 11th, the four heats of the 100 yards dash were won by

Timmins, Doherty, Wickham and Tom Walsh. The cross-country, which followed, was popular, especially with the beginners, who felt that they had a greater chance for a good finish, since steady plodding, rather than speed, would be necessary. But if they took any good places, it was not first, nor second either, for Wickham and Scott captured these. In the 100 yards finals, Timmins came first and Doherty second.

When the races were over on the following Sunday, February 18th, Wickham's victory in each of the three races gave him a foothold on the leadership in total points, which he did not relinquish throughout the season. The three heats for the 220 yards dash were won by Enright, Doherty, Wickham and Tom Walsh. In the finals, which were closely contested, Wickham and Tom Walsh managed to win first and second places respectively. Wickham came first and Doherty second in the half-mile, and Wickham' and Doyle in the cross-country. The latter race was a long and trying one, but fourteen of the seventeen who started made the circuit.

On Sunday, February 25th, Enright won the 300 yards dash, while Doherty took second place. Walsh and Wickham won the half-mile. The results of these races and of those on the following Sunday decreased Wickham's lead over the rest, in total points, and Doherty and McGarr came within striking distance of the prize for scoring honours. This latter Sunday, March 4th, was also noted for the rise of Rhetoric into second place among the classes. A shield had been offered to the class whose members scored the highest aggregate. Up to this time First Grammar had led, but the difference between that class and Rhetoric was now very small. Junior races were also held on this Sunday. Altimas and White won the 300 yards final, and Scott and Wickham took the half-mile honours. In the senior races, Tom Walsh took first in the 300 yards and second in the half-mile. Wickham shared the victory with Walsh, taking second place in one, and first in the other. Only a small number entered the cross-country on this day. It was won by Wickham and Scott.

During the week of March 4th to 11th, the classes of both Rhetoric and First Grammar mobilized their forces for the battle on the following Sunday. Conscription was not needed, for one class was determined to climb into first place. The other to hold their own on this, the last meeting of the season. The snow on the campus was tramped down hard as the pavement by beginners practising every day after class. But when the fateful day arrived a member of First Grammar wished a "jinx" on Rhetoric, by wearing a pair of snow-shoes reputed to have been worn once by a famous racer. There was a large crowd of interested onlookers present and a record number of snow-shoers took part in the races. Four heats were run off in the 200 yards dash, and in the finals McGarr crossed the line first with Wendling close on his heels. Scott and Dillon took first and second places in the half-mile. Twenty-five were entered in this race, and twenty-seven in the cross-country which followed. In the latter, McGarr took first place and McGarry second.

The season ended with Wickham holding the highest number of points. First Grammar won the class shield.

On Sunday evening, April 15th, Rev. Father Cox, S.J., distributed prizes to the winners of each race of the season.

JOHN WOLFE.

FINAL RESULTS OF FIELD-DAY EVENTS

OPEN TO SCHOOL AND COLLEGES

Events.	First	Second.	Third.	Time.	Height	Distance.	Record.
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery	J. King . .	D. Bussière	10 1-5 sec.	10 1-5	{P. Murphy, 1912. J. Gallery, 1915.
100 yds. dash (under 16)	B. Brown	A. Tellier	F. Kearns	11 sec.	11 sec.,	B. Brown, 1915.
High Jump	W. Antliff	E. Mulcair	F. Bussière	5 ft. 5 in.	5 ft. 5 in.,	W. Antliff, 1915.
OPEN TO COLLEGE:							
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery	F. Bussière	J. D. King	10 4-5 sec.	10 1-5 sec.,	J. Gallery, 1914.
220 yds. dash	J. Gallery	J. D. King	F. Bussière	23 sec.	23 sec.,	J. Gallery, 1915.
100 yds. Handicap	J. D. King	J. Gallery	F. Bussière	17 sec.
120 yds. Hurdles	J. M. Coughlin	M. Enright	E. Chabot	17 1-5 sec.	16- 25	{A. C. McRay, 1898. R. Martin, 1913.
One Mile	E. Duckett	J. D. King	E. McGarr	5 mins. 24 2-5 sec.	5 mins. 5 sec.	F. F. Shallow, 1900.
Long Jump	J. Gallery	J. M. Coughlin	A. Smith	20 ft. 11 in.	20 ft. 11 in.	J. Gallery, 1915.
Hop, Step and Jump . . .	J. Gallery	J. M. Coughlin	F. Bussière	38 ft. 6 in.	40 ft.	J. Gallery, 1914.
Pole Vault	T. Bracken	J. D. Kearney	J. D. King	8 ft. 4 in.	8 ft. 4 in.,	T. Bracken, 1915.
Putting Shot	N. Timmins	R. Dooner	J. D. King	32 ft. 8 1-2 in.	32 ft. 8 1-2 in.,	N. Timmins, 1915.
Kicking Football	J. Gallery	C. E. Poirier	S. McDonald	168 ft.	168 ft.,	J. Gallery, 1915.
UNDER SIXTEEN YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	A. Tellier	A. McArthur	D. Dineen	11 4-5 sec.	11 3-5 sec.,	{D. McArthur, 1913. A. Tellier, 1914.
220 yds. dash	F. Kearns	A. Tellier	D. Dineen	..27 secs.	26 1-5 sec.,	G. Noonan, 1914.
440 yds. dash	F. Kearns	D. Dineen	A. Tellier	1.06 2-5.	58 secs.	G. Noonan, 1914.
880 yds. dash	J. Jackson	F. Kearns	A. Walsh	2 mins. 26 sec.,	G. Noonan, 1914.
Long Jump	F. Kearns	J. Jackson	A. Chabot	16 ft. 10 in.	16 ft. 10 in.,	F. Kearns, 1915.
Bicycle Race (1-2 mile).	L. Timmins	J. Phillips	F. Carlin	2 mins. 1-2 sec.	1 min. 20 4-5 sec.,	C. Downs, 1914.
UNDER 14 YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	J. Spelman	G. Anglin	G. McNamee	14 secs.	11 4-5 sec.,	F. Kearns, 1914.
880 yds. dash	E. Byrne	G. McNamee	M. Tellier	2.56 1-5.	2 min. 38 2-5 sec.,	F. Kearns, 1914.
Bicycle Race (1-2 mile).	G. Timmins	1 min. 30 1-5 sec.	F. Connolly, 1914.
UNDER 12 YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	M. Tellier .	P. Massé	W. Quirk	13 2-5.	13 2-5 sec.,	M. Tellier, 1915.
Potato Race	P. Massé	H. Quinn	P. Casey
UNDER 10 YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	F. O'Grady	C. Davis	H. Quinn	15 4-5 secs.	15 4-5 sec.,	F. O'Grady, 1915.
One Mile Relay Race
H. S. Course	1st Grammar	2nd Grammar	3rd Grammar	4 mins. 7 sec.	4 min. 6 sec.,	1st Grammar, 1914.
Arts Course	Philosophy	Humanities	Rhetoric	3 mins. 4-5 sec.	3 min. 4-5 sec.,	Philosophy, 1915.

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